

FRA DEN KINESISKE MUR

TIL JAPANS HELLIGE BJERG

SKILDRINGER FRA KINA OG JAPAN

SAMT HJEMREISEN TIL NORGE

AF

W. COUCHERON-AAMOT

MARINELØITNANT

MED FORFATTERENS PORTRÆT, 70 ILLUSTRATIONER, ET KART
OG EN PLANCHE I FARVETRYK OG GULD



KRISTIANIA

P. T. MALLINGS BOGHANDELS FORLAG

UDLEVERINGSLAGER FOR DANMARK HOS M. NORDENTOFT

KJØBENHAVN

游
長
城
及
日
本
富
士
山
記

(Værkets Titel paa kinesisk.)

FROM THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA TO JAPAN'S HOLY MOUNTAIN

DESCRIPTIONS FROM CHINA AND JAPAN

PLUS THE RETURN VOYAGE TO NORWAY

BY

W. COUCHERON-AAMOT

NAVY LIEUTENANT

WITH THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT, 70 ILLUSTRATIONS, A MAP,
AND A PLANCHE IN COLOR PRINT AND GOLD.



KRISTIANIA

P.T. MALLINGS BOOKSELLERS PUBLISHERS

1893

DELIVERY DEPOT FOR DENMARK AT M. NORDENTOFT,
COPENHAGEN.

To

Sigrid

Translator's Note

Re-prints of "*Fra den Kinesiske Mur til Japans Hellige Bjerg*" and "*Gjennem de Gules Land*" og "*Krigen Østasien*" can be obtained from Amazon and are also available as "Nook books" from Barnes & Noble. However, since my grandfather wrote in 19th century Danish, I thought an English translation might be worthwhile.

My grandfather was born 29 January 1868 as one of eleven children born to a small-town lawyer in Egersund, Norway. He somehow managed to get an appointment to the Norwegian Naval Academy in Horten, Norway. Upon graduation he wrote a small book about his experiences there, "*Fra Orlogslivet*," and also a short novel, "*Sjøkadet West*." He then traveled out to China and joined the Imperial Chinese Customs Service "*Gjennem de Gules Land*" is an account of his experiences as 3^d officer on the ICCS cruiser "*Ling-Fêng*" 1891-92.

He does not explicitly say so, but obviously the 1st Sino-Japanese War was fought after he had left the area. I think he took the opportunity to write "*Krigen i Østasien*" from the contemporary foreign newspaper reports available in the Norwegian Ministry of the Interior, where he was employed after his return home, and views based on his observations during his travels.

My grandfather resigned from the Customs Service and returned home as described in "*Fra den Kinesiske Mur til Japans Hellige Bjerg*" ("From the Great Wall of China to Japan's Holy Mountain"), published in 1893.

"*Li Hung-chang's Fædreland*" og "*Østasiens Historie efter Freden til Shimonoseki*" ("Li Hung-chang's Fatherland" and "The History of East-Asia after the Treaty of Shimonoseki") followed in 1898, the former consisting largely of a compilation of the author's previously published news-paper articles describing Chinese society to a Scandinavian public, and the latter a supplement to "*Krigen i Østasien*" describing the Japanese conquest of Formosa and the immediate aftermath of the First Sino-Japanese War in China and Japan.

Hans H. Coucheron-Aamot



H. Toucheron-Rauol

f. 29/1 68.

Contents

Chapter One

Page 1

A short description of Chinese culture, social conditions, and relations with Western civilization. Why the Chinese can defend calling their country "The Celestial Empire" – Marquis Tsêng's memorandum – Who is right? – China or Japan – The nation's mistrust of Western civilization – The merchants' or the missionaries' gospel – The Chinese people's respect for law – Tolerance in religious matters – Why we should sympathize with the nation's conservative outlook – The future struggle between the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon races – "Worry not that the people do not know you; worry that you do not know them." — "And still it moves" – The reason why the colossus slowly progresses toward the West – Russia's concern for China's welfare – The Pamir question – The railway question – The French in Tongking – The Chinese people's democratic mindset – What the people want has more power than what the government wishes for the people's welfare – Chang Chih-tung and the telegraph.

Chapter Two

Page 28

The journey to Peking. From Chefoo to the mouth of Pei Ho – The Taku forts – Navigating up the river – Tientsin – *Gordon Hall* and the banquet for Li Hung-chang – A Chinese drama – The woman with "the child" – From Tientsin to Tungchow – My home on the Pei Ho – The haulers' simplicity and joy of life – On the road to Peking – "Oh, you city fathers of Tungchow, I could strangle you!" – The imperial highway – Six hours suffering the torments of Hell – The "Holy" and the "Most Holy" in *The French Hotel*.

Chapter Three

Page 55

In China's capital. Peking – Confucius' temple – The world's oldest university – The Peking observatory – Astronomy and astrology – The Chinese almanac – Sir Robert Hart and the foreign customs service in China – The audience question – The Banjin Lama's mausoleum – The Altar of Heaven and the Temple of Heaven.

Chapter Four

Page 121

From Peking to the Great Wall and down the Grand Canal to Tientsin. Shall I go or not. Well, I can hardly admit to have been in Peking and not continued on to the Great Wall of China – Different treatment of European and Chinese servants – A ride north – Mongol caravans – The Ming dynasty's necropolis – I step onto the wall – One of my childhood's dreams realized – Back to Peking and down the Grand Canal.

Chapter Five

Page 136

Li Hung-chang.

Chapter Six

Page 171

From Tientsin to Shanghai. Norwegian shipping in East-Asian waters before and now – Shanghai – The model settlement – The Mixed Court of Shanghai – Sjørborg – Processions – A visit to the Jesuit mission station Zikawei.

Chapter Seven

Page 193

Every place in Dai Nippon has its own legend, its own saga; therefore it is necessary to make a short and undemanding tour of its history. A legend about the creation of Japan – The first *mikado* – The importance of the *mikado* as an institution – The nation's division into two classes, the samurai and the farmers – Yoritomo Minamoto appointed as *Sei-i-Tai-Shogun* in 1192 – The Hojo- and Ashikaga period – "Emperor" Nobunaga – "The crowned

monkey's" campaign in Korea – Japan's greatest son, Iyeyasu Togukawa – Preparations for the great social revolution – The "foreign" party and the national party – Commodore Perry's mission to Japan – "Taikun" – The revolution, or "The Restoration," breaks out – The *mikado* gets his old powers back – The greedy vultures from the West did not find any carrion – The old Chinese civilization wanes and the West's takes its place – The opening of Parliament in 1890 – The extra-territorial rights.

Chapter Eight

Page 230

My first glimpse of *Dai Nippon*. The approach to Nagasaki – The drama at the Pappenberg cliff – The arrival of the first Europeans in Japan – The reason for Iyeyasu's exclusion decree – From Nagasaki to Yokohama – The Dutch legation secretary's helpfulness – Yokohama's history – A visit to the curio shops – The most beautiful racetrack in the world – First impression of a Japanese teahouse

Chapter Nine

Page 247

On classic ground. Will Adams – Relics from the past – A visit with Dai Butsu in Kamakura – Nitta Yoshida's prayer – The Buddhist saint – Nicheren's miracle – The teahouse girls on the island Inoshima.

Chapter Ten

Page 263

In Japan's capital city. Tokyo's history – The glory and fall of the shogunate – The view from Atagoyama – A visit to Shiba, "Tokyo's Garden" – The Tokugawa family's resting place – The "Christian persecutor" Hidetada – A walk through the streets of Tokyo – The old modes of dress die out and are replaced by paper collars, tailcoats, top hats, etc. – The late Prince Saigō in his new marshal's uniform – The enchanting Japanese women – Vignettes of family life – A visit to The Maple Leaf Club – Song and dance of the geishas – A Japanese supper – Dreams – The Imperial Hotel – A rickshaw trip around the old fortress – The emperor's new palace.

Chapter Eleven

Page 298

An afternoon in Asakusa, Tokyo's religious Tivoli. The Temple of Kuanon – Similarities between Catholicism and Buddhism – The legend about the temple's founding – The entrance to Asakusa – Alpha and Omega – The believers' spitballs – The farm girls' preparations for devotions – Inside the temple hall – Will fear always drive all religious faith? – The most holy – 35 tableaux – A Buddhist library – The prayer wheel – A wrestling match – An evening meal in a teahouse – Courtship of the butterflies.

Chapter Twelve

Page 316

Between Tokyo and Yokohama. The cemetery at Sengkuji – The 47 *ronin* – A tragedy in the days of the *samurai* – Asano, Lord of Ako, is insulted by his instructor, Kira Kotsuke no Suke, and tries to kill him. He is allowed to commit *hara-kiri*. Asano's knights revenge him. Their tragic end – At Nichiren's grave in the village of Ikegami – The legend of Kishimojin, who had a thousand children, who lived on human flesh – Buddha hides one of her children – Kishimonjin's despair – She is converted by the prophet and is later worshipped as the protector of children – "The fair Spaniard" – The murder of Lennox Richardson – The good Samaritan woman.

Chapter Thirteen

Page 328

Do the Japanese stand lower in regard to morals than other civilized nations? A visit in Tokyo's Yoshiwara. How can it be that the Japanese are accused of being the world's most immoral nation while at the same time the nation is said to have a bright future? – Different mores in different areas of the world – The free social conventions between the sexes – Yoshiwara, or the justification for the quarantine system – Vice under a flattering light in Japan – The *geisha* girls dance for us – The origin of the national dance – The sun goddess Amaterasu and her naughty brother – The goddess hides in a cave – She is lured out of it by Uzume's dance – Amaterasu sends her grandson down to earth and gives him the three imperial symbols.

Chapter Fourteen **Page 338**

In the City of Temples. From Tokyo to Nikko – The red bridge – A regiment of Buddhas – The patron saint of Nikko – Iyeyasu's funeral – The high priest who became a cavalry officer – A visit to Iyeyasu's mausoleum – Sleep well, oh Shining Light of the East.

Chapter Fifteen **Page 356**

The *mikado's* review.

Chapter Sixteen **Page 366**

From Tokyo to Yumoto and onward. A trip in the moonshine by trolley car – Electric lighting in the village of Yumoto – A bath in paradisiacal innocence – My hotel bill – Arrival at Lake Hakona.

Chapter Seventeen **Page 383**

At the foot of Fujiyama. In the teahouse Kashwaya, November 4, in the evening.

Chapter Eighteen **Page 391**

From Hakoné to Kyoto. A reunion – The princess and the cripple – Ascent of "The Big Hell" – The spa at Miyanoshita – Taking leave of my traveling companions and returning to Kyoto.

Chapter Nineteen **Page 406**

In Kyoto. History of the city – A visit to the *mikado's* old palace – Porcelain shops – Nishi Otani – Cherry blossoms – Kojima and Emperor Go-Daigo – A theater performance – The ear tomb – A modernized hotel bill.

Chapter Twenty **Page 422**

Venice of the East. Osaka's commercial importance – The old Fortress – Nobunaga and the priesthood – The arms factory – Departure to Kobe.

Chapter Twenty-one

Page 433

Kobe – "Clearance sale" of Buddhist gods – An immorality quarantine station – In Japan's inside passage – The sea-battle at Shimonoseki – Goodbye to Japan, but not for ever.

Chapter Twenty-two

Page 445

Arrival in Hong Kong – Visit to Maçao – A procession in honor of St. Sebastian – de Camões' grotto.

Chapter Twenty-three

Page 452

Homesickness – Singapore – Sir Stamford Raffles in Java – The founding of Singapore – The island's great commercial significance – The climate.

Chapter Twenty-four

Page 457

A visit with Arabi Pasha – New temptations – Aden – Through the Suez Canal – Port Said – Norway, Norway!

Chapter Twenty-five

Page 475

Another greeting from Dai Nippon.

Illustrations

	Page
Portrait of the author.	v
1. The fishing bird <i>lou-tse</i> .	47
2. Plan of Peking.	55
3. Peking city wall.	57
4. Confucius' temple.	61
5. The old armillary sphere in the observatory garden.	69
6. The great celestial globe on the observatory roof.	73
7. Sir Robert Hart at his work cabinet.	87
8. The Vicar of Heaven gives an audience.	107
9. The Dalai Lama on his throne.	111
10. The Banjin Lama's mausoleum.	113
11. The Temple of Heaven.	117
12. The Great Wall.	129
13. Li Hung-chang.	141
14. <i>Cangue</i> punishments.	179
15. A Chinese classroom.	191
16. Ainus.	198
17. Kublai Khan readies a fleet.	203
18. The Japanese fight off the Mongol armada.	207
19. The three-leafed asarum or <i>kamon</i> .	215
20. The sacred chrysanthemum flower.	215
21. Keiki, the last <i>Ser-i-Tai Shōgun</i> of Japan.	222
22. The <i>mikado</i> on his throne prior to the social revolution.	223
23. The Japanese parliament.	(following) 226
24. Nagasaki harbor.	231
25. Papenberg.	234

	Page
26. A Dutchman watches for the arrival of a merchant ship.	237
27. My Japanese pass.	(following) 249
28. Ladies in a <i>jin-riki-sha</i> .	250
29. Dai Butsu in Kamakura.	253
30. Nitta Yoshisada throws his sword into the sea.	256
31. Nichiren is saved by a miracle.	257
32. Inoshima.	261
33. A Buddhist priest.	266
34. The middle temple ground.	267
35. The 7 th <i>shōgun's</i> grave in Shiba Park.	273
36. A scene from Shiba Park.	275
37. Japanese court dress before the social revolution.	278
38. A <i>samurai</i> in daily dress before the social revolution.	279
39. Little brother on her back in a sling.	283
40. A house in Tokyo on the bank of the old fortress moat.	286
41. A Japanese lady at her toilette.	287
42. She sleeps the sleep of the just with a wood block under her neck.	288
43. Tobacco smokers.	290
44. The entrance to the Temple of Kuanon.	301
45. A wrestling match in Asakusa.	313
46. Japanese mountain landscape.	339
47. The Red Bridge.	343
48. A grave memorial in a Japanese temple yard.	349
49. Iyeyasu's temple in Nikko.	353
50. Haruko Fujiwara, Empress of Japan.	360
51. Mutsuhito, the 122 nd <i>mikado</i> of Japan.	361
52. Yoshihito, Japan's crown prince.	363
53. On the road from Kozu Station.	367
54. The village of Yumoto.	371
55. A Japanese family bath.	375

	Page
56. The <i>mikado's</i> palace at Hakoné.	381
57. A boat trip on lake Hakoné.	385
58. Lake Hakoné at the foot of Fujiyama.	389
59. The village of Miyanoshita.	395
60. Across a decrepit bridge with a dizzying chasm below.	399
61. Western civilization and the farm girls in Miyanoshita.	403
62. An old cemetery in Kyoto.	411
63. An Anglo-Japanese hotel bill.	419
64. Osaka	425
65. The treaty port Kobe.	431
66. Waterfall near Kobe.	435
67. Hong Kong's harbor.	446
68. Arabi Pasha Tulbei Pasha (?) Pasha.	461
69. Port Said	468, 469
70. My invitation to the Chrysanthemum Festival.	477

A Chinese wedding procession. Planche in color print and gold text (Missing from this volume).

Map of China and Japan.	481
-------------------------	-----

Chapter One

A short description of Chinese culture, social conditions, and relations with Western civilization.

Why the Chinese can defend calling their country "The Celestial Empire" – Marquis Tsêng's memorandum – Who is right? – China or Japan – The nation's mistrust of Western civilization – The merchants' or the missionaries' gospel – The Chinese people's respect for law – Tolerance in religious matters – Why we should sympathize with the nation's conservative outlook – The future struggle between the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon races – "Worry not that the people do not know you; worry that you do not know them." – "And still it moves" – The reason why the colossus slowly progresses toward the West – Russia's concern for China's welfare – The Pamir question – The railway question – The French in Tongking – The Chinese people's democratic mindset – What the people want has more power than what the government wishes for the people's welfare – Chang Chih-tung and the telegraph.

"The Celestial Empire," "Sons of Heaven," "All under Heaven" and several similar expressions are often seen used in descriptions of the old, Asian empire. These names for "the yellow heathen" and their country may sound overblown and perhaps a little ridiculous, but if we look at China's history and explore the origin of these expressions, we find that they may

well be justified; we may even have to admit to smiling at our own ignorance.

The first time we find the term *Pu Tien Hsia* – "All under Heaven" – is in the history of the Han dynasty (~ 200 B.C – 200 A.D.) Almost all the peoples of Asia then acknowledged the hegemony of China and, remarkably enough – *did so voluntarily*. Chinese armies marched under competent generals right across the Asian mainland to the Caspian Sea – leaving not blood and murder, but civilization in their tracks. They acted as a kind of supranational police, and the vassal states quite fittingly called them "the Soldiers of Justice." They did not come as uninvited guests, but as judges, called on by the respective population groups to mediate their disputes.

The Chinese empire little by little brought the less civilized states in under its rule simply by moral force. All the envoys from the tributary states that came to the empire's capital expressed in flowery terms the veneration and respect with which their countrymen looked up to the ruler who sat on the Dragon Throne. Since such a hegemony was assumed to be given the nation by the gods of Heaven, who presumably looked favorably on its advanced civilization, the Chinese began to call their country "The Celestial Empire," or *the State protected by Heaven*. This also gave rise to the name "Sons of Heaven," or "Celestials."

The emperor was considered as Heaven's, or God's, vicar on earth, mankind's *Pontifex Maximus*, – as long as he stayed *within the limits* of the ancient laws. In several Asian countries this doctrine of the ruler's sacred office as the Vicar of Heaven

has led to a despotic system of government, which our textbooks say also exists in China. But this is far from the case. *The emperor does get his mandate from the Ruler of the Universe, but if he does not fulfill his duties to his subjects, Heaven revokes his mandate, he ceases to be the Vicar of Heaven, and the people not only have the right to set a more conscientious man on the throne; it is their duty to do so.* *Vox Dei* and *Vox Populi** have always been considered as one and the same.

The Sons of Heaven did not know of the existence of other civilized nations until the fourth century after Christ, and this knowledge then only consisted of loose rumors. Like the Greeks and the Romans, they believed that all other peoples must be considered as uncivilized barbarian tribes. Marco Polo was the first indication that the ruling classes in "All under Heaven" got that there were "People from across the Ocean" – one of the Chinese names for Europeans – that would in no way feel flattered by being included in this "All."

China had by its moral superiority, its enormously rich literature, its philosophers and wise men, and its practical institutions strengthened its hegemony a very long time before the Europeans set foot on China's soil. It was thus not to wonder that the Western nations were met by prohibitions and proclamations, wherein the emperor was described as possessing the Mandate of Heaven to rule the world. Even as recently as 1840 we see from a letter to Queen Victoria that the "Vicar of Heaven" still had not come to fully realize that

* "The voice of God" and "the voice of the people."

his seat on the "Dragon Throne" did not actually make him hegemon of the whole world .

The events of later years have opened the Peking government's eyes, but it still believes it best to let the "common man" remain ignorant of the reality for now. The national pride might take a blow that could have a deleterious impact on the governmental machinery. At least a high-ranking official thus explained the variances between the Peking Gazette's official reports and the real circumstances. "It is only temporarily necessary lies," he continued, "When we have carried out the necessary reforms and strengthened the empire's military position there no longer will be any danger in letting the masses know the truth. Only regard for the people's feelings have been the cause of our resistance in the audience question. That the emperor should officially acknowledge the Western nations' sovereigns as his equals at this time would make it difficult to carry out our reforms."

These words explained many things. I no longer found it so risible that the 21 million dollars that China had to pay after the 2nd Opium War did *not* represent *imposed war reparations*. No, the Peking Gazette served up the following epistle for its millions of readers: "*The miserable starving red-haired strangers have come from their impoverished countries to China's prosperous emperor, who has charitably granted them this modest sum so that they may purchase some food and still their hunger.*"

There are few Europeans who have not heard of Marquis Tsêng, China's popular ambassador in England. The great

progressive statesman has now "mounted the dragon and ascended into the blue sky to become a guest in Heaven."*

I will quote a little from a memorandum he published a couple of years before his death; it will illustrate the ideas this noble, clear-sighted patriot had about his homeland's position:

"There are moments in the life of nations when they seem to have used up all their strength in maintaining their positions of power to the outside world. From this it has been concluded that nations like men absolutely will have their periods of childhood, adulthood, and decline.

"Fortunately, there is no reason to believe this. Nations fall from their high positions. For some, this change occurs suddenly, and they disappear forever. Others take a longer time; the declining vigor fades away after a longer or shorter period – and some years ago China and the Chinese were considered to be among these. The poor condition of the canals was noticed, as was the difference between the empire's apparent weakness and its past grandeur, and so it was believed that the airs of the nineteenth century would be too strong for its weak lungs. However, *China sleeps, but it is not dying*.

"The ship of state may have veered off course or has not realized that the old routes will not lead to the goal. Perhaps the nation believed that it had completed its mission and had fallen asleep while meditating thus. It would not be surprising if this was the case. Numerous embassies came from foreign countries and offered the smoke of incense on China's altar.

* The Chinese never speak of anything so prosaic as death.

They looked up with awe to the Ruler on the Dragon Throne and expected to find shelter under the nation's broad wings. The clamor from the world outside never intruded across the borders of the empire. All this contributed to the Chinese government dozing off in a serene sense of security.

"Towards the end of Taou-kuang's reign^{*} the sleep-drugged woke up to realize that China's position in the world did not justify this feeling of security. Unusual powers manifested themselves at the borders of the empire. Pirates and Japanese freebooters had disturbed the coasts in the past, but the men who now attracted the attention of the authorities proved to be of a different kind. Wherever these gentlemen established themselves, they stayed. At first they would trade with the local people, then there would be disputes, and it became apparent that the white traders knew how to fight as well as they knew how to buy and sell.

"The Treaty of Nanking in 1842 opened 4 new ports in the defensive wall that China had surrounded herself with, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai were added to Canton and increased the points of contact with the West to five.

"But it took more to shake China out of its sleep. It took the burning of the Summer Palace, the Russian invasion in Kuldja, and the French in Tongking to bring the nation to understand the position it had been brought to by the European advances. After the destruction of the Summer Palace, the emperor's pride, the Chinese began to realize that they had been sleeping while European storms raged on their coasts. The Summer Palace was a high price for the lesson – but not

^{*} 1820 – 1850.

too high. Each defeat has exposed the nation's weakness, but also its strength. The Chinese empire is not the same today as five years ago.

After sleep comes awakening. But it must go slow; it is a long time before the world goes under. There is no hurry. The Chinese will eventually come to play the role among nations that they deserve."

Marquis Tsêng is gone. The emperor's father, Prince Ch'un* likewise, but new elements have occupied the vacant places in the ranks of patriotic progressive leaders. The standard bearers are China's most prominent men: Chang Chih-tung, viceroy of Hunan and Hupeh, Liu Ming-chuan, who last year retired from his post as viceroy of Formosa, Schêng, customs director in Tientsin, Li Han-chang, viceroy of Kuantung and Kuangsi, and his brother Li Hung-chang, China's most powerful man.

Guided by these great men the colossus now glides slowly forward – not with leaps and bounds as in the "Land of the Rising Sun," but then that much more steadfastly. It may be likened to the fable about the hare and the tortoise; both get to the goal, but with unequal effort.

We often hear "globe-trotters"† and other superficial observers speak with undivided admiration about Japan's tremendous progress in recent years, about the islanders' desire

* Prince Ch'un died on New Year's Day two years ago. He was the 5th son of Emperor Taou-kuang, and known as an ardent progressive.

† A common term for rootless international travelers.

to make up for what they have missed by centuries of inactivity and isolation – and all at China's expense.

For those who know who taught the Japanese to read and write, this sounds a little ridiculous. These esteemed gentlemen hardly consider that China is at least 10 times as large as Japan in area and population, or that the national character of these two countries are as different as Scandinavians are to Spaniards, since such matters would require time and effort to study.

We would not wish that China should emulate its little spirited daughter in all respects. We would not wish that the "Sons of Heaven" should abandon their national customs and traditions, their mannerisms and mode of dress, and become guilty of the many childish fads that have been characteristic of the Japanese modernization experience. We do not wish to see the Chinese in frock coats, top hats, and paper collars. May *Shang-ti** save the "Kingdom of Heaven" from such monkeyshines. We hope that China after a close and exacting examination will adapt and adopt such elements of Western civilization as may be found beneficial for the nation – but that is all.

There are few foreigners who have visited China without immediately finding something that needs improvement. All possible kinds of machines should be imported at once and installed in every corner. Whether the Chinese people's happiness will be increased by such a headlong turnover, well, that these amateur civilizing missionaries hardly give much

* *Shang-ti* has approximately the same meaning for the Chinese as Jehovah for the Jews.

thought to – *as long as the Europeans and the Americans can find customers for their products, everything is fine.*

It is thus not to wonder that the Chinese look with a certain mistrust on all the inventions that come from the West, where nations, despite their superiority in developing their national resources, constantly live in a state of armed peace, a condition the monotony of which from time to time is interrupted by destructive wars. Nor should it be any surprise that even the Chinese advocates of progress say "stop!" when the subject is the "opening" of the empire. Many of them are quite well acquainted with both Europe's and China's history and do not hesitate to let the Western diplomats know it.

If the greatest happiness for the greatest number is to be the measure of the rulers' wisdom, a comparison will not favor Europe.

Let us just take a look at the last few centuries. What frightful sufferings have not the West's people gone through? How many millions have not paid the price for the avarice of crowned mass-murderers or a disorderly rabble's passion, for religious hatreds and the fiendishness of the Inquisition? On the other hand, the Chinese can be said to have enjoyed the blessings of peace for millennia. Dynasties have changed, but the masses usually have just been unaffected bystanders. Since the Manchus conquered China in 1644 the country enjoyed uninterrupted peace for nearly two hundred years.

Then the Europeans came and brought unrest with their opium trade and missionaries. The opium wars certainly had great *moral* consequences, but they did not cause any apparent distress and misery among the people – for the time being.

The Taiping Rebellion (1848 – 64) was worse. In 1891 it seemed about to start up again, and from about the same cause – *unnecessary aggressiveness by the Messengers of Peace*.

One of the Mission's results for 1848 was the conversion of the Taiping chieftain, Hung Sew-tseuen, who must be seen as a deluded – but at the same time one of the most sincere – adherents of Christianity in China. Hung modeled his actions entirely after the Israelite leaders in the Old Testament. *Sho yao* – kill the infidels – was also the Taipingers' war cry. It looked bad in the fall of 1891. That the China Mission did not become the indirect cause of lighting a fire that would have made the Taiping Rebellion look like child's play – that was a miracle that will not happen again.

Since the Europeans first got a foothold in China, their efforts have been directed at throwing as many merchants and missionaries as possible into the country. Both vocations preach their gospel to unwilling ears. The merchants say that without *free trade* there is no hope for China. The missionaries say the same for *Christianity*. Force is liberally used to support both propositions, and the apostles of both have accused the other of being a hindrance to further progress.

Confucius' countrymen largely hold to what they can see and understand. It is no wonder that the nation is somewhat mistrustful about a creed that, as far as it can see, despite its humanity and theoretical superiority cannot be fully carried out in practice. Not to mention the contradictions between the Old Testament and the lofty ideals of the Sermon on the Mount, which totally baffle the Chinese. Both Testaments are disseminated through the length and the breadth of the country

without even minimal commentary or explanations, and we can easily imagine the confusion that may arise between thinking people when one gets ahold of the Old Testament and another the New. Nor will all the strife and less pleasant disputes between all the various Protestant missions and the Catholic Church cause the Chinese people's mistrust to diminish.

It is regrettable that the expounders of the gospel of peace cannot manage to leave their quarrelsome and intolerant spirit at home before they journey forth to undertake their sacred mission. The merchants' gospel is a more self-interested doctrine than the missionaries', but the Chinese have sense enough to realize the good results that follow with trade and shipping.

We often see small notices in European and American newspapers about the uncertain conditions in China. Most often they are only spun from a reporter's imagination. Anyone who has traveled in China know that life and property is relatively more secure there than in the West despite the weakness of the police forces. What would happen to the safety of strangers in France or England if these civilized states' police forces were reduced from the hundred thousand or so that they now number, to a few hundred? And still murder and robbery is rarer in any Chinese province of the same population and area despite that the police force and the small military garrisons together hardly exceed a score thousands. I have easily walked alone late in the evening through several of China's megalopolises with the dark,

gloomy streets – and that I just would not be comfortable doing in a European or American large city.

The nation has always been tolerant in religious matters. The adherents of Buddhism, Taoism, and Mohammedanism are on equal footing with followers of Confucius. Before the conflicts with the Europeans got serious, we even saw Christians in the empire's highest official positions. As long as the laws were followed, anyone could believe what he or she wished. It is therefore easy to understand how silly it looks for Europeans in China when they receive newspapers from home with articles with headlines like "Christians endangered in China," and so on. No, we can be sure that, if disturbances occur, there are *very* strong reasons for it. Normally, we every day see evidence of the Chinese people's incredible patience.

People in Europe tend to think of China as a semi-wild country, since that fits so well with the politics of colonialism. It is no wonder that the Chinese are not considered capable of all noble feelings and are accused of such barbarities as religious persecution, since otherwise it would be too comical that Christian nations, among which religious wars, inquisition, and witch trials flourished right up to the beginning of this century, would send missionaries to teach charity and decency to a people among whom all such was unknown even in antiquity.

The Chinese do not appreciate seeing all that they have known trod underfoot, all their old customs and traditions denigrated any more than do other nations. When they then to top it all, also hear from the representatives of the Christian churches in China that their deep reverence for the elderly and

their boundless love and obedience to and respect for their parents is "*idolatry from beginning to end*," they may be excused for the expressions of anger that took place the year after the last Mission Congress.* Anyone with a minimal knowledge of China's cultural history knows that it is the respect for the elderly, for authority, that has held the world's largest and oldest nation united under one flag.

Ancestor worship is China's *most holy and dearest institution*. *If the Western nations manage to make a breach in this wall set on the empire's foundation; if ancestor worship falls, then China also falls*. The policy, which exile Jesuits from their own country, but protects them in China, will then be rewarded, but if the Western powers' political strategy of supporting the missions is intended to be of benefit to the respective nations, it would be quite another thing. When the familial ties loosen, millions of workers will seek new homes in Europe and America. This will cause a labor problem that cannot be solved with either Alexander's sword or acts of exclusion.

Ancient, enormous, and obstinate China sits alone on its Asian throne. The colossus still remembers it stood in glory and splendor long before the Roman Empire was founded. Might it not be best to let the leviathan in peace to introduce reforms when it finds it expedient itself?

It is impossible to not become strongly sympathetic to this great nation when it is studied up close, in its home, and with an open, unprejudiced mind. An enormous population has solved – albeit imperfectly as all works of man – the problem:

* The Mission Congress convened in Shanghai in the fall of 1891.

The greatest amount of happiness for the greatest number. The Chinese stood on a high cultural level and created a well-ordered society when our ancestors roamed around in the forests and fought with the wolves for survival. They have for thousands of years substituted intellectual superiority for physical power, and it is in this proud consciousness that the Chinese generally greet our European civilization with the same disdain and condescension as that with which we treat theirs.

The Chinese have stagnated for millennia, it is said. No, this not so, as is readily seen when studying their cultural history. *China has been closed to the outside world,* it is said, and by "*the outside world,*" it is of course Europe that is meant. But cannot the same be said of the Western nations? They have also been closed off from the outside world, and the Chinese have every right to consider "*the outside world*" to mean their own country, which in population and area is larger than either Europe or that which was once called The Roman World.

An original culture developed in both societies, and if the culture's level is to be judged by its viability, there is no doubt as to which reached highest, nor can there be any doubt that three – four hundred years ago the Chinese was the world's most civilized nation.

The difference between the two civilizations is the following: The West has in two and a half thousand years developed from a very *low* level to the high, superior level it has now achieved – in the last centuries at an astonishing pace. The Chinese, on the other hand, stood on a relatively high

level of civilization already 5,000 years ago, and on this solid foundation they have built century after century. Development has proceeded slowly, but surely. *The nation has by no means stood still.* It would have been impossible. A society that does not progress is doomed to decline and disappear.

But where do we see signs of decline? Today the Chinese nation consists of *a single homogenous enormous population mass, with 400 million of the world's most industrious, modest, sober, and peaceful citizens.* Is *that* a sign of decline? Is the moral decay worse than in the West? Not very probable, according to the above listing of the national character traits, and I, for my part, say definitely *not*.

The Chinese have for thousands of years imagined themselves to be ruling the world. In this they were mistaken – as were the Romans. But it is far from impossible that they one day will assume a dominant place among the world's nations. The Roman Empire fell from the twin diseases of over-civilization and dissipation. The Western nations seem to be slowly heading in the same direction. China alone holds fast. The waves of Western civilization beat harder and harder against China's coast. The empire's statesmen have had their eyes opened to the growing danger. They see the good and the bad of Western civilization. They see the enormous difficulties that will arise if the nation tries to only accept its blessings while rejecting its bad elements.

As long as China is sleeping, or rather have not yet completely awakened from its self-assured doze, the nation's pilots must keep a sharp look-out and steer the ship of state carefully through the breakers. People, who stand afar and

observe the traversing, think it goes too slowly, many even *think the ship lies dead in the water and is waiting for the winds of Western civilization to make steerageway* – but the ship is moving.

China possesses enormous latent powers and these have begun to make themselves felt in later years. Thousands of young men – often unfortunately not mother's best children – emigrate to seek a better life. The Chinese now almost have a monopoly on all commerce from India to Japan. They win battle after battle with their competitors. Europeans do not do any better than others against them in the fight. No one can compete with their prices and penny-pinching. They have brought the art of living down to a minimum, and we see what desperate efforts America and Australia make to keep out these foreign peaceful, frugal creatures – *it is the battle for world hegemony that has already begun between the Chinese and the Anglo-Saxon races. "Survival of the fittest,"* say the Westerners. Well, yes, but who are the most fit for existence, that, *only the future will show*. It would be best if both sides could see the advantages of offering each other a brotherly hand *in time*.

It is remarkable that the Europeans and the Chinese still seem as strange to each other as they do, though the physical difficulties for communication have long been overcome. The distances between the *countries* have shrunk to a minimum with the inventions of steam power and electricity, but the same can regrettably not be said for the distance between the *races*. Confucius once said, “Worry not that the people do not know you; worry that you do not know them.” If this admo-

nition were taken to heart by both races, it would not be long before they would get to know each others' good sides, something they could admire in each other, and then these mutual concessions would be the starting point for a friendship that could have incalculable advantages for both sides. — —

"*And still it moves.*" Galileo's famous words are equally applicable directed to a certain class of Europeans and Americans as to the officials of the Inquisition. And still the Chinese colossus moves, despite the thousands who think otherwise; though this movement is not as fast as the earth's rotation about its own axis, but more like the earth's slow, sure circling around the sun.

The forces that have set the colossus sliding in the western direction are not, as one might think, the attraction of a more open eye for the advantages trade and industry might gain from the employment of the West's superior mechanical power. The leading progressive statesmen in China have not defied the extremely conservative Censorate* and cadres of literati for the sake of commerce. No, the questions of acquiring or constructing telegraph lines, railways, or steamships have in later years turned on whether or not China's *military* power will be increased by the use of these

* *Tu-chia jyan*, or the Censorate, is one of the most remarkable of China's old institutions. Its members oversee the heads of the several departments of state as well as the emperor. It is not only their *privilege*, but their *duty*, to tell the emperor their honest opinion, whether it pleases His Majesty or not. The Censorate is also the empire's highest appellate court. Woe to the viceroy — except Chang Chih-tung and Li Hung-chang — that the people complain about!

inventions. The development of trade and industry is of secondary importance. And I believe that for the time being the Chinese statesmen are correct in *first* taking care of the empire's outward security, before they look to making reforms internally.

China's position is not enviable. The colossus is surrounded on the south, west, and north by three large European powers, which in later years have shown a strong inclination for expansion at the expense of the presumed "sick man."

It is especially Russia that the Chinese statesmen view with mistrust. The Chinese respect Russia. It is a country that is always named in the official reports with the predicate *ta* (large/great) before it. Russia is a huge, homogenous power like China. The colossus knows its strength and always feels a need to expand – especially toward the ocean. Russia exerts a heavy pressure on its European as well as its Asian neighbors, *and the force of the pressure depends on the strength of the resistance it meets*. One autocrat follows the other. Ministers, governors, and generals exchange places like the pieces on a chessboard without the movement of the colossus being hindered in the least. It spreads outward at a steady rate.

In recent years Russia's lust for expansion has been particularly felt in Asia. One yellow khan after the other have been gathered to *rest by the white tsars benevolent iron breast* until the giant finally caught sight of – *the ocean*. And the ocean is the ocean, even if it does not open to the *west*.

It was not entirely from charitable motives that Russia occupied the wonderful Amur Valley. During the Crimean

War, their harbors in East Siberia were blockaded by French and English warships. The poor population, which normally relied on imports from the Black Sea countries, suffered greatly, and the Russians first tried to relieve them by transporting provisions overland, but that went too slowly, and so they asked the Chinese for permission to use the Amur River. Certainly, go right ahead! Nor did the unsuspecting Chinese object to the Russians constructing some forts along the banks of the river – for protection against brigands. However, after the 2nd Opium War ended in 1862, the Chinese realized their good faith had been taken advantage of. The Russians refused to leave the fertile Amur Valley, and there was nothing they could do about it. The Taiping Rebellion kept the Peking government occupied for still a couple of years, and the Russians were allowed to keep the district. They immediately began to build a naval port in their only ice-free harbor on the Pacific Ocean, and Vladivostok by the Amur district's southern border with Korea has grown to become "an Asian Gibraltar."

The Chinese empire is now surrounded by its friend on three sides. The Russian border stretches in a continuous half circle from Korea to – *Pamir*. As could be expected, there are constant border incidents. It would be remarkable if mutual complaints did not arise on such a long border. There are trade problems, police matters, customs disputes, etc., etc. There will always be sufficient materials from such sources for political conflict, if one of the parties should have use for one. The most apparent error that China has made in recent years is the re-conquest of Kashgaria at great expense. The province is

separated from China proper by the Gobi desert and therefore is almost impossible to defend. The garrisons will have no choice but to surrender at the first challenge. Many believe that Chinese Turkestan is only in China's custody until Russia chooses to claim it. But that will not go so smooth, *since then only the high plains of Pamir will lie between Russia and the road to India.*

Since this strip of land probably will shortly be in the news, it may be of interest to tell a little more about it. Pamir lies in Central Asia between 35° and 39° North Latitude. To the north lies Fergana, to the west Bokhara, whose khan presumably will shortly be relieved of the burdens of governance by its benevolent neighbor. To the east the district borders to Chinese Turkestan and on the south to the Hindu Kush, *a score miles from India.*

The great plain of Pamir is about the same for Asia as St. Gotthard for Europe. It is not only forms the divide between the Asiatic east-west watersheds, but is also a link between the world's largest mountain ranges, the Hindu Kush and the Himalayas, and thus becomes a critical connection between the high plains of East- and West Asia. The historically famous Oxus River, where Alexander's victorious advance stopped, has its source in the lakes up here in Pamir. Descendants of his soldiers still live in Kafiristan, which lies south of the Hindu Kush.

In earlier times the great caravan road from West-Asia to southern China went across the high plain, but no longer, and few people other than map-makers had any idea of the Pamir's existence until the telegraph a few months ago brought reports

that two Englishmen, Captain Younghusband and Lieutenant Davison on a reconnaissance expedition in northeastern Pamir had met a Russian "scientific" expedition escorted by a company of Cossacks, who forbade any further advance – since Pamir was Russian territory!

This report of course caused great consternation in England as well as in China. The bleak, inhospitable high plain had suddenly got high political importance. The poor nomads of Kirghizstan, who up to now have lived a quiet and secluded life among their livestock herds, awakened one morning and found themselves famous. The Times of London at once demanded that the British government should take immediate energetic diplomatic action in St. Petersburg and forcefully state that the English *never* would tolerate a Russian annexation of Pamir. The Morning Post, the government's paper, was of the same opinion and pointed to the great strategic importance of the plains. "If the Russians are allowed to occupy Pamir, the road to India lies open."

This we can see from a glance at the map; only cross a small strip of land and the English will get the Russians as neighbors in Central Asia. The Chinese of course have the oldest right to the Pamir plain. As stated above, all the tribes east of the Caspian Sea once voluntarily submitted to their mild hegemony. But they have rarely made use of that right, except when there has been armed discord, and then they have been invited as arbitrators. The Pamir plain was hardly a concern in Peking until the English, who see China as an ally against Russian power in Asia, pointed out the dangers that Kashgaria and Yarkand would be exposed to if the Russians

occupied Pamir. This got the phlegmatic gentlemen's attention. They remembered well what it cost China before Jakub Beg^{*} and his sons were brought to heel in this region. The garrisons were reinforced with several hundred men, and the Russians, who saw that their scientific expeditions in Pamir were discovered, have pulled back for the time being – since the time is not yet ripe.

The great Trans-Caspian Railroad must be completed first. The Russian government has determined to do all that might be necessary to complete this giant enterprise in 1895. Thousands of laborers and exiled criminals have been driven to work along the surveyed line, and the Graffsky-Vladivostok section, work on which the Russian *tsarevich* inaugurated during his visit in 1891, will now soon be completed.

Many wonder why the Russians are in such a hurry with this project. This question is rather clearly answered by a publicized letter from the Russian prime minister de Giers to Vishnedrasky, dated 7 May 1891. De Giers cites the war minister's statement, "that in case of war with China, it will be difficult to defend the Amur province. In his opinion the railroad question deserves the most serious consideration, since the Chinese have begun to settle the province with

^{*} Jakub Beg was son of a priest. He entered service in the khan of Khokand's army at a very young age and worked his way up to general. When the Mohammedans in the neighboring Kashgaria revolted against their Chinese overlords in 1865, Jakub Beg took command of the insurgent army. He succeeded in conquering all of Turkestan; it even looked like he might continue his victorious march into China and to Peking. But luckily he was murdered by a court official and, since his sons lacked their father's abilities, the Chinese managed to suppress the revolt after a very bloody campaign.

masses of people. The Peking government also is stepping up development of its Siberian provinces' economic and military resources. The Chinese may not have hostile intentions toward Russia, but one cannot be sure that the Peking government will not get such ideas in their heads, especially if Russia gets into a conflict with one or more of the European naval powers. Eastern Siberia would then be in a very dangerous position, since this land is cut off from the world for 7 of the 12 months in a year." The prime minister then calls Vishnedradsky's attention to "that the Chinese have decided to build a railroad through Manchuria, and construction of the Trans-Siberian line therefore ought to be pressed forward with all possible means, since China might join up with England and attack Russia *in the hope of getting the Amur province back*."

We thus see that Russia is very apprehensive about its possessions in East-Asia, and de Giers has a quite accurate perception of the Chinese government's state of mind. If France and Russia had a better understanding of the Chinese character, they would not have committed the error of seizing Tongking and Amur. It is not just Annamites and Asian khanates that these present allies have met up with. It is the world's most patient and tenacious nation, and it will only be a question of time before the French will be obliged to pull out of Tongking, *despite killing a lot of pirates – patriots – and burning villages – in the name of civilization*. The people of Tongking have a strong admixture of Chinese; that is why.

In my opinion, and that of others who have followed the developments there, the governor general, Mr. Lannesan, and the other French officials, are convinced the situation is

untenable. France is losing millions and millions, which may not mean much when French *l'honneur* (honor) is at stake. I do not doubt that the French will defend themselves with the courage of desperation, nor do I doubt that it will be in vain. Railroads are being built, but they may end up just being extensions of the Peking–Canton line. After Li Hung-chang's, Chiang Chih-tung's, and Liu Ming-chuan's thorough and convincing depiction of China's poor means of transportation in case of war, *construction of railroads has been resolved upon despite all possible resistance* from several members of the Censorate and the government. The first railroad between Tientsin and Kaiping's coalmines has been extended to Yung Ping and is being continued on to Shan-hai-kuan in Manchuria. An imperial decree was published in The Peking Gazette. According to this, approximately 25,000 dollars will be appropriated annually from each of the 18 provinces *until the railroad net is completed*. The same decree also informs us that foreign materials and engineers shall be used to the *least possible extent*.

In the future the West may perhaps see the colossus moving ahead more than they wish and come to realize the truth of Marquis Tsêng's words: "In twenty years Europe will not make war on us because we move *too slowly*, but because in their opinion we move *too fast* and perhaps not in a direction the Europeans find desirable."

The Russians must hurry with their Trans-Siberian railroad. When it is finished, they will not only be able to carry trade goods to their ice-free harbor at Vladivostok – *but also cannon and soldiers*. However, it is not impossible that

they at the same time will hear the sound of *Chinese* locomotive whistles. We hope that this will result in a peaceful encounter – and with more respect for border monuments from the Russian side. They have such a burning desire to move these farther south, f. ex. to Port Hamilton on the Korean coast, where they will have a still more ice-free harbor, and they could see more of the ocean – the ocean which they long so for, whether in the East or the West.

The Korean peninsula will surely become an apple of discord between the two empires. Fortunately Japan also would like to play in the game, and England watches both powers with an eagle eye, so it should not be difficult for China to maintain its dominion, although Russia does all it can to undermine China's influence. Russian agents cross back and forth through the country and try to buy the Korean top people, but they will hardly have better luck than the Japanese had seven years ago. The Peking government then was advised in time of a conspiracy that aimed at deposing its king and annex Korea to Japan.

As we see, the Chinese government has many difficulties to struggle with, abroad and at home. The future will show if this great nation in the coming years of decision will have sons that will know how to lead it to victory. But we should note that *it is the people who rule in China. What the people thinks and wants has more weight than what the government, or some progressive individuals, may think and want for the people's benefit.* There are always conflicts between democracy and the authorities. When these show more clear-sightedness and progressive spirit than the masses – which is

often the case – then it not infrequently happens that even the strongest men must give way for the moment and wait to try again at a more propitious time, *since without the people's favor, little can be done in China.*

Chang Chih-tung was taught a lesson about this a couple of years ago. Telegraph lines were to be constructed through one of his provinces, Hunan, which is known for its decided hostility toward the barbarians and their inventions. Materials and labor were dispatched. They began to raise some poles and attach wires. This was too much for the Hunanese. Led by several conservative literary personages they in a single day destroyed all the work that had been done, pulled up the poles, and threw several hundred rolls of telegraph wire into the river. The workmen were happy to be allowed to escape without being assaulted.

Chang Chih-tung is a very energetic gentleman, but he knew too well his people's character to use force *before all other means have been tried.* Shortly afterwards proclamations were sent to all the cities in Hunan, wherein the viceroy much regretted the recent disorders and hoped that he would not be obliged to use force to get his orders respected. The telegraph would be a necessity *in case of war with the Europeans,* and their ancestors' graves would surely suffer no harm by the shadow of the telegraph wires falling on them. To the contrary, their ancestors would certainly applaud any steps that were taken to ensure the welfare of their descendants. The proclamations apparently did the trick, since, according to what I have heard, the telegraph lines in Hunan were soon completed.

"After sleep comes awakening," said Marquis Tsêng. Anyone who has studied the nation's sentiments after the last mission disturbances, anyone who has had occasion to talk with the leading men of China, knows that this awakening has begun in earnest. The nation will soon be wide awake. Would it not be best that the Western powers come to agreement with the Chinese government about revision of "the humiliating treaties" before it is too late? The peace loving Chinese want peace, but if they cannot get their national rights acknowledged peacefully they will necessarily proceed to have the treaties revised by the same means by which they were written. Let us hope that the West will extend the East a brotherly hand before it is too late.

In that hope, I invite the reader to follow me on my journey to the Great Wall of China.

Chapter Two

The journey to Peking.

From Chefoo to the mouth of Pei Ho – The Taku forts – Navigating up the river – Tientsin – Gordon Hall and the banquet for Li Hung-chang – A Chinese drama – The woman with "the child" – From Tientsin to Tungchow – My home on the Pei Ho – The haulers' simplicity and joy of life – On the road to Peking – "Oh, you city fathers of Tungchow, I could strangle you!" – The imperial highway – Six hours suffering the torments of Hell - The "Holy" and the "Most Holy" in *The French Hotel*.

Tientsin, Globe Hotel in the evening.

Good, I have now come this far. Everything is in order. Tomorrow I begin the voyage up the Pei Ho.* Presumably it will be a very interesting trip. Diverse individuals have sought to scare me off with frightful descriptions of the hardships I will suffer – but that is blown off when one is an "old salt" and on the sunny side of thirty.

And then I have the old lady and "the child" in tow. Good grief! If the weaker sex can manage it, so can I. Besides, it will be a change from the oriental life of luxury I have now led

* *Pei Ho* means the Northern (Pei) River (*Ho*).

for almost three years. I need to be shaken out of this vegetative half-sleep that one so easily succumbs to out here.

When one is tired of roaming around in the world we start thinking of home and loved ones — — — , but no, the demons of curiosity and the wish for knowledge still take over for a while. I *must* see China's capital city and also "The Great Wall;" I can't go home without seeing that. Japan shimmers in the distance, the exquisitely beautiful Nippon with the *houris* of Paradise that I have heard so much about. — — —

Only a few hundred miles to Peking^{*}; there was no excuse. So off I went to Chefoo[†] one Sunday morning with as little luggage and carrying as many silver dollars as possible.

The next morning the steamship was already outside The Bar – Pei Ho's outfall that makes the passage up to Tientsin impossible for ships with deep draft.[‡] We stopped here for three hours to wait for high tide.

Navigating up the river is difficult as might be imagined. The course of the river resembles the death throes of a wounded snake. The incalculable number of curses skippers and pilots have cast out over Pei Ho's muddy waters would have closed off all passage if they had metamorphosed into grains of sand, but fortunately these pungent exclamations leave no traces other than in the passengers' crania. First there is the Taku bar, where the water rises to no more than 10 – 11

^{*} Peking, or Peiching – the Northern Capital as opposed to Nanking, or Nanching, the Southern Capital.

[†] Chefoo is the spa of the fashionable world. A famous treaty between China and England was signed here in 1876.

[‡] Norwegian shipowners should note this and not send ships to China with 19 – 25 ft. draft, which regrettably has been the case.

feet at high tide. It is very possible that a ship must wait here for several days until an east wind drives enough water into the Bay of Pechihli, and most often a large part of the cargo must be shifted over to lighters before the ship can move slowly upstream.

Fortunately, we did not have to do that this time, and the steamer soon approached the famous Taku Forts, where the allied French and English three times contended with the Chinese during the 2nd Opium War.

The second time they attacked was one of the bloodiest battles during the Opium Wars and resulted in an undeniable defeat for the Europeans. The allied squadrons got safely across the bar and steered up toward the forts, but here they met such a frightful rain of bullets that the battle was decided in a few moments. But *l'honneur* demanded that Europeans would rather let themselves be shot to pieces than admit defeat before the yellow heathen. Three gunboats ran aground and sank; three regiments of marines and infantry were set ashore, but the poor devils sank into the mud up to their chins, and the Chinese, who of course knew the terrain, ran down to the edge of the solid ground and proved with arrows and grapeshot* how dangerous it sometimes can be to visit Pei Ho as uninvited guests. In the evening the tide came in and buried everybody; dead, wounded, and living.

But retribution struck the following year, on June 25, 1860. The Chinese had become overconfident after their easy

* [*Kartæskeskugler* – probably here meant something like the English "blunderbuss" loads rather than artillery grapeshot.]

victory, and that cost them. This time the allied silenced the forts and continued on to Peking.

It is not likely that any European power will try a fourth attempt. To start with, the Taku bar prevents all passage by large warships, and secondly, even today's floating batteries will not survive running the gauntlet past the countless Krupp and Armstrong cannon that stick their threatening, black mouths out of the embrasures in the several miles long fortifications along both banks of the narrow river.

The forts are left behind and the navigation gets worse and worse. The snake bends often are no longer than a couple of hundred feet apart. Now and then the current pushes the stern against the bank, the ship swings around and is soon stuck at the bow. Passage on the river is then blocked, and the *junks* that come rushing down the river cannot do anything but run into the bank with an awful yelling and screeching. There they have to wait while our deckhands anchor a hawser on the opposite bank. The windlass blows and stutters. The ship heels over a little. The screw turns in the mud like the paddle on a butter churn in thick cream and churns away for all it is worth. Finally, luck is with us today, the ship comes around, and we continue our journey upstream.

The light morning fog is wafted away by a cool morning breeze. Only marshland, miles of fields with every square meter cultivated. There is hardly a tree to be seen. It is boring, monotonous scenery; only now and then interrupted by the everlasting mud houses with their clay chimneys. Everything is mud, clay and mud, even though industrious people have

transformed this muck into fertile fields. Rocks are non-existent. *Uff!* How monotonous!

We narrowly pass a couple of steamships. They have apparently succumbed to the mud. Their screws churn away, but to no avail; they will have to stay where they are until the tugboat comes down from Tientsin, while we triumphantly continue up the river.

The tall chimneys of the arsenals at Tientsin become more and more apparent. We pass by the military parade ground and twenty minutes later we are moored by the pier. So far, so good. — — —

I like it, here in the Globe Hotel. The best prepared food I have tasted out here. Ravenous appetite – but that one always have at my age – sunshine, temperate climate, everything puts me in a good humor, which had sunk several degrees during the trip up the Pei Ho. The Danish host's round, happy face is quite in harmony with my state of mind.

Have been out and walked around the settlement. The *Bund*, or the steamship quays, as we call it in Norwegian, does not have the same aristocratic, pleasant look as in other large treaty ports, like Hankow and Shanghai. There is no mile-long promenade here. Everywhere is full of assorted merchandise, covered with mats, or stacked up under the trees. Everything radiates life and bustling activity. We can almost believe ourselves transposed to New York or another American port.

This is what it looks like *now*. But in about four months, the end of November, everything will have a different appearance. The Pei Ho will have frozen over. Before that, the *Bund* will have been swept clean and relieved of all traces of

commerce, and the busy, noisy treaty port will lie dormant until the spring again awakens it to new life. But right now the merchants hurry to ship out their wares before they are closed off from the outer world.

There is not much to see in the settlement. "Gordon Hall," named after the commander of "The Ever Victorious Army," is an imposing castle-like structure that has become a center for all social gatherings. Here there are a theater, ballroom, government offices, and reading rooms with the best library I have seen in China.

5 – 6 years ago, the area of Gordon Hall and Victoria Park was an unhealthy stretch of marshland interspersed with small ponds. What a difference! Gordon Hall is a simulation of Windsor Castle with the beautiful zoological and botanical gardens outside; quite a little wonderland. And what an effort and expense! Among other things, one meter thickness of the soil that now covers the gardens was imported from Japan.

And in the evenings – I was there yesterday evening – ladies in elegant, white gowns, the gentlemen usually in white suits, and the little children gamboling around, while the settlement's Chinese military band plays the dear, old melodies from home for the "exiles."

Tientsin seems on the whole to be a rather comfortable "place of exile," especially when the clear, cold winter comes and business stops. The ice-covered Pei Ho becomes available for amusement, and there are skating races, iceboats, and sleigh rides for several miles upstream. When the sandstorms from Mongolia spoil the river, there is a skating rink on land to take its place.

In the spring a year ago, Gordon Hall was witness to a remarkable fête. Li Hung-chang accepted an invitation from the Europeans, who wanted an occasion to officially show their high esteem and admiration for China's greatest son. The unheard of happened – that the powerful viceroy with his wife and family mingled as guests of the foreign barbarians. The gala was an unqualified success, and the old statesman appeared to thoroughly enjoy himself. Later in the evening a Chinese play was performed by Chinese and European amateur actors. It might be of interest to see an example of Chinese drama, and I therefore will reproduce it here in translation:

"The golden branch"* is taught a lesson.

A Chinese drama from the Tang dynasty[†] performed for China's chancellor, Li Hung-chang, viceroy of Chihli, etc., etc., at a banquet given by Europeans in his honor on his seventieth birthday in "Gordon Hall," Tientsin, February 11, 1892.

Act I

The emperor (outside the palace).

(Eunuchs come in.)

The eunuchs:

Attention!

(His Majesty enters the throne room. Slow music.)

The emperor:

The golden raven flies up in the east and the tired hare goes to rest. The shining bell with the deep tones calls me to my daily duties. Much misery and unrest has

* One of the many poetic names for an imperial princess.

† 600-900 A.D.

Yang Kuei-fei caused the nation under the Tang dynasty. An Lu-shan raised the banner of revolt in the east, and warlike hordes that besieged Chang'an threatened the imperial authority. Poor Yang Vy-huen fell and I was taken prisoner at His Shu. I owe much to Kuo, whom I call my imperial brother. Bloody battlefields and constant unrest was his lot for three long years. Time after time he defeated the rebels. Now peace rules everywhere. The rivers' waters are clear. The sea is quiet and the wind of justice flows across the land.

The eunuchs:

Attention!

The emperor:

If the emperor governs with wisdom, he will live long in the land.

(The empress enters.)

The empress:

I have left my palace to visit Your Majesty. May my Master live long!

The emperor:

Come closer.

The empress:

Well met, you eternal.

The emperor:

Take your seat.

The empress:

Thank you, Your Majesty.

The emperor:

What brings you here?

The empress:

Now Kuo Ai has struck my child. My Master will be the judge.

The emperor:

I can't believe it.

The empress:

Your Majesty doubts it? Well, let the princess come and ask her, and the truth will come to light.

The emperor:

Bid the princess to come here.

(The eunuch servants carry out the order.)

The princess:

I have received the imperial command.

(Four court maidens follow and sing)

See! How sorrowful the princess is,
her tears run
down her cheeks,
as she kneels before the emperor.

The emperor:

I see the tears of fear and the torn headdress. What is this about? What is the cause of your distress?

The princess:

Permit me to speak freely about all to my father, the emperor. It is my husband, the scoundrel, who is the cause of it. He returned from a drinking party and beat me without any cause. Without saying a word he struck me with knotted fist and kicked me. He said that my father could thank his father for possession of the empire. Then he spoke harshly to me and humiliated me before everybody by setting me aside for another lover he has found. Shall I suffer all this in silence, I, an emperor's daughter? Oh, my father and mother; tell me what I shall do and tell me if I have any guilt.

The empress:

Your Majesty sits here on the throne, and I in all humility wish you happy years without end. Kuo Ai has behaved like a scoundrel and he surely is guilty of a great crime. Dare to strike our daughter in a fit of drunkenness? If you do not find he is guilty, I will hereafter lose my faith in my Lord's righteousness.

The emperor:

It is not proper for my wife to teach me my duties. Nor need our daughter cry so bitterly. Kuo Ai has certainly sinned against Us. I will take care of it. In the meantime return to your palace.

(The emperor rises and leaves.)

The empress:

If Kuo Ai is not beheaded, I will lose all faith in the emperor's righteousness.

The princess:

I am glad that my father has heard it all. I will go back and await the emperor's verdict.

(Both leave)

Act II

The emperor:

Eunuchs, bid Kuo Tzu-I, the prince of Fong Yang, to come here.

(Kuo Tzu-I comes in and stands by the entrance. Behind him follows his son, Kuo Ai, in irons.)

Tzu-I:

Severely I must speak to you, my son, for your unseemly conduct - ungrateful boy! An Lu-shan raised the banner of revolt in Ho Tung, and His majesty sent me there on the recommendation of Tsi-po*. Three years I fought, three years full of bloody battles. At last my rusty sword fell on the rebels' necks. The struggle ended; I was raised to the noble estate, and you were given my Lord's daughter in marriage. And now see what you have done! You return drunk from a party and beat your wife, a branch of the imperial trunk. Oh woe! Soon your head will fall by the palace gate and mine will be bowed in sorrow.

Kuo Ai:

Father, do not speak harsh words to me, but let me explain all. It was your birthday, and I ought to have knelt before you in love and duty. The whole family came, pair by pair, but I went alone. In the innermost room of the palace my wife sat and counted my father and mother for nothing in her pride. Certainly my wife is a branch of the golden trunk, but my wrath rose up and I hit her. If His Majesty finds that I am the guilty one, let her then enjoy another spouse, who perhaps may better suit her taste.

Tzu-I:

Forsooth, the boy speaks well for himself. Tell His Majesty that it was only in a drunken haze you acted so impetuously, and you may perhaps by the seat of mercy.

The emperor:

I see a strange light by the palace entrance; my brother Kuo Tzu-I is here. Yesterday was your birthday. I did not come to personally wish you well, but sent an imperial meal.[†] My empire and all that I have, I owe to you. Hereafter you shall not bow your knee when you come before me. Sit down and let us talk together.

* China's Byron.

† A very common way to honor a person. One sends him several dishes of food instead of presents.

Ai:

How these irons hurt!

The emperor:

There stands a subject bound in irons. Tell me why?

Tzu-I:

The bound man is my unworthy son, guilty, oh woe! in a major crime. Your Majesty only has to say the word, and he will be executed.

The emperor:

Go slowly, worthy brother; you are too hasty. He is only a youngster and the princess a very young bride. From olden times it has been said that a faithful servant does not know his own domestic affairs and the constant wiles of women. I will not hastily accuse you of wrongdoing. Remove his irons, lead him away, and dress him in court clothes.

Ai:

Thank you, Your Majesty.

Tzu-I:

The righteous has expressed his will and my son and I will rejoice. Long live Your Majesty!

The emperor:

Come here and sit by my side.

Tzu-I:

Thank you, Your Majesty.

The emperor:

Did you know anything about this fracas?

Tzu-I:

Yes. A servant came and told me all about it.

The emperor:

Send for Kuo Ai.

(Kuo Ai comes in.)

Ai:

A thousand waves rolled over me and buried me in the depths. I thank Your Majesty for sparing my life.

The emperor:

Come closer. You and my daughter quarreled. Why did you do that?

Ai:

I will explain it all.

The emperor:

Speak then.

Ai:

Your servant has heard that Yao and Shun restored social order by sharpening a son's duties to his parents, and that Chih and Chou lost their thrones due to their lack of respect for the old laws. By Your Majesty's grace I received a princess in marriage, and I am your son-in-law. But the red lamp* has often hung by the entrance to the palace, and I could only enter when I got a special invitation. Only after many ceremonies was I permitted to embrace my wife.

Tzu-I:

You certainly speak much too freely.

The emperor:

The princess has not conducted herself as she ought. The red lamp will not be hung out any more, and you may come and go as you please. Continue.

Ai:

Yesterday was my father's birthday. He was eighty years old. All the court officials came to wish him well. Only I came alone and with the painful thought that my wife, the princess, remained serenely in her palace without noting the day.

Tzu-I:

The princess should not go to visit a subject.

Ai:

The heir to the Dragon Throne, he, who lives in the eastern palace, came and bent his knee.

Tzu-I:

That was - - -.

* A red lamp is hung outside the door when one does not wish to receive visitors.

The emperor:

I hear and understand. Yesterday was your birthday, and she did not come to wish you well; that was an affront.

Ai:

Oh, noble and most wise monarch.

The emperor:

My brother.

Tzu-I:

Your servant hears.

The emperor:

I have heard what your son has to say, and he is fully within his rights. He has told me everything, and it gladdens my heart that he knows the three duties and the five virtues. The greatest happiness for a faithful counselor is to get his lord's approval, every blessing is his. Yesterday this proverb was confirmed in your person. Seven sons and six daughters with their spouses came to wish you well. I do not wonder that your son was distressed that only he was unable to lead his wife in to you. Brother, return to your palace; your son and the princess shall come to agreement about the rest.

Tzu-I:

Thank you, Your Majesty. The noble and wise prince has spoken his mind, and I am sent away bursting with joy. Great is his friendship! May Heaven grant him many blessings.

(Tzu-I goes out)

The emperor:

Kuo-Ai. Come closer and hear what I have to say. It is gratifying to find a faithful minister and a dutiful son. Every great and good man is a defender of the throne. Your father has shown his loyalty in many a bloody battle, and from ancient times the ruler has always rewarded faithfulness. I raise you like your father to the noble estate. You are my son, my daughter's husband, and I will not be overly concerned about minor faults. You may perhaps have returned to your home a little intoxicated, but that is a forgivable fault in a youth. Hereafter show more tolerance and do not let your small domestic tiffs reach my ear. I will now give you a crimson silk gown, a cap, a bejeweled belt, and all that which your new rank requires. I will also give you this imperial sword

with which to slay your enemies. Now return to your home. I will admonish the princess with regard to her faults, and she shall go to the prince of Fong Yang and beg forgiveness.

Ai:

Thank you, Your Majesty. I am happy, and my gratitude is overflowing. My faults are hardly mentioned, and I have received imperial gifts! (He leaves.)

The emperor:

Eunuchs, bid the princess to come.

(The princess enters the hall.)

The princess:

I little thought that my husband would be treated in this manner after my imperial father had investigated the matter.

The emperor:

You did not go to visit your father-in-law on his birthday; thus you did not follow the path of perfect virtue. Here I give you imperial presents which you are to bring to your father-in-law. Go!

The princess:

My father commands me, and I must obey, even though it is hard for me. My husband has not even been given a reprimand. Slaves, bring the carriage up; I will drive to Kuo's palace. Oh, woe! Unless ordered by the emperor, I will not return to this place.

(She leaves.)

The emperor:

It was too severe to punish Kuo Ai and thus tear my daughter's young husband from her side. I have closed my eyes to his transgression and honored him instead.

Eunuchs:

Attention!

The emperor (continues):

I have heaped beneficence on father and son, and they will be true to me.

(The curtain falls.)

— — — — —

I had first thought to travel by road to Peking in a *ch'é* – will describe later – but it has rained in torrents for the last fourteen days before I came to Tientsin, and half the country is under water. The *ch'é* must be given up, and I arranged to go about 50 miles up the river in a houseboat.

The hotel host was apparently used to that kind of tourists. He had a remedy for everything – especially "what it takes to maintain life" – and this could be found in his own shop.

Full shelves with Norwegian canned foods! Of course I picked out diverse boxes, but next time I will think twice about such patriotism, for it was, to put it mildly, shameful prices relative to English or American wares. For example, a small box of salmon holding enough to place on a couple of bread slices – 1.50 *kroner*. However, it was extremely good. I had tasted it before, in Shanghai, and if the salmon did not pass through so many agents, people out here could afford to buy it.

Well, the selected boxes soon reached a sufficient height and the bill a more than sufficient length. The host said I had to be prepared for 5 days, and it was better to have too much than risk an empty stomach.

Everything was ready, mattress, pillows, and other necessities packed. The houseboat lay along the pier, and I could have left this morning. But then a fellow came running up and asked if I would mind escorting a lady with a small child. They would come with the steamship in a couple of hours and were to continue to Peking the next morning. It would surely be very pleasant for me too to have company on the long river journey, etc., etc.

"Certainly! A great pleasure, no hurry, can easily wait another day," I replied, in the trustful hope that my traveling companion would turn out to be a *wunderschön* little widow with a 2 – 3 year old child, someone interesting, someone I could fall a little in love with and thus drive away the tedium. But the world is full of disappointments. A few hours later, the *wunderschön* little widow turned out to be an old, freckled, mannish crone 40 – 50 years of age, and "the child," a pock-marked, gangly teenager.

Well, take it as it comes and make the best of it. We are to leave early tomorrow. I had better get a good night's sleep. Perhaps I can dream of something better than "the Lady with the Child."

Peking 4 days later, "The French Hotel."

Only now, when the sun has gone to rest behind "The Western Hills,"* do I have an opportunity to ask myself if the six hours long body and soul suffering drive last night plus all the other aggravations really is worth the pleasure of visiting China's capital?

The people in Tientsin did not in the least exaggerate the discomforts of the journey – far from it.

But now everything is in order. Washed clean, shaved, and rested; though it took the whole day. I feel like a sailor after a stormy night; quite refreshed after the struggle. A feeling of wellbeing and fulfillment suffuse the whole person. It is not yet eight o'clock; too early to turn in. Rather chat a little with friends in Norway. "The lady and the little child" sleep the

* A favorite resort for the Europeans in the summer; lies a short distance outside the city.

sleep of the just. They will hardly be disturbed by the rasping of my pen. I am sitting in the same room, which is arranged like the tabernacle in the olden days. A large curtain separates "The Holy" from "The Most Holy."

— — — But let me first tell you about the journey to Peking.

We left The Globe Hotel early in the morning. The houseboats lay along the pier. Everything was ready and *le caravan se mit en route*.

It is no wonder that Chinese riverboats are the most practical imaginable. The people have had thousands of years to improve these floating homes, where whole families live and die. Not an inch of the vessel is wasted space. In my 5 meter long home on the Pei Ho I have a sitting room, bed-chamber, and kitchen. In the sitting room there are lacquered benches, a table, and 2 chairs. The walls are made with lacquered boards, which can be removed one by one as one may wish more or less light and air drafts. Elegant carved and gilded doors close access to the bedchamber. If one opens them wide, the deck is seen raised a couple of feet higher – the bedstead – equipped with mattress, pillows, etc., which the hotel host has lent me. Behind the bedchamber is the kitchen, hardly a couple of feet wide; just large enough that the rice *wok* can be set over a small grill. This cooking utensil supplants all kinds of pots and pans, has a conical form, and is used in every household across all of China. The crew sleeps wherever they can; they are not particular about sleeping comforts. I saw the "skipper" and the "exec" roll themselves

together in a hatch in the stern and the other two likewise forward. Everything is spanking clean and varnished, both inside and out. Not at all bad, these Pei Ho homes.

The current was strong on the first day and it was slow going poling the boat upstream. Not a breath of wind either, so there was no opportunity to raise the outsized sail.

What a gaudy, busy life! The width of the river is covered with family boats for several miles upstream. Naked, brown children run around on the decks and play, their mothers wash clothes, and their fathers are fishing a couple of steps away. There are few countries that possess such a wealth of fish as "the Celestial Empire," and the Chinese take the prize as the world's best fishermen. Every river and lake is covered with nets and fishing boats; every stream, every reservoir is made use of to breed fish. There are as many kinds of fish as there are days in the year, and they are prepared in so many ways that a Chinese author informs us there are nearly five thousand different dishes sold in the market, and I would like to know if there are not almost as many ways to catch fish, since I have seen different tackle everywhere I have been. The most common rig we see here on the Pei Ho is a large net spread out with the help of bamboo rods. The whole apparatus is lowered and raised with little effort aided by an ingenious balancing device.

From time to time we see a boat, where the fisherman sits quite still while otters and fishing birds go exploring in the muddy water. It is quite entertaining to watch these clever hunters, especially the fishing bird called *lou-tse* by the Chinese. It dives down like an arrow and usually comes up

with a large fish in its beak. The bird has a ring around its neck so that it cannot swallow its catch whole, but its master always gives it a piece of fish as reward for its work.

Long rows of *junks* crawl laboriously upstream, while an equal number of their more fortunate brothers come flying downstream. There is danger of collision at any moment; deafening yells and laughter. The Chinese like noise.

Around a sharp curve in the river, a magnificent European church with a triumphant cross on the spire can be seen – at a distance. But when we come closer, we discover it is a ruin. Sorry to say, the mark of the conquering Man from Galilee here is not a sign of victory, but of defeat. The church, the cloister, and the gardens are all desolate; only a memorial and mausoleum for the poor sisters of mercy who found death here in the popular uprising of 1870. Here they lie buried, poor, innocent martyrs. For their sake we might wish that it will not be long before they "on high" hear the nation they sacrificed their blood for cry, "You have won, oh Man from Galilee." —

The cross disappears behind a new curve in the river and we pass a row of fortifications – "*The Son of Heaven may sleep in peace now, safe from the barbarians.*" A score of war *junks* lie along the bank with the newest Maxim guns in their bows. A funny mix of B.C. and A.D.

Finally we are free of Tientsin and its suburbs and into the countryside. The river bottom soon becomes so soft that it is impossible to pole the boat along; the long bamboo poles stick fast in the mud. The steersman lets the boat cut as close to the



The fishing bird *lou-tse*.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

bank as possible, and the coolies jump overboard. The poor devils often sink in up to their chests in the mud, but it does not bother them; they are as happy and content as ever and only laugh when I look at them, and then begin to pull, mile after mile, only now and then interrupted by long rows of cargo boats that crawl laboriously upstream. The coolies then come on board and ship out the oars, and after great exertions we succeed in passing by. The boat again cuts in toward the bank, out in the mud they go, and so we proceed with the pull-line again until we meet another row of *junks*.

Toward evening smoke begins to rise from the stern of all the riverboats as upon a given signal. The evening meal is being cooked. The smoke spreads like a light fog over the villages, so vast is the number of these floating homes.

The great highway that leads to Peking occasionally runs close to the riverbank, and then we may see a little lady tripping along on her doll's feet or a rider on a pony or a row of farmers' carts. Everything stands out in black relief against the blue-yellow sky.

I went to bed around midnight. The whole day was spent observing the unaccustomed environment, emptying one box of salmon or herring after the other with a foundation of bread or rice, and smoking one cigar after the other – hope I do not get nicotine poisoning on this journey, but one needs something to pass the time with. I little dreamt fourteen days ago, when I was rolling in oriental luxury with servants fore and aft, that I soon would have to be my own cook, waiter, dish washer, etc., but "necessity breaks all laws" as we know, and I enjoyed the unaccustomed tasks.

A breeze springs up. The sail is hoisted, and we glide gracefully up the river. The current also is not as strong. The haulers come aboard, throw themselves down on the deck, light their pipes, and appear to enjoy life with pure happiness. A little rice, vegetables, and cornbread as heavy and massive as lead is set out. It is odd how the nature of man is different in the different regions of the earth. Such a day's exertions plus this evening meal would have been enough to send me into the hereafter within 24 hours. A little sleep in the fore hatch – the two aft took a nap around noon – and the wind abates. The skipper calls on the crew, and one, two, three, they have hold of the line, jump into the mud, singing and joking, while I lie on my soft mattress and cannot sleep because of a few mosquitoes. Oh, this plague. "And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." I wonder if he saw the mosquitoes. Or perhaps these "good" creatures have changed their nature after the Fall? — — —

A score bends in the meandering river, and we have hardly advanced 10 kilometers. Across the plain, as far as the eye can see, sails and mast tops stick up from the treeless fields in all directions of the compass. For a while the boat flies along on a following breeze, but after a couple of minutes the sail flaps aback, and the haulers must jump out with the line. Thus it goes throughout the day.

"Narrow is the road that leads to Heaven," it is written, and such is also the case for the upper Pei Ho, which the Chinese call "The Gate to Heaven." The river dwindles to no more than a large ditch between mud banks. Again and again the boat

goes aground, and the haulers wade out into the chest-high soup. Hard, extremely hard work, so hard that I undoubtedly would have stuck my head down into the mud at once if I were condemned to suffer this miserable existence. But these poor devils do not seem to feel fatigue, especially when they catch sight of the pagoda at Tungchow. A few hours more and they can rest in the fore hatch and enjoy another wonderful meal of leaden cornbread, a little rice, and vegetables.

We came up to Tungchow – 60 miles from Tientsin – rather late in the evening. The other boat with the old lady and the pockmarked girl had arrived half an hour earlier, and their "boy" had already ordered conveyances for 1 o'clock in the night. He knew from experience that it would not be comfortable to ride in the hot sun. And he was right; if we had not left until morning, at least one of us three would have arrived in Peking with a brain fever.

We must be said to have been lucky with our journey to Tungchow in just 3 days. The host in the Globe Hotel had predicted 5. That the cheerful boatmen got a liberal *kumshaw*^{*} is understandable.

A little nap, and the "boy" comes and wakes me up. *Uff!*[†] I had slept so comfortably for the first time on the journey. I still had no awareness of what was awaiting me, or I would not have lit a "Manila" with such a contented mien. The luggage goes ashore and is loaded onto the equipages and we rumble off into the starry night. Wait! First a description of the

^{*} An Anglo-Chinese expression for tip, *baksheesh*.

[†] *Uff!*, or *Uff da!* – a Norwegian all purpose exclamation when things are not going their way..

abominable means of transportation to discourage other innocents from undertaking journeys to Peking for no reason but pure curiosity.

Take a west coast farmer's two-wheeled cart with no springs. Cut it short in both ends until you are sure the elasticity is 0.0000. Set a varnished wooden chest on top and knock out the side that faces the draft animal, and you will have something like a Chinese *ch'é*.

The Chinese roads are usually in an indescribable condition; therefore the ironclad, heavy wheels are designed to survive the most frightful impacts.

Well. Our mattresses should serve in lieu of cart springs or shock absorbers. A couple of strides and one wheel meets a sharp rock. Ow! ow! exclaims the inhabitant of the box in despair. His head has met the hard sideboard. Before I can feel if anything has come loose in my skull, or if my forehead is bleeding, the other wheel also finds a rock outcrop that threatens to overturn the whole rig into a half meter deep pothole.

Oh, you city fathers of Tungchow! I could strangle you with the rage of despair if I could reach you! In which century before Christ did you last maintain the roads? Go away and drown yourselves in the ditches and dikes that we here in the dark of night must crawl through, and you may perhaps deflect all the curses that the "barbarians" have cast over this miserable city, which has been left in your care.

At last I become quite apathetic and close my eyes in resignation. After all, I am young with supple, pliant muscles, so, all right as long as the brain is not injured? I get a small,

soft down pillow, place it double under my head and keep it in place with bent fingers to act as a newly patented spring. It is no use. The impacts are so violent that I from time to time call out to the old lady and the child. Yes, it seems they are still alive.

On and on we go. No, this is too much. It seems that in the last hour we have only traveled the *best* part of the road.

Somewhat soft with this 2 – 3 feet mud layer underneath. Now we come up to the great "imperial" highway that leads to China's capital. May all good spirits save me from more imperial or royal roads of this sort. I would have welcomed a Norwegian cattle path instead. I do not doubt that the imperial highway once has been a magnificent example of road construction – sometime *before* the birth of Christ. It is ca. 10 meters wide and paved with large, finely cut stones, which once were well fitted together, but by now have lost all cohesion. There is hardly a man's length where one or two have not drifted apart and left a hole big enough for a small wash basin. Imagine what a pleasant feeling when one of the wheels drops down into this pothole and then suddenly hits the sharp edge of the next stone. Oh, I almost feel the pain again, while I sit here writing. An indescribable weariness falls over me, and I almost lose consciousness – doze off, perhaps — —

It is getting lighter; we are nearing our destination. A great disappointment. I had hoped to see impressive city walls with the roofs of palaces hovering above in the distance. No such thing. Only after having passed some suburbs do we drive up to the venerable massive walls. But the six hours grueling

drive has put us in such a state of lethargy that we look at them with the utmost indifference. Finally we pass through a colossal gate that leads in to the promised land. *Hata-men* is spelled out over the gate with meter-high letters. It means "Entrance to the highest wisdom" and may well be true. Our spirits are near zero, so it does not interest us. At least we see liquid mud as the gate leads us in to a sea of mud that reaches right up to the cart bottom.

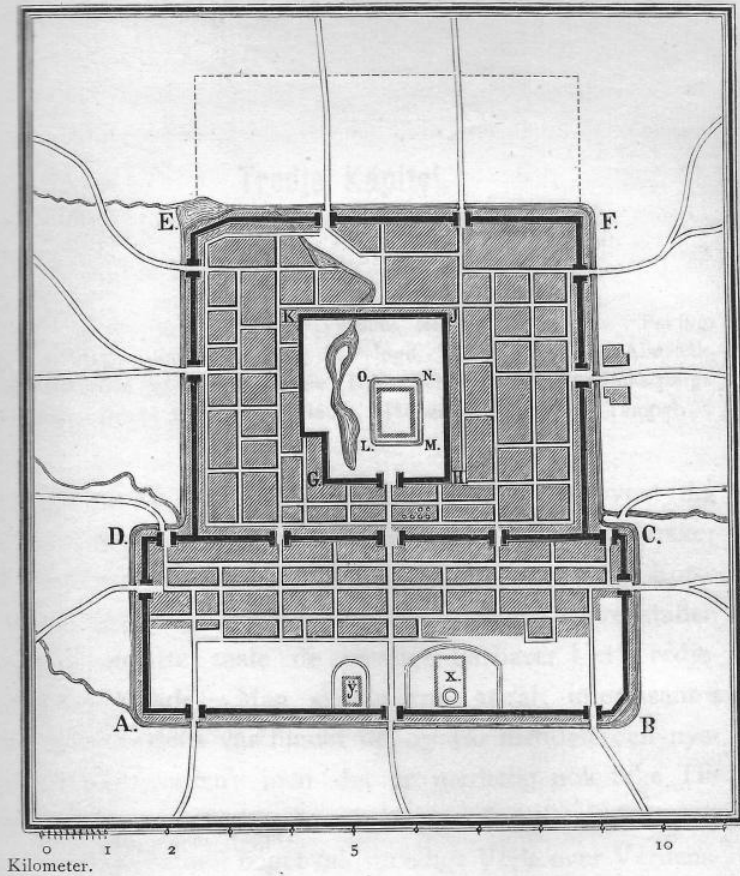
We finally arrive at the hotel where we now live, but at first the Chinese business manager would not let us in, as they were remodeling the whole place. Stultified and dark in mood we got back in the carts and drove to the Chinese hotel. Full up. Almost the last bit of the will to live flies away. But the old lady's "boy" does not give up. He goes back to *The French Hotel* and paints our sufferings in glowing colors. All right then! We were allowed to rent a room with a half-demolished stucco ceiling, torn wallpaper, etc. – in short – in an indescribable condition. But we were happy, indescribably happy.

The room was more or less cleared out to make room for us. A table, beds, and chairs were brought in, and it was divided with a large curtain that, as mentioned earlier, was to separate the old lady and the child's "Most Holy" from my "Holy."

A bathtub, Christian food, and sleep. Good, now all is well again. A few blue and yellow spots here and there, especially on my forehead. Well, it will soon go away. The pen is laid away, the light extinguished, and tomorrow I will go out and see something of the legendary city.

Plan over Peking.

(Se Side 56.)



ABCD — kinesisk Bydel.


CDEF — tartarisk —


GHJK — Keiserbyen.

LMNO — Purpur- el. den forbudte By.

X — Himmels Tempel.


Y — Frugtbarhedens —


 Fæstningsmurene.

 Pekingmuren i det 14de Aarh.

 Kanaler.

 Floder.

 Hovedgader.

 Gesandtskabshoteller.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

ABCD – Chinese quarter.

The fortified walls.

CDEF – Tartar quarter.

The Peking wall in the 14th century.

GHJK – Imperial quarter.

LMNO – Purple- or the Forbidden City.

Canals.

X – The Temple of Heaven.

Rivers.

Y – Temple of Fertility.

Main streets.

Embassies

Chapter Three

In China's capital.

Peking – Confucius' temple – The world's oldest university – The Peking observatory – Astronomy and astrology – The Chinese almanac – Sir Robert Hart and the foreign customs service in China – The audience question – The Banjin Lama's mausoleum – The Altar of Heaven and the Temple of Heaven.

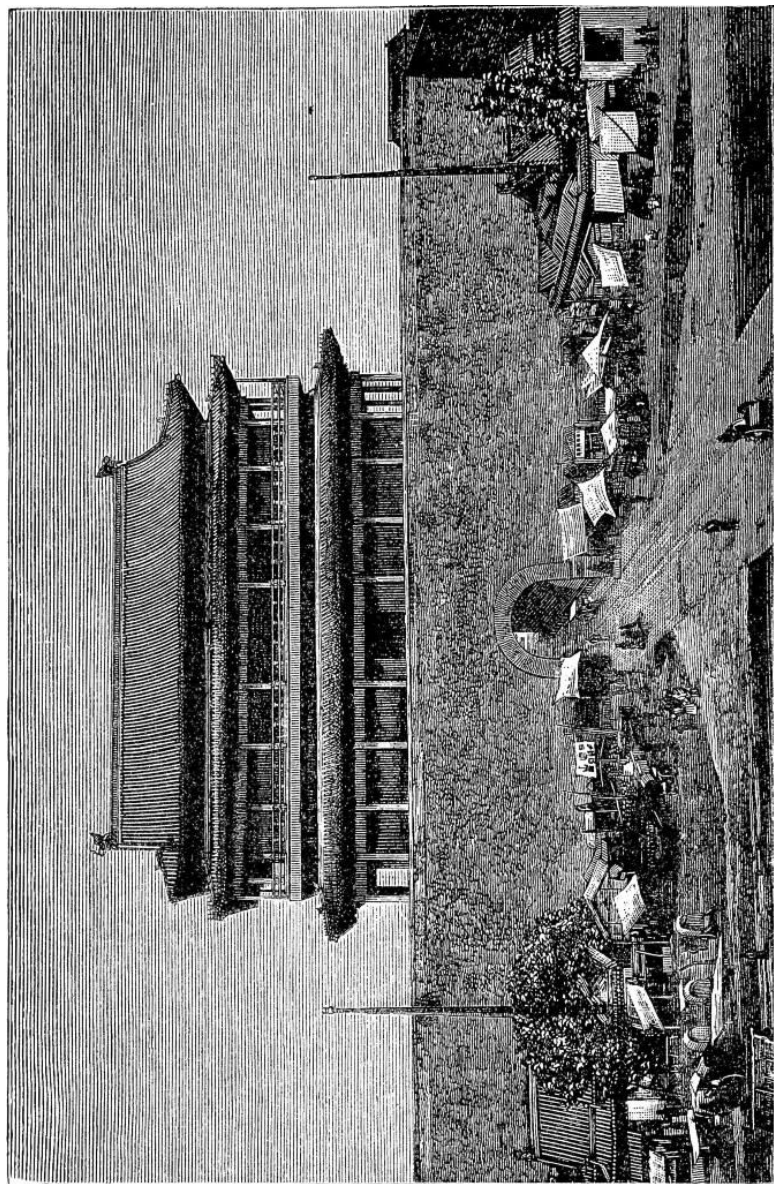
Right up to the last few years a fairytale nimbus has lain over *Peiching*, where the unseen ruler of China's millions has his court. Very few Europeans try to lift the veil, though the capital now has had to tolerate the Western barbarians for a third of a century. One would think that everything interesting in the imperial residence had been examined and reported to the curious outer world, but this is remarkably enough not the case. Only a few superficial sketches, but no exhaustive works, have been published about the empire's capital. Maybe one of the many intelligent diplomats is engaged in filling this hole in our knowledge? Not so impossible, since it is said that

it is rather difficult for several members of the legations to fill the superfluity of free time they have to their disposal.

There are always some globetrotters visiting Peking. The majority make the trip to be able to say they *have* been there, or to collect curios. A minority intend to see and study all that is worth seeing. And the intent of even those few individuals usually change to a pious wish that *it would have been so interesting* – but means of transportation, streets, dust, and mud – indescribable hazards – deter even American mountain climbers. Most leave disappointed from the Chinese capital, which is no wonder, since Peking does not have much to offer in the aesthetic area. Only the few who have studied the nation's institutions, customs, and traditions beforehand will find it worth the trouble to visit the emperor's city.

Peking's foundations are very old, 4,000 years it is said, but the present city, like Rome, is built on the ruins of the past. When Kublai Khan with his "Golden Horde" had conquered China,* he chose Peking, or Kambulac, as Marco Polo called the place, as his headquarters, and thus the city's newest history began. The solid walls mostly date from this time. These structures divide the city into two separate sections, which are only connected by three gates. The northern part is called *Nai-ching* (Inner City), or the Tartar quarter; the southern *Wai-ching* (Outer City) is intended for the Chinese. The walls vary from 8 to 16 meters in width and from 10 to 20 meters in height. They are generally well maintained and are favorite places for the Europeans to ride or go for walks on.

* The Mongol dynasty sat on the throne from 1280 to 1368.



Peking city wall.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Impressive watchtowers loom above the city gates; some of them equipped with several hundred loopholes. Cannon muzzles stick threatening out, but not to worry; the cannon are only made of wood and placed here for appearances sake, or possibly to have a moral effect on simpleminded souls.

The walls are about 20 English miles in circumference and contain an area of 35 square miles. There thus should have been ample room for the one million people that live here, but the Chinese do not enjoy living apart, but rather as tightly packed together as possible, so we also see a lot of large open fields inside the walls.

The Tartar quarter is Peking's fashionable district. When the Manchus* took over the capital, this district was laid out in house plots for the garrison, but most of the properties have now gone over to the Chinese by sales and intermarriage with the conquerors' families. *Huang-ching*, or "The Emperor's City," lies about in the middle surrounded by a red brick wall. Inside there is a pretty lake with magnificent gardens along the shore, but these we can only view at a distance from the end of a marble bridge that spans over the lake to the parks and *Tsz-kien ching* – The Forbidden City – where the "Vicar of Heaven" resides in lonely splendor with his family and servant staff.

All other mortals are without exception excluded from this holy place, which is also surrounded by a high wall and a wide moat. *Tsz-kien ching* is an absolute *terra incognita* for both subjects and foreigners. The place is shrouded in a mystical

* The present ruling family is descended from the Manchu chieftain Sun-shi, who conquered Peking in 1644.

darkness, and one's imagination can have a free rein. It is said to be magnificently beautiful inside, a striking contrast with the rest of Peking, but from the marble bridge only some palace roofs with yellow tiles are visible.

In the Chinese quarter, live merchants, craftsmen, and the "common" people. A European does not get an especially pleasant impression from a walk through the streets of *Wai-ching*. I do not think more than one in a hundred will try it again for the smell and dirt is beyond description. The only excuse for such a deficient sanitation system as Peking's is that the soil is very loose and sandy so that it is difficult to maintain the streets. When the rainy season arrives, the loose soil layer become a sea of mud mixed with stinking garbage from the houses, dogs, dead cats, etc., etc.

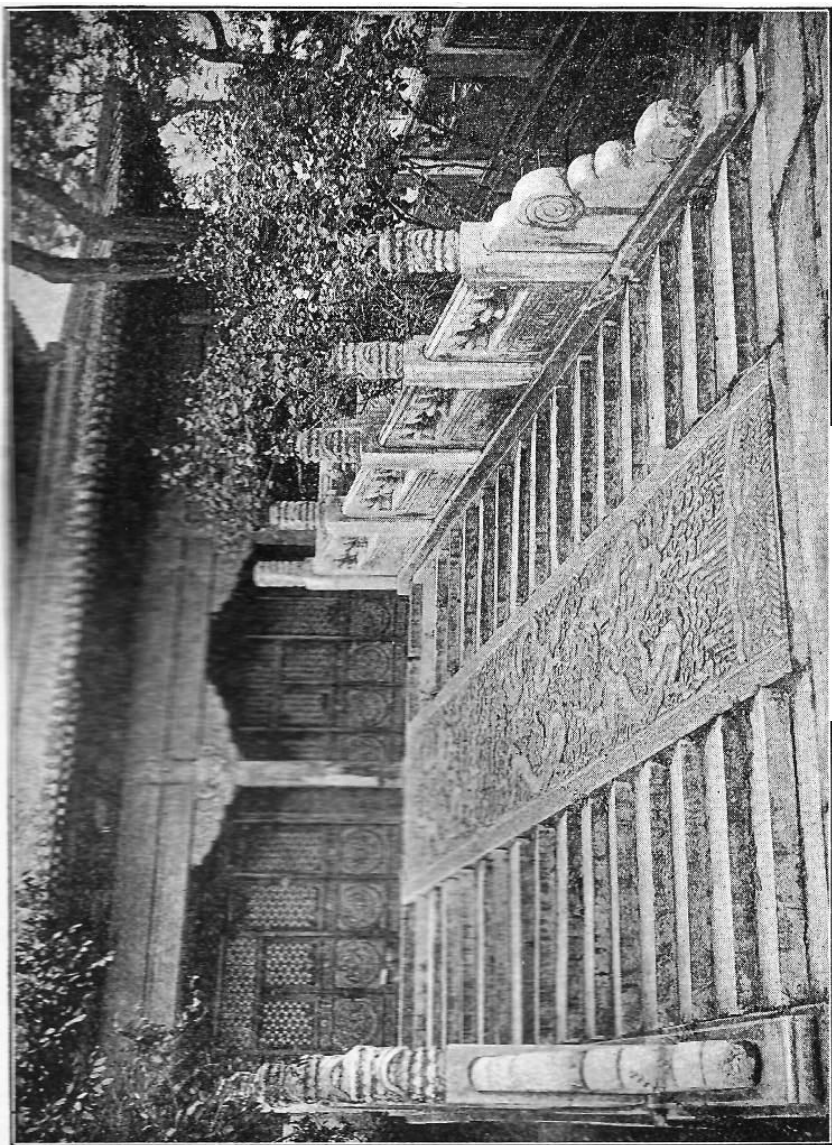
Uff nei. Now I think I can smell the noisome stink again. Let us leave this subject at once and visit something more worth seeing. If civilization was judged according to cleanliness, the Chinese would rank very low, but the nation must be an exception to the rule like the Japanese, who go to extremes in the other direction.

*

*

*

From *The French Hotel*, we take a trip on donkey back to the northernmost corner of the Tartar quarter. The animals are left with the drivers, and we walk solemnly up a broad marble pavement. Tall, venerable cypress trees stand on both sides – *symbols of a fame that never fades*. An imposing single-story



Confucius' temple.

This page intentionally left blank.)

building with porcelain roof stands before us; it is Confucius' Temple, one of the many thousands honoring "China's savior." The entrance is divided into three lanes. A large marble block decorated with inscriptions and dragon figures in relief lies in the middle lane.

The doorkeeper opens one of the doors and we – my Chinese friend and I – the "Western barbarian" – step into a half-lit room. As quiet as the grave in there, a suitable place to think about the old philosopher, whose influence has been, and still is, greater than any other name under heaven. The quiet becomes almost painful in this enormous hall with its light blue vaulting.

Approximately in the middle of the floor there is a kind of throne with an altar before it, simple and without any kind of decorations. Instead of a statue of Confucius, the seat holds a faded red, wooden tablet with a description that in translation reads: "The soul of the most holy and ancient teacher Confucius." Around the hall hang similar tablets with depictions of imperial dragons and inscriptions. They are gifts from several emperors who have outbid each other to honor the nation's greatest son. The titles awarded the philosopher might well exhaust even a language as rich in flowery expressions as the Chinese. Here are a couple of examples: *He is the greatest of mankind. He forms a trinity with heaven and earth. A teacher for all times.* Etc., etc. It is a good demonstration of the place that Confucius holds in the hearts of the Chinese people.

On the altar there are four tablets in memory of his greatest disciples, Yin-tsu, Tsin-tsu, Ses-tsu, and Mang-tsu (Mencius).

They are ranked just below Confucius and are called "wise," or perhaps rather "holy." In less prominent locations there are eighteen other tablets with the names of famous teachers in the Confucian world. We can almost imagine the great master sitting in the middle of his disciples, who listen with rapt attention to each word of wisdom that emerges from his inspired lips.

Let us make a deep bow before these princes in the realm of thought. These unpretentious tablets bear the names of individuals selected among millions; they represent almost a fourth of humanity's talents and wisdom for thousands of years. These small wooden tablets bring to life for us the departed great sages, like the marble busts in Rome's Pincio Gardens.

*

*

*

Besides the famous *Hanlin Yuan*,^{*} the imperial academy, the capital is the seat of an ancient university connected to Confucius' Temple. The buildings are not so old, they were constructed under Kublai Khan, but the institution, its organization and activities were known long before the dawn of science in Hellas, long before Plato and Pythagoras managed to extract any secrets from the priests of Heliopolis.

^{*} *Hanlin Yuan* – "Brushwood Court" – is an imperial institution established by the Tang dynasty's ninth emperor, Heuen-sung, 725 A.D. It is somewhat like *l'Académie Française* and has been located in Peking for the last 600 years.

In *Li-Ki* – the Book of Rites – the university's statutes and regulations are precisely set forth. It was then known by the same name as today: *Kuotsekien* ("School for the Sons of the Empire"). The 13th chapter states: "*The professors shall admonish the ruler of that which is good and just and shall instruct the sons of the state*"* in the three constant virtues and the three practical duties, which in plain Norwegian means that they are duty-bound to give lectures in philosophy and morality. Further, they were to *reprove the emperor for his faults, if he commits any errors, and discipline the students in the sciences and arts* – i. e. arithmetic, writing, music, archery, horsemanship, and ritual ceremonies.

Outside Confucius' Temple we see a whole regiment of granite columns. On these the names of the happy candidates who have received doctorates from the university in the last 600 years are inscribed. This custom has been a powerful encouragement for diligence and persistence, a longed for goal for millions of students, and the hundreds, who on graduation saw their names written in a harder substance than water, have later set their mark in their homeland's history.

We pass by a number of lecture- and examination halls, but almost began to think that these also had become monuments of the past, for we saw neither students nor professors. This is because this school for the sons of the state no longer is used for teaching. Today, one studies for the

* The "sons of the state," originally meant only the princes and sons of the highest ranking nobility, but later has come to include anyone who has passed the lower examinations.

doctorate degree in other places and only the final examination is held at this venerable site.

Across from the building stands a beautiful and imposing pavilion. This is *Pi Yung-kung*,* or "Hall of the Classics," built by the great emperor Kien-lung. The building is square and has two roofs, one above the other; the top one rests on carved wooden capitals and carries a magnificent gilded ball on top. Four marble bridges span over a small marble-walled moat that encircles the pavilion. Around it we see some memorial arches of yellow porcelain with interspersed green tiles. Here the emperor was received when he came for advice or to be reprimanded. Each emperor had to carry out this ceremony at least once during his time in office.

A long porch surrounds all of *Pi Yung-kung*, and there we saw the most interesting of all in this place in the form of 182 granite columns on which the 9 canonical books[†] – the Chinese bible – are inscribed. Here there is a standard text[‡] that neither fire nor water can destroy. Can our Hebrew one ever replace it? Hardly, since the 9 books are not only inscribed on granite columns, but also in the nation's heart. One thing is certain; *if the impossible happens and the*

* The third of the Manchu emperors and "great" as poet, ruler, and human being.

† 1. Lun Yu – The Analects of Confucius. 2. *Ta Ha* – The Book of Wisdom. 3. *Chung Yung* – The Doctrine of the Mean. 4. *Mang Tsu* – Mencius' Conversations. 5. *Yih King* – The Book of Changes. 6. *Shu King* – The Book of Documents. 7. *Shi King* – The Book of Odes. 8. *Li Ki King* – The Book of Rites. 9. *Chun Tseu* – Spring and Autumn Annals. (A collection of historical events from the days of the Chou dynasty.)

‡ China has one more of these granite inscriptions in Singan-fu [Chang'an], the Tang dynasty's old capital.

Nazarene triumphs over the dragon, the Chinese bible will still hold a greater place in world literature than even the Greek and Roman classic works since the Cross was planted on the ruins of the Roman state.

*

*

*

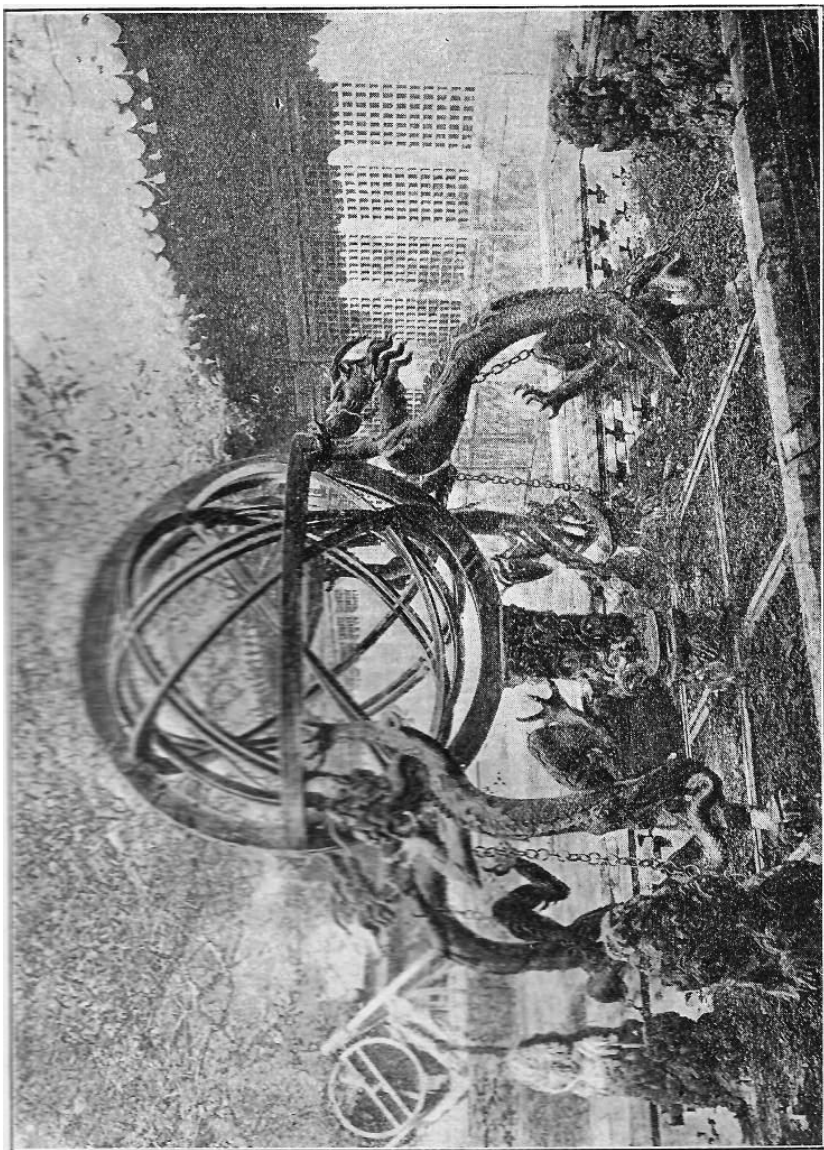
Early the next morning we step up onto the wall near *Hata-men* – the Gate of Wisdom.* A very pleasant stroll along the unusual promenade until we come to a tower that leans up against the wall – the Old Peking Observatory. My Chinese friend first leads me into a sheltered garden where we at once encounter the same old astronomical instruments that Marco Polo described with much exaggeration in the book about his travels. The observatory had then just been renovated under the supervision of Kou Shou-king, one of the most famous astronomers in China's history. The armillary sphere shown in the photograph [page 69] has a one meter radius. The apparatus is supported by colossal dragons that are tied to the ground with heavy chains, which may be necessary, since they look very ferocious with their open mouths, sharp teeth, and fierce eyes. The perfectly finished details show how far the Chinese had developed the art of casting metals at that time.

The instrument itself consists of a wide horizontal ring crossed at right angles by a double azimuth ring. These form the outer frame. The horizon is divided into 12 spaces on the upper side and marked with Chinese signs: *Tsze, Chou, Yin, Maou, Chin, Ssi, Vu, Vei, Shen, Yu, Sei, Hæ*. These are the

* [Actually named for Hata, a Mongol prince whose palace stood nearby.]

names of the 12 hours that the Chinese divide the day into. On the outside we see these signs again paired with the names of the compass directions. The inside of the ring has the names of the 12 provinces that China was divided into under the Mongol dynasty. Each division on the outside corresponds to a division on the inside, since each of the provinces is considered to be under the protection of a certain region in the sky. The equatorial circle is fastened inside the horizon, and inside the equator there are again several movable rings that turn on two pintles located at the azimuth ring's zero points. These represent the other astronomical circles such as the ecliptics, etc. The equator is divided into 28 equal parts marked with star constellations of unknown age. Distances were measured between these endpoints. All the rings are divided into $365\frac{1}{4}$ degrees. This system was in use up until the seventeenth century, when the Jesuits' arrival in the country caused considerable changes to the system. The Jesuit priests, Father Schaal and Father Verbiest, were heads of the astronomical department for many years, and it was under the leadership of the latter that the instruments that we see on the tower platform were constructed.

Among these we especially notice the famous celestial globe. It is amazing how such a work could be accomplished with the tools Father Verbiest describes. The globe is of solid copper. Stars and planets are in their proper places. So that the astronomers could find them in the dark, they are embossed in relief. The apparatus hangs in a balanced device and is so easy to move that a child can make the globe swing several



The old armillary sphere in the observatory garden.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

degrees, though it weighs thousands of pounds. Around the equator runs an elaborately carved horizontal ring that is carried by four dragons. The ring is divided into 360 degrees rather than the old $365\frac{1}{4}$.

Several of the instruments up here on the tower are still used by Chinese astronomers, but if they do not soon get more modern instruments, the observatory in Peking will have only historic interest and will stand as a memorial to the nation's advanced culture at a time when we were still fumbling around in the darkness of the crusades.

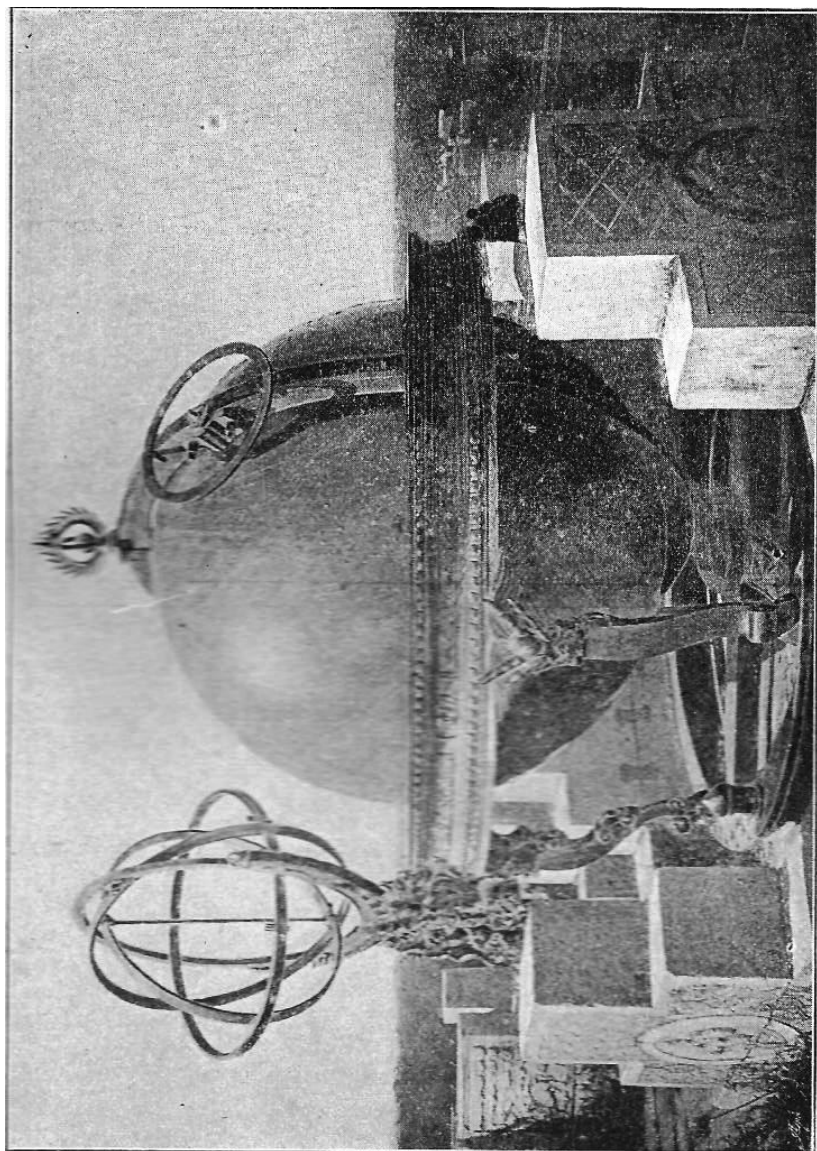
Astronomy has been the favorite subject of study for the Chinese people since time out of mind, and there are innumerable works that deal with this "science."

If the sons of the Celestial Empire have learned their arts from the Chaldean stargazers or the other way around is something the leaned Orientalists will hardly ever agree about – not that it matters. With some degree of certainty it is thought that the Chinese had developed an almanac and were able to calculate the dates of the equinoxes, etc., ca. 5,000 years ago. Still, it is amazing how slowly astronomical science has progressed – so slow that the common man still thinks the earth is square, flat, and unmovable. Only at the dawn of the Christian era were the apparent movements of the celestial objects known with any degree of certainty. Learned astronomers calculated the equinoxes long before the birth of Christ, but since this could not be done with satisfactory

precision, a lot of superstition attached to the equinoxes and to astronomy in general. Thus this science got an aura of *astrology*, which it still has.

All people have fretted about natural phenomena until they discovered the causes. F. ex., it is very common to believe in the harmful effects of comets. A couple of centuries ago, people in Europe thought a long-tailed star was a harbinger of war and pestilence and other disasters to come. The same is believed in China, and it cannot be denied that such superstitions have appeared to come true on a number of occasions. Thus a comet appeared in 1858, and soon afterward the 2nd Opium War began rather unexpectedly. Three years later another long-tailed fellow showed up, and Emperor Hien-Fêng died suddenly. The Chinese also have similar superstitions about eclipses of the sun and the moon. It is a very serious matter if an eclipse does not occur at the time specified by the astronomers; the wise stargazers have sometimes even got the emperor to *believe that it was his great virtues that averted the danger*, but these gentlemen also have had to pay the price for their mistakes. Thus it is said that one of the first emperors had a couple of astronomers executed because they had not warned of an eclipse in advance.

The common man's concept of solar and lunar eclipses is "*that there is greedy dragon in Heaven, who is always at war with the sun and the moon and therefore constantly wants to eat them.*" In China, one therefore often sees people gathering in crowds when there is an eclipse. They shout and howl, bang on drums and kettles to frighten the monster and make it let go



The great celestial globe on the observatory roof.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

of its prey. This notion is also shared by the empire's highest authorities – of course, just ostensibly. They prefer to let the people keep their superstitions rather than educate them about the real causes.

A couple of months before an eclipse is to occur, the astronomers inform the head of *Li-Pu*, the Board of Ceremonies, about the exact time when this important event will occur. The minister then passes this valuable information on to the officials of the empire. When the time comes, these gentlemen stand ready to ward off the danger, but since it has never happened that the dragon actually swallowed any part of either the sun or the moon, they presumably take it with full composure; just a ceremony for the people's sake.

The mandarins usually gather in the top official's courtyard. Here an altar has been set up for the occasion and some joss sticks are burned. At a signal the gentlemen fall down on their knees, bow toward the sun, and express their sympathy with its difficulties, while the people outside exert all possible efforts to frighten the dragon away by banging on kettles and drums.

The Chinese have an excellent illustration of this inter-mixing of astronomical science with astrological superstition, and this is the imperial almanac, which can brag of having as large a circulation as all the other almanacs in the world combined. This book is an imperial monopoly. No one other than the imperial astronomers themselves is permitted to publish a so important work. Just think if an error should creep

in; imagine if a solar eclipse was missed! This happened in the past, but then the emperor issued a decree that threatened the bookbinders with the most extreme punishments if they ventured to publish almanacs.

Toward the end of the year a certain number of copies are sent to the booksellers in every province. Those that are not sold must be given to the local magistrate, who thus gets a little extra profit in the form of fuel to cook his rice with. The Jesuits who visited the Peking court in the early 18th century, told us about the ceremonies performed before the almanacs were sent out to the common people, and it is not unimaginable that this event may be celebrated in the same manner in the final years of the 19th.

"On a certain day, the higher mandarins go to the palace, while the members of the Board of Ceremonies in ceremonial robes escort the books from the printer's to the emperor's residence. The almanacs that are destined for the emperor and his family are bound in yellow silk and enclosed in fabric pouches with gold threads worked in. These are carried on a gilded palanquin by forty lackeys in yellow livery. Behind them follow ten or twelve smaller palanquins with red silk drapes. These hold books bound in red silk and enclosed in pouches with silver threads, and are intended for the princes of the empire. Then come several bearers with tall stacks of almanacs on their shoulders; these are for dignitaries and the top generals of the army. The procession is completed by the president and members of *Li Pu* in sedan chairs with the usual number of attendants.

On arrival at the palace, the golden pouches are placed on ten tables covered with yellow silk cloth. The board members then bow deeply, deliver the pouches to some officials who receive them while kneeling and ceremoniously carry them to the foot of the throne. The silver pouches are delivered to the princes in the same way, and then the ministers and other dignitaries kneel down in turn and reverentially receive their almanacs, which are considered a gift from the emperor."

After all this we might expect that the contents of the book would justify such a to-do. Well, this work obviously is very highly valued by the Chinese, and there are not many families that do not acquire a copy. The price will not deter anyone; 5 to 25 cents. But we Europeans must smile a little when one of our Chinese friends reads aloud for us from this wonderful product. We can almost imagine we have got hold of a German almanac from 1700 A.D. or so. Besides the more scientific matters such as tables of the year's months and days, sun and moon eclipses, sunrise and sunset in Peking, etc., the sons of the Celestial Empire are informed about many things that are hidden from us wise ones – and that for 25 cents. No insurance companies needed!, if we only study the almanac closely. Well, in theory perhaps, but the Chinese are skeptical by nature. There are many doubters who think the gentlemen in Peking *could* be in error, and in that case it is best to have two strings on one's bow. The insurance companies in the treaty ports do a booming business, though their clients at the same time consult a copy of the all-knowing almanac. It may, f. ex., be well to know when it would be best to enter into holy matrimony. After all, one must be a total fool to go off and get

married on one of the almanac's unlucky days, and there are a lot of those. The first page advises all travelers to exercise their patience on the dates listed in the tables or they may be exposed to an accident, and the Chinese has a lot of time; there is no hurry, best to wait, even if he has insurance. Life may still have some happy moments for him – and the hereafter – well, that he is very doubtful of, since Confucius once said: *"We do not even know life; how can we then know what lies beyond the grave?"*

The merchant also has a rubric, wherein he is advised when he must not speculate too high, and the architect, when he may begin construction of a building. The year's feast days and the most exact rules for how one should conduct oneself on such occasions, of course are not lacking, since, if there is any field in which the Chinese surpasses all the world's other nations, it is ceremonies.

The relative positions of the planets and the shifts in their colors, etc., also are significant in Chinese astrology. Saturn represents the earth, and when it meets Jupiter, the nation always may expect something good, but if Saturn and the other planets should take on a whitish sheen, then it is best to take care for that means sorrow. Nor is a reddish hue to be desired, since then internal disturbances can be expected.

Venus usually is the symbol of happiness, peace, and surpluses, but she can also be an ill omen on occasion. Thus it is very possible that military expeditions will begin with luck and end with defeat if the planet appears larger than usual.

Mercury is the symbol of water and portends dry weather. When it has a yellow sheen, grain will wither away from the

heat. If the planet has a grayish tint, floods can be expected. If it approaches Venus, several of the emperor's ministers will soon leave their uncertain seats and this vale of tears as well.

As we see, there is much valuable information in this little book that sells on the streets for 5 cents, and what I have listed here, is but a small fraction.

*

*

*

The great I.G.^{*} has his headquarters in Peking.

"Who, or what is the I.G.?" most Europeans will ask. These two letters were also a mystery for me in the first days of my stay in China, and I would not expose my ignorance by asking anyone for enlightenment.[†] Nor was it needed, since a couple of weeks later I was appointed 3^d Officer on H.I.C.M.R.C.[‡] "*Ling-Fêng*," and I then got all the information I wanted.

In China, I.G. everywhere means a venerable, half-mythical being; an "Our Lord" on a lesser scale for many Europeans. Another Solomon, to whom the proudest Chinese has turned for advice when danger threatened. A man, who has ended wars by writing telegrams, the organizer of a com-

* Inspector General.

† The rule that one should never be ashamed to ask, is not observed among the European population in China for several reasons.

‡ [**H**is Imperial Chinese Majesty's **R**evenue Cruiser?]

mercial administration the world has not previously seen the like of. This remarkable gentleman's name is Sir Robert Hart, and the two letters I.G. means the Inspector General of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs Service. – head of the imperial Chinese customs administration in the treaty ports.

Sir Robert Hart is Irish by birth. In the 1850's he entered the British Consular Service and was posted to Hong Kong. This was during the Taiping Rebellion, and the Chinese government needed enormous sums of money to suppress the revolt. New taxes and customs tariffs had to be imposed, but the mandarins took too much advantage of this.

The provincial authorities in China determine the tax rates, and the government in Peking only demands a certain lump sum from each of the several provinces to cover their common expenses. A number of high officials thought to take advantage of the uprising to line their own pockets, and set the tax rates high enough that they could skim a lot off for themselves.

In Shanghai it went so far that the people complained, and the viceroy, who realized that this discontent would harm the government's cause – the Taipingers' army stood only 50 miles from Shanghai – concluded an agreement with the foreign legations whereby the *customs duties would be collected by Europeans under the consuls' control*. This was the origin of the foreign customs service.

After the Taiping Civil War and the 2nd Opium War ended, the foreign customs service was extended to all the treaty ports. The first inspector general was the Englishman Mr. Lay, but this gentleman could not in any way work together with

the Chinese authorities. He had too much of this self-righteousness and disdain for other nations that is so characteristic of the English, especially those who reside outside of Europe. Mr. Lay did condescend to perform certain services for the miserable Chinese for a handsome compensation, but was loath to consider himself a servant of the Chinese government, much less acknowledge the powerful viceroys he came into contact with as his superiors.

Shortly after his appointment as inspector general, the government tasked him with purchasing some warships that were to be the beginning of a new Chinese fleet after the European model. The vessels came out under the command of an English navy officer, Captain Osborne. Mr. Lay insisted that he of course also had authority to oversee the management of the ships. The Englishman dreamt large dreams of becoming sort of a Lord Protector and treated the high-ranking mandarins he met with in a much too condescending manner. These proud gentlemen naturally did not tolerate this behavior for long, and Lay with all his dreams was fired in 1863.

The young Robert Hart, who had left the Consular Service a couple of years before and taken a position in the Customs Service, was chosen to be his successor as inspector general. This gentleman had a better understanding of Chinese ways and manners. Having learned from his predecessor's errors, he showed the utmost consideration for his Chinese superiors, never let it show that he considered himself to be anything but an advisor, and little by little won everybody over by his modest, but also firm, approach.

In the course of the thirty years that Robert Hart has headed the European customs service in China, his power and reputation has far exceeded what Lay dreamed of. The I.G. has won the government's trust to a higher degree than any other European has or ever will, and this he deserves for his faithful watch over Chinese interests.

The I.G. has done great services for his adopted homeland on almost innumerable occasions. He has especially excelled as a diplomat. It is said that an excellent intelligence system keeps him well informed about developments wherever Chinese interests are debated, and he has consistently been able to play trump cards when the Chinese government has asked him to participate in negotiations with foreign ministers.

A large part of the credit for the brilliant political chess play at the Treaty of Chefoo in 1876, between Li Hung-chang on China's behalf and Sir Thomas Wade for England, was due to Robert Hart. The injured party, England, had to pay for the party, since one of the paragraphs in the treaty specified that the importation of and customs collection for opium for the future should be controlled by the foreign customs service, and *that the authorities in the English colony Hong Kong should assist in stopping the colossal smuggling system.*

This paragraph did not come into effect until after renewed negotiations between Salisbury and Marquis Tang in 1885, but then it was again the I.G. who made the difference.

Sir Robert Hart won his greatest diplomatic laurels at the peace settlement between France and China after the last war in Tongking.

The French eagle's victorious flight in Tongking threatened to make Kwantung, one of China's richest provinces, a French possession. If the victors could have acted with free hands rather than be restrained by diplomatic conventions, there is no doubt that the French would have been able to conquer the provincial capital Canton in the spring of 1884 and thereby have forced the Chinese to pay a large war indemnity. A pious conqueror might have thought that Providence had destined this wealthy city for this purpose.

The Peking government had already realized the danger that threatened Canton and had mobilized all their diplomatic agents. The peace negotiations began, but were broken off equally quick. These diplomatic chess moves still resulted in the French authorities wasting their strength in the "complete conquest" of Tongking and failed attacks on Formosa and the coast of Fukien.

Thus, after a very embarrassing and honorless little war, the French were as eager as the Chinese to make peace. The negotiations started up again without leading to any results, but the *Tsung-li Yamen** asked the I.G. to take care of the matter. He had no objections, since in the meantime his agents had given him all possibly information and he had learned a great deal from the mistakes and missteps the previous negotiators had made.

The I.G. agreed to conclude a peace treaty on two unalterable conditions: A free hand and absolute secrecy until the work was done. He moved the diplomatic theater of operations from China to France, and thus began an unbroken

* The Chinese foreign ministry.

series of telegraph messages between Sir Robert's residence in Peking and the Quay d'Orsay. They were very long telegrams. Not a mother's soul had any idea of what was going on behind the curtains. After several months they had spent a hundred thousand dollars on telegrams, but then everything was also all set to go.

The peace treaty was concluded on very advantageous terms, and French prestige in China was so seriously damaged that it will hardly ever rise again. The French, among other things, had to give up their jurisdiction over the Catholic missionaries, a right they had often misused.

The French negotiator in Peking, who had no idea that the I.G. had taken over the matter behind his back, was completely enraged and left Peking without speaking to him.

It is difficult to imagine the size and diversity of the functions that the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs Service performs. It collects customs duties in all the treaty ports, an income that last year amounted to ca. 25 million dollars, it administers a trade with foreign countries estimated at ca. \$125 million, and maintains the lighthouses along a coast of ca. 5,000 kilometers. The I.G. handles the whole machine as easily as a machinist operates a steam engine. But the most remarkable thing of all is that *Sir Robert is allowed to rule as an absolute despot in his department*. There is no appeal for the dictator's orders. He can promote or dismiss his subordinates quite as he sees fit.

This absolute autocracy of course has its dark sides. Sir Robert lives up there in Peking as a Son of Heaven No. 2. He knows few of his officers personally and therefore must rely

on his intelligence agents' trustworthiness and the directors' reports. That their information often stands *in a certain relationship* to the truth is understandable. It seems to depend more on whether the agents and directors have a favorable impression of the respective officials' conduct *outside* the service than on their *competence*. Snobbery and toadying have thus reached a very high level in the department, and independence and integrity therefore are likely to suffer shipwreck before one ascends many steps up the hierarchy.

Only the officers that have good family connections or belong to *the royal family* – by which is meant Sir Robert's relatives and friends – dare permit themselves to have their *own* opinions.

The I.G. does not in any way commit himself *in writing*. If the officers are happy, they can leave, and thus he has put a stop to all criticism with regard to the method of preferment – or the lack of method.

I have known a competent officer in the department, who in ten years has not risen farther than *incompetent* individuals in a few months for no reason other than that he has somehow unintentionally gotten crossways with an agent or superior official. At this time there thus is a Norwegian naval officer who came out to China some years ago together with some friends. His comrades have advanced to command posts, while he must be content with a subordinate position, and why? No one knows. In any case there are no duties which he has not carried out as conscientiously as the others.

The manner of preferment has become a virtual byword among the officers. I heard one officer jokingly say that "Sir

Robert has all his officials' names pinned on the walls in a dark room. When someone is to be promoted, after his relatives and those with special recommendations have been taken care of, he takes a dart and throws it into the room. The one whose name it hits gets the job."

Sir Robert's employees at present number about 3,000 of all grades; ca. 900 Europeans and Americans, and the rest Chinese.

The administration is divided into 4 sections:

1. Indoor staff.
2. Outdoor staff.
3. Harbour & Lights department.
4. Marine department.

The indoor staff may be considered the aristocracy, those who are on the inside, members of *society*. This class consists of the customs service managerial personnel and is mostly supplied by well mannered young people from all the world's countries. Among them there are also impecunious counts and barons of French and German origin, past friends and acquaintances of the I.G., who have previously occupied the most diverse positions in society, but are now dependent on the dictator's benevolence. All these dissimilar elements are gathered under one hat and cast in Sir Robert's form. Usually these raw materials form a single, homogenous mass that carry out its duties in a satisfactory manner, both in the department and – which is not of less importance out there in the East – in society.



Sir Robert at his work cabinet.

I stated above that all civilized nations are represented in this department, but that is to say with the exception of the Swedes, and it is surmised that the reason for this is as follows:

Shortly after Sir Robert Hart had taken over the administration, he is said to have sent a circular around to the governments of several European nations announcing that there would be opportunities in his service for students of good families and proper deportment. They all sent a courteous and agreeable reply, except Sweden, which took no notice whatever of Sir Robert's circular, and he then may have reckoned that neither would he take any notice of the Swedes if someone of this nation should presume to come knocking on his door.

On the other hand, Norwegians stand very high in the I.G.'s esteem, and that we can primarily thank our compatriot, Customs Director I.M. Daae, for. This gentleman came out to China when he was 22 years old. He is an example of that there *are* exceptions where diligence and competence also may count when promotions are made. Daae advanced to the highest positions in the administration and was Sir Robert's right hand for several years.

When the I.G. for the first, and probably also last, time took a year's sabbatical to visit his childhood home in Belfast, he left the administration in the hands of *Commissioner* Daae and a well-respected Englishman – to not a little aggravation for many others who thought themselves entitled.

The Norwegians out there in China, can thank the ring our highly esteemed countryman's name has had, and still has, in

Sir Robert's ears for their position as members of the "most favored nation" with regard to promotions.

Besides Daae, Frederick Schjøtt has also advanced to a high position. Einar Bjørnson, son of the poet, and Emil Bull from Tønsberg also are members of the Indoor Staff, but these gentlemen have only been in the service a short while, so there are still some steps left on the ladder before they reach the top.

The Outdoor Staff, those who are outside the insiders' ring, outside the colonials' *crème de la crème*, carry out the daily burdens of work. Together with the lighthouse and harbor section the Outdoor Staff is recruited from all the layers of society and from all nations – even Swedes, since here the proscription has been lifted. Several occupy very responsible and important positions as harbor masters, etc. Thus the harbor masters of Shanghai and Hankow – the two most important treaty ports – are Swedes. They compete strongly with their Norwegian brothers, one or two of whom have found employment in almost every customs station.

The Marine Department – the fleet – is something else again, something quite indescribable something. When I have been asked if I served in the Chinese navy, I answer yes. If another asks if I served in the Chinese customs service, I also answer yes. And I am correct both times.

How can that be? Well, here is the explanation.

In order to give his position a certain wordly grandeur and at the same time secure connections with and provisioning of the lighthouses along the coast, the I.G. about twenty years ago purchased a couple of small gunboats and a steamship.

When the conditions for fulfilling the provisions of the Chefoo Treaty later made it necessary to completely blockade the islands Hong Kong and Maçao in order to prevent opium smuggling, three more gunboats were purchased plus a dozen large steam sloops.

The size of the cruisers, or gunboats, are from 300 to 500 tons displacement, armed with Nordenfelt guns and machine guns. The crews vary from 60 to 80 enlisted personnel and non-coms, who are Chinese, and usually 4 European officers and 2 or 3 machinists.

Each cruiser has a steam sloop and several boats. The crew is armed with Martini-Henry rifles; the officers and non-comms with sabers, and Colt revolvers.

The vessels carry the same flag, and the captains the same command pennant, as is prescribed for the "real" Chinese navy, and from that comes the half civil, half military position.

The officers do not know how they should designate themselves. Thus some have H.I.C.M.S. "*Ling-Fêng*"* printed in the edge of their calling cards, others I.C.M. Customs.† It does not matter for the gentlemen who also are members of another country's navy, but those who only hold a skipper's license find it more "honorable" to belong to the Chinese navy and delight in hearing themselves addressed as *Lieutenant* or *Commander*, while they from the bottom of their hearts envy those of their fellow officers who with a certain *Schadenfreude* can have their titles printed on their cards without any doubts.

* His Imperial Chinese Majesty's Ship "*Ling-Fêng*" .

† Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs.

Yes. The varied behavior among the Europeans out here are comical for those who study life, but I will not say more about it here.

These cruisers perform very wide-ranging tasks as can be illustrated by an example from my own time in the service.

"*Ling-Fêng*" had been stationed near Hong Kong for several months to look out for smugglers. Then the mission disturbances began, and we were ordered up to Canton at express speed in order to take the customs service's employees onboard in case the uproar among the Chinese should result in a general attack on the Europeans.

Later, the ship was sent up along the coast to Shanghai and on up the Yangtze Kiang all the way up to Ichang in the center of China.

Here we lay at anchor for 6 – 7 months for the same purpose as at Canton. Nothing to do beyond having "better" dinners several times a week with the English consul, the customs personnel, and the officers from the English gunboat "*Esk*," which had been sent up on the same errand. We then got orders to go down the river with the spring floods and visit every treaty port on the way to "show the flag" and go to tiresome English "dinners."

From Shanghai we were sent up to the resort city Chefoo with a load of anchors, buoys, and other goods for the light-house department, since we now had changed roles again and were to assist in the construction of a new lighthouse. It was here that I left "*Ling-Fêng*" after ca. 2. years service that had been both diverse and interesting.

Such good days are not enjoyed by the officers of all the gunboats. The three new cruisers are usually occupied in the boring, monotonous life outside Hong Kong, so monotonous that one's sanity is severely tested and one's physical health perhaps even more so, since the climate is very unpleasant.

Two of our countrymen are stationed down there. One has been there continuously since he came out about five years ago. Only high pay can motivate people to such self-inflicted punishment, especially when the individuals concerned are young and footloose. The pay in the navy is also quite liberal.

Anyway, the whole European customs service can be happy with their salaries, and after 7 to 10 years of service – it varies according to rank – a whole year's salary is paid as a bonus in lieu of a pension system. This is said to be because Sir Robert is wise enough to realize *that his life's work will not last long*.

Despite the I.G.'s personal reputation, the institution stands on a weak foundation.

Patriotic minded men of any nation will naturally always look askance at foreigners holding leading positions in their homeland. An *advisory* voice from abroad may be tolerated, but a position of such absolute power as Sir Robert Hart's will in any country only be accepted when *necessity* demands it.

The leading statesmen of China feel that the I.G. soon must step down *voluntarily*. If he does not, it is not impossible that he will be fired at the first opportunity to do so. Everybody acknowledges what Sir Robert has done for China, but it wounds their national pride to see him as the absolute ruler of such an important department.

If he goes voluntarily, the subsequent arrangement will probably be that a Chinese official will be appointed as the *nominal* head of the department with two or three European directors to assist him. *No foreigner will ever again win the nation's trust to the degree that he will be appointed in Sir Robert's place.*

In 1885 Sir Robert was offered the position as England's ambassador in Peking. The English generally consider a lesser position in the homeland's service as better than the highest in another country's. So did Sir Robert, and he accepted the offer. But then there was a problem. Who should succeed him as I.G.?

"My brother, James Hart," the I.G. may have thought.

"No, that is not possible," said the Chinese government. "We trust you because you have never disappointed us. Your brother, Director Hart, certainly is a very competent man, but no European will ever take your place."

In the end the I.G. preferred to steer the ship for a few years more, and he was excused from the ambassadorship with many flattering words.

The foreign customs service got a shock during the mission disturbances in 1891 that almost brought it to the rim of the abyss. A member of the Indoor Staff, Henry Welch Mason, entered into plans for high treason with one of the leaders of the secret political society *Ko-lao-wei*,* which wanted to use the people's resentment of the missionaries' activities for a revolutionary movement.

* "The elder brothers' society." (More often, *Ko-lao-hui*.)

Mason was employed in the treaty port Chingkiang, which is known as haven for all discontented elements in China. He undertook to smuggle in weapons and ammunition. With this in mind he asked Sir Robert for a few weeks leave to recover his health. If Mason had used his vacation for this purpose – something he badly needed, mentally at least – and taken a trip to Japan, this young gentleman would have saved the I.G. and the West's diplomats many difficulties. However, instead the fellow traveled down to Hong Kong, bought a lot of firearms and ammunition, and shipped it off to Chingkiang as steel goods and cotton bales. But the smuggled goods did not get that far. Intelligence agents found out about the whole affair, and when the ship arrived in Shanghai, the cases were broken open. The customs director, who may have thought to keep the matter quiet, allowed Mason to continue on his way to Chingkiang, where everything was ready to assault the forts as soon as the weapons and ammunition arrived. Here Mason was arrested and a few kilograms of dynamite were discovered in his valise – luckily for this young apprentice in the conspiratorial trade.

The whole conspiracy was now discovered, and the European population in China, especially the customs personnel, were in a state of high consternation, since no one knew what the Chinese government would choose to do.

All enemies and enviers of Sir Robert, Chinese as well as Europeans, of course shook their heads indignantly. One of the European diplomats told me that the I.G.'s position for more than three weeks had been *most precarious, and Li Hung-chang certainly had not spoken up for him.*

But Sir Robert's good relationship with the dowager empress and the court in general made the difference.

Even though the I.G. has taken responsibility for his employees' conduct, it would hardly have been fair to blame him for Mason's high treason. This young gentleman, his mother's only son, had gotten his employment in the customs service on a persuasive recommendation from Lady Hart, who lives in London, and the I.G. himself had looked after the young man, since he was a man of rare intelligence.

Anyway, Sir Robert avoided being fired, which was good for his subordinates. But this was a lesson that will make him more careful about appointing members of his "aristocracy" in the future.

Mr. Mason himself was sentenced by the English court to 9 – nine – months in prison for smuggling dynamite! There was no mention of high treason and the misfortunes he would have brought over China if his enterprise had succeeded. The rascal's fellow criminals got the sentence that every civilized country exacts for high treason – death.

I will not discuss this affair, which I was able to observe *very* close up, in more detail here. This matter, which could have such influence over our countrymen's future, will find a better place in "A History of China."*

The statesmen of the Western nations are well acquainted with Sir Robert Hart's merits, and few civilian individuals have received as many honorary awards as he.

* [Apparently a projected work never written, and the tale of this episode can be found in "*Gjennem de Gules Land.*" (Through the Land of the Yellow People.)]

The queen of England has made the I.G. a baronet and a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, King Oscar of Sweden has made him a Chevalier of the Order of Vasa, France, Belgium, and Italy have made him Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, the Order of Leopold, and the Order of the Crown, Austria has given him the Grand Cross of the Order of Franz Joseph, the United States several medals, Portugal the Grand Cross of the Order of Christ, the pope has made him a Knight Commander of the [Order of Pius IX](#), and so on.

All have honored the I.G. – except the Norwegians, to whom he has constantly shown so much goodwill. This is stupid of us, since according to gossip the great man is far from insensitive to such honorary awards.

China's emperor, or rather the dowager empress, has of course honored their faithful servant the most. Besides the viceroys' ruby cap Sir Robert has received the highest honorary awards that the Chinese government has invented for the Europeans, among them "the Order of the Double Dragon," and three generations of his departed ancestors have been elevated to the noble class.* I hope these good Irishmen are happy in their graves over their son's or grandson's greatness.

As for the I.G.'s appearance, there is nothing that would indicate the prominent position he holds in society. Sir Robert

* There is no privileged hereditary nobility. When the empire's highest officials have made themselves especially deserving, the emperor may raise them to the noble class for life, or for a certain number of generations, which usually are counted in the opposite direction, if the recipient is of mean birth, since it is considered absurd that a son should rank higher than his father or grandfather.

looks very ordinary; average height, thin, bald, and rather careless about his dress. His headquarters, or "the Hole" as he himself calls it, lies near the foreign legations. It forms a whole quarter by itself and is surrounded by a high wall. Inside of these are all the offices and apartments for the highest officials plus his own private home with a large orchard, where his own brassband every Saturday afternoon plays for a numerous gathering of the European colony's children, whom he is very fond of.

*

During my stay in Peking I usually spent the evening with one of the European diplomats, who for many years has had occasion to study Chinese politics up close. The audience question was among the many interesting subjects brought up.

Since Europeans first stepped onto Chinese soil, this matter has been a source of complications that often could have led to another breach of the peace and thus increased the animosity toward the Western nations. According to the Chinese perception these barbarians have time after time had the unparalleled brashness of demanding full equality with the "Vicar of Heaven" for their "chieftains." The emperor's world dominion represents a principle, a very important factor in the governmental machinery. It is an inherited article of faith against which all facts and arguments fall impotently to the ground. For the average Chinese citizen, just a bare suggestion that the West's kings and emperors consider themselves the equals of the ruler of *Pu Tien Hsia* is likely to bring on a fit of

uncontrolled laughter – these barbarians certainly are imbued with an amazing degree of shameless impudence!

The whole nation is filled with the mythology of superiority. Nothing has managed to shake the people's strong belief in China's world dominion; the higher officials are obliged to sing the same tune despite knowing better, and even the emperor seems to be as powerless to tear himself loose from the national traditions as to shun the air he breathes, since universal supremacy is almost a prerequisite for maintaining China's theocratic-patriarchal mode of government.

The theory of world dominion has been presented by several empires in different forms, and we know how long the ghost of the "Holy Roman Empire" has survived reality. In our own time we see how the Papal See clings to memories of its former glory with a doggedness that does not give anything to the Chinese in their attachment to a divine right to world dominion.

The theocratic form of government has been abandoned in most countries, while China has managed to build up a stable government and social life on the people's religious precepts. The most important government actions as well as all ceremonies in private life are controlled by the theocratical principle. It is very possible that this high objective, *to bring human activities into harmony with the will of Heaven*, has been the reason for the nation's amazing longevity. But unfortunately the theocratic system is also incompatible with the demands that the Western powers present in the final years off the nineteenth century. Like the missionaries believe that the "ancestor worship" is contrary to the spirit of Christianity,

we find that the West's political agents find a "Vicar of Heaven" incompatible with modern political theories.

This is therefore not an easy problem that the Chinese statesmen can solve themselves. Their ancestors found the juncture between the laws of Heaven and China's political system. Now it is for the men of today to find a compromise between their system and the rest of the world. This Gordian knot must be resolved, and it would be best if the emperor himself, or a Li Hung-chang, cut it apart than that the swords of the Western powers should do this work.

The first rulers of the present dynasty were not so unbending about acknowledging the independence of other nations. Thus Emperor Kien-lung in 1791 gave an audience to the English envoy, Lord Macartney, without requiring him to do the *ko-tou*, kneel with his face to the floor, like the vassal states' envoys. But when the Europeans later became more insistent, the accommodating spirit was lost, and Lord Amherst, who was sent out as ambassador in 1816, had to return without accomplishing his mission, since he would not subject his nation to the indignity of doing the *ko-tou* before the Vicar of Heaven.

Then came the Opium Wars with their humiliating treaties. The foreign powers were allowed to keep legations in Peking, and the audience question was assumed to be a thing of the past. But no. Emperor Hien-Fêng died, and his infant son, Tung-chi, was installed on the Dragon Throne. The regents pacified the the ambassadors by assuring them the emperor would give them an audience when he came of age. This also happened in 1873, but later information has confirmed that the

Chinese national pride rather gained than lost in strength after this event. The ambassadors were allowed to bow five times in lieu of the *ko-tou* ceremony, but they were received all together at one time and in the palace *Tzu Kuang Ko*,* where the envoys from the vassal states are allowed to view "the Dragon's Countenance." This, of course, gave the Chinese even more ideas about the emperor's hegemony. The most ridiculous rumors spread out over all of China about how the barbarians behaved when His Majesty's awful gaze fell on their pitiful appearances.

I have many a time been amused by the caricatures of this scene, which together with episodes from the latest war in Tongking make favorite subjects for the Chinese popular art peddlers. We see a lot of them pasted up on the walls of the Chinese buildings in the port cities, but it has not been possible for me to buy some of these curiosities, since the print sellers may have understood that I only would make fun of the artists' imaginative fantasies.

According to the Chinese reports, the ambassadors fell flat down on their noses and wetted the floor with their sweat at the sight of the Vicar of Heaven! Prince Kung,[†] who had led the ministers into the hall, is then said to have scolded them for their lack of courage and called them a bunch of "chicken feathers!"

* "The Hall of Purple Radiance."

[†] Prince Kung is the 6th son of Emperor Taou-Kuang and brother of Emperor Hien-Fêng. He has ably led the government together with the empress dowager as regents for Emperor Tung-Chi and later for Emperor Kuang-Hsü. He is now living almost in seclusion in the Summer Palace.

This is what the people believe, and it is futile for the Europeans to deny it. The Chinese are not easily persuaded to change their minds. The young emperor died a couple of years after this event, another child came to the throne, and thus the Chinese government got another excuse for leaving the problem unsolved. But when Kuang-Hsü came of age in 1888, the same ridiculous spectacle started up again. The foreign legations pressed for an end to the comedy, but the government always found some excuse. A year passed, and almost two, and then the emperor's proclamation of 12 December 1890 came like a stroke of lightning from a clear blue sky – the Vicar of Heaven promises to give the West's ambassadors an audience! The proclamation read as follows:

"Since China entered into treaty relations with foreign powers it has been a never ceasing custom for diplomatic representatives to pay their respects to the chiefs of the governments to which they are accredited by presenting their letter of credence.

The friendly relations between foreign powers and China have for succeeding years been more and more of a staunch and firm character. The foreign ministers resident in Peking have all acted with a sincerity of purpose to nourish and cultivate good relations and make an alliance of friendly intercourse between China and the countries they represent. To us this has been a source of deep satisfaction and joy

On the occasion of the national events of rejoicing that occurred in February and March of last year,^{*} Her Majesty the Empress has by edict

^{*} The emperor's wedding.

instructed the *Tsungli Yamen** to prepare a banquet to be given to the diplomatic representatives. Then the representatives of the nations beyond the seas were assembled together in friendly union in honor of the happy occasion.

It is now about two years since we assumed the reins of government, and it is fitting and right that the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries residing in Peking should have an audience of us. To this we give our assent, the audience to be held in like manner to that had in the twelfth year of the reign of Tung Chih. Further, provision is to be made for the time for holding annual audiences; this in manifestation of our desire to be courteous and polite [to the treaty powers].

Therefore, let all the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries, ministers, and *chargés d'affaires*, have audience of us in February. The *Tsungli Yamen* is to memorialize us, requesting us to appoint a day. The day following the audience, the *Yamen* is to prepare a banquet to be given to the foreign representatives.

In future an annual audience and banquet will take place in the first month, Chinese calendar.

Foreign representatives who may be appointed hereafter will be received at the annual audience.

On all national days of rejoicing when foreigners and Chinese participate the *Yamen* is to memorialize us and request that a banquet be given in honor of the event to the foreign representatives, thus manifesting the Court's further desire of cultivating friendly relations with foreign countries.

As to the details of the ceremonial to be observed, let the *Yamen* first memorialize us on the subject.

Respect this.

Kuang-Hsü"

* Department of Foreign Affairs.

The barbarians shouted for joy, and the *North China Daily News** the next day led with the following epistle:

"The audience question is finally resolved by the emperor's own initiative. We are glad that this touchy subject has found such an agreeable resolution. The ceremony itself is essentially a matter of little importance, since no business will be transacted during the audience. But this, that the emperor agrees to receive our representatives, removes the shadow that has rested over them and makes clear to the people their high and important offices.

This step will also have great significance for the emperor himself. Through the ambassadors he can learn many things that affect his enormous empire's welfare. It is easy to see what a bright future awaits China, if Kuang-Hsü really is the energetic youth he is assumed to be, and, *nota bene*, if he is able to break the golden chains that his cabinet ministers wrap around him."

This product sounded rather nice, but if the author had studied the Chinese national character a little closer, this sudden turn-around would have raised suspicion. And a few days later we right enough heard that the jubilation should have been delayed until further notice, as the *Tsungli Yamen* adamantly denied that the ministers would be received in the emperor's palace; they would have to be content with *Tzu Kuang Ko* as in 1873 or relinquish the honor. Of course, there was a lot of teeth gnashing in Peking over having been fooled once more by the sly Chinese. "No, never will we agree to being received in the vassal states' audience hall!" But in the

* A newspaper published in Shanghai.

end they gave in. In later years, different trading interests have reduced the cohesion among the foreign powers' representatives, and they finally went along with the *Tsungli Yamen's* demands when the government informed them that the *Tzu Kuang Ko* had recently been renovated at great expense for the occasion, and *next year* a new audience building was to be constructed. In addition, the envoys would be received *one by one* rather than all at once as in 1873. The legations submitted to this arrangement, and the government triumphed, since they now had saved their skins for another day, and *the people still believed in the emperor's supremacy*.

The 5th of March came with lovely sunshine and blue skies. The learned astronomers should be satisfied with their selection for selection of a date for the day. About 10 o'clock the ministers left their respective legations. The procession was formed by the diplomatic corps in 31 sedan chairs escorted by servants on horseback and some Chinese officers, who were to show the way to *Fu Hua Men* (Gate of Flowery Prosperity), where members of the *Tsungli-Yamen* were to receive them. Altogether, the procession consisted of 60 riders and 200 bearers plus the diplomats. Large masses of spectators gathered along the whole road to view the show. The dark green sedan chairs with silver balls on the roofs glittering in the sun, glimpses of the diplomats' feathered hats and gold-encrusted uniforms together with the riding horde must surely have made a solemn and extraordinary impression on the sons and daughters of Heaven.

After an hour's march the procession reached *Fu Hua Men*. Here the envoys dismounted and were greeted by the Chinese

ministers, who led the parade onward through the gate to the aforementioned marble bridge that leads over the lake outside the "Forbidden City." Here they turned off and continued along the west bank to the temple *Shih Ying Kung*, where the emperor prays for rain during the summer drought. Double rows of soldier in parade dress uniforms stood on both sides of the roadway, silent as the grave, while the parade passed by.

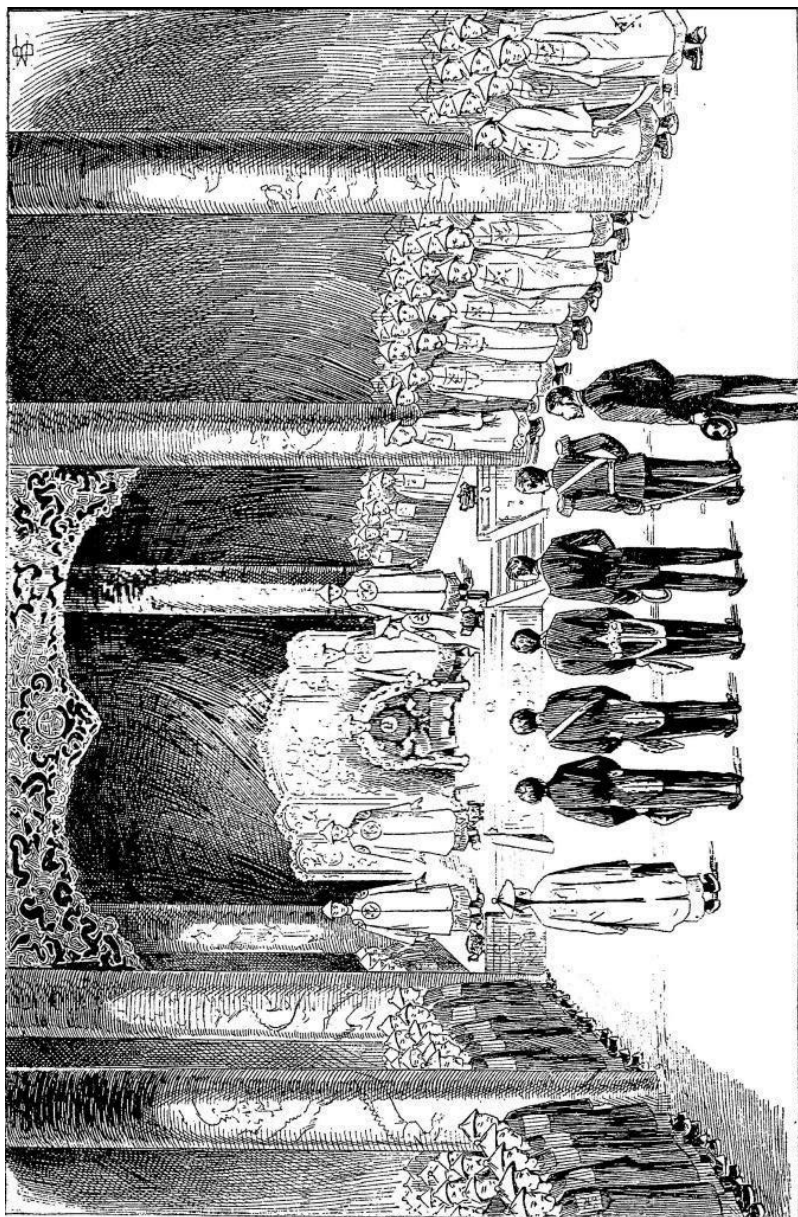
A couple of minutes after the diplomatic corps had entered the temple, the foreign minister, Prince Ching, arrived, and they were seated at a well-decked table and enjoyed some refreshments, smoked and chatted, while masses of lower ranking officials crowded at the doors to see the barbarians. The floor of the temple was covered with Brussels carpets for the occasion. Everything possible was done to imbue the foreign guests with courage before they were exposed to the "Dragon's Countenance."

From *Shih Ying Kung* the ministers were conducted to the final destination, *Tzu Kuang Ko*, which lies about 50 meters from the lakeshore. The architecture of this building is similar to that of Chinese temples generally. The sons of Heaven do not favor variety. The only difference is that the roof tiles have a yellow color instead of black. Three sections of marble steps lead up to a large platform outside the doors of "The Hall of Purple Radiance." There are five doors; the middle one is only opened for the emperor to enter or leave. On the east side of *Tzu Kuang Ko* some magnificent tents have been erected and furnished with stoves, soft carpets, tables and chairs, etc. Here the ministers waited for their turn to be lead in to the emperor.

A quarter of an hour passed before the *doyen* of the diplomatic corps, *Hr. von Brandt*, was ushered in for his audience. A few minutes; then that ceremony ended, and the other ministers followed in turn. America was represented by Colonel Denby, England by Sir John Walsham, Japan by Mr. Otori, Italy by Mr. Pansa, and Holland by Mr. Ferguson. Each of these gentlemen was escorted by his interpreter and two members of the *Tsungli Yamen*.

The ceremony at the audience was as follows: The envoy went across the floor to a couple of columns, two meters from the dais where the emperor sat. On the way he bowed three times as is customary at European courts on such occasions. Prince Ching knelt down before the emperor and presented the envoy, who then read an address, which was translated by the interpreter. The representative then stepped forward to the dais with his credentials, which were received by Prince Ching and placed on a small table in front of the emperor with deep bows. Kuang Hsü nodded again to signify he had received the documents, whereupon the envoy bowed and stepped back. The emperor then spoke a few words, which Prince Ching heard while kneeling and then stepped down off the dais to the interpreter, who translated the emperor's words for the envoy. Thereafter His Majesty bowed to indicate the audience had ended, and the envoy left the hall to give place for the next, who then went through the same ceremony.

All interest centered on the young emperor, who for the first time officially showed himself to the Europeans. The throne was placed on a dais. Behind it there was a large block of black marble adorned with dragons and inscriptions in



The Vicar of Heaven gives an audience.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Manchu and Chinese. It formed a suitable background for the whole scene. The grand chamberlain, Prince Ko, stood on the right side of the dais, on the left side Prince Pao Wang, son of the famous general San-ko-liu-siu, who held the command at both attacks on the Taku forts in the 2nd Opium War. The emperor looked very young relative to his age – 20 years, but still presented a dignified appearance. Rather pale of face, a very well-formed forehead, long, black curved eyebrows, a finely formed mouth, unusually long chin. His large, soft eyes had a melancholy air, which is not surprising, since it is no sinecure to be emperor of China, especially for a youth of Kuang Hsü's age. Well, youth he has not known, nor amusements of any kind; only a long hard study to prepare him to fill his high position.

Like his ministers, the emperor was dressed in a colored silk gown with embroidered dragons on his breast and shoulders. His head was covered by an ordinary official's hat with a silver button on top. When Kuang Hsü addressed Prince Ching, he spoke in a low, quick voice. He probably felt a little nervous.

After the separate audiences, there was a general reception. The whole diplomatic corps came marching in in three columns and lined up before the throne. *Hr. von Brandt* as *doyen* then gave a gratulatory speech, which was translated by the Russian interpreter, Mr. Popoff. The emperor replied, and with that the audience ended.

Now the diplomats, their secretaries, and the interpreters were to leave the hall, but this was easier said than done because it is considered a breach of etiquette to show one's

back to the emperor so they had to walk out backwards, but since the gentlemen farthest to the rear did not have eyes in the back of their heads, they collided with the wall instead of passing out the doors – and the young man on the throne could not deny his age, he began to laugh, and the stiff diplomats joined in, while the elderly Chinese mandarins did not dare permit themselves such a liberty and just stared gravely up at the ceiling.

*

"Does Your Excellency believe that the emperor will give an audience again next year?"

"Yes, if we let ourselves be fooled into being received in *Tzu Kuang Ko* a third time, otherwise no, since the *Tsungli Yamen* seems to have quite forgotten its promise of building a new audience hall for the Western powers' envoys – they have not even begun laying out the foundations. No, the only way we will get the Chinese to treat us like equals will be to receive their representatives in Europe in the same manner. This will hardly happen as there are too many mercantile interests at stake. The Chinese envoys are not only shown the courtesy their positions demand, they are literally covered with flattery. Honor guards and special railroad trains are placed at their disposal, kings pay them visits, even their servants are cheered by the people, and we hear how English mayors pursue the Chinese agents with obsequious flattery when they condescend to visit their smoke-laden cities. All this has resulted in that the Peking government thinks it can treat us as if we were emissaries of the vassal states. We hope that these overconfident gentlemen soon find out that the

European sovereigns do not neglect to uphold their countries' dignity. Only a show of force will bring the Chinese to acknowledge our equal standing."



The Dalai Lama on his throne.

On my last day in Peking I took a riding tour together with my Chinese friend. No particular objective, just for the sake of movement. In the outskirts of the Tartar quarter we rode by a large building complex that is known as *Huang Si*, or "the

Yellow Temple." Long ago, a princely family lived here, but for the last few centuries it has been occupied by Lamaistic* monks. I regrettably did not have time to investigate the place closer, only made a superficial inspection, but my eye caught a magnificent memorial approximately in the middle of the building complex. My friend informed me that it was a mausoleum the government had erected a hundred years ago to honor the *Banjin Lama* of Tibet, who had died during a visit to Peking.

The monument itself is built of white marble after the Tibetan model. The bell-like cupola and the upper ornaments are made of gold, which reflect the sun's rays as if it were an electric lamp. The whole structure is an artistic work of the first rank. The marble is elaborately carved with allegorical subjects, and the sides of the lower octagon present in relief as many scenes from this holy personage's life. The following is briefly what happened to the *Banjin Lama*:

During the emperor Kien-Lung's reign, the English from India spread north to the boundaries of Tibet and began to treat with several Tibetan chieftains about establishing an English protectorate over the southern part of the country. The East-India Company was very well received, and the then *Banjin Lama* was especially amenable. But the English

* Lamaism has the same relationship to Buddhism as Protestantism to Catholicism. This reformed Buddhist faith is especially common in Tibet and Mongolia. A complete hierarchy has arisen in the former country. The *Dalai Lama*, the Tibetan pope, is also the country's acknowledged ruler. He earlier shared power with an anti-pope, the *Banjin Lama*, who was defeated with the help of the Kalmuks and had to acknowledge the *Dalai Lama* as the sole ruler.

intrigues were foiled this time. Kien-Lung heard about their plans, and the relations between the Chinese government and the East-India Company became so strained that George III found it advisable to send Lord Macartney to Peking to restore peaceful relations.



The Banjin Lama's mausoleum.

Meanwhile the Banjin Lama was invited to the imperial court. Although this invitation was composed in the most flattering terms, His Holiness seemed curiously unwilling to accept the summons. Perhaps he had a bad conscience. However, the Banjin Lama was obliged to travel to Peking, even though he had dark premonitions about his fate, since he

got yet another invitation, which despite its exceedingly courteous form could not be refused.

The religious leader left Tibet in July 1779 with an escort of about a thousand horsemen. The cavalcade did not arrive in Peking until spring of the following year. The emperor personally rode out to meet His Holiness, conducted him into his capital, and gave him "the Yellow Temple" to reside in.

Here the Banjin Lama lived for several months and had no reasons to complain; quite the contrary. High and low competed to show him their reverence. This may have dulled his vigilance, since suddenly one day it was announced that His Holiness had passed away, or as the adherents of Lamaism expressed it: *Banjin Lama's soul has changed its residence and has flown back to Tibet to take up residence in a younger body.*

Several Chinese historians believe the government had him poisoned as punishment for his participation in the perfidious schemes of the English and built the magnificent edifice to silence suspicion.

*

*

*

It is lonely and quiet on top of the Peking city wall. Not a sound, peace rules everywhere, and it is a good moment to think and gather my varied impressions from this week's stay in China's capital.

It is pleasantly cool. The setting sun's reddish rays shine across the treetops and the palaces' glazed tile roofs. What a magnificent view out over the metropolis! Up here on the venerable masonry rampart, high above the milling, noisy mass of people down there in the muddy streets, up here is the place and moment to describe a lofty, shining light in the nation's materialistic view of life – *the belief in a merciful god's protective hand*.

Over to the south, close by the wall that surrounds the city, we see the symbolic "Temple of Heaven," whose vaulted roofs rise high in the air above the trees which surround the holy site all around.

Let us in imagination fly over to the cypress grove and look around. We first encounter a surrounding wall, go in through the gate, another wall, and then another, and then we stand on holy ground.

An imposing building stands elevated on a terraced foundation. It is the "Temple of Heaven." Farther to the south there is a similar raised area, but without a temple on top; this is the "Altar of heaven."

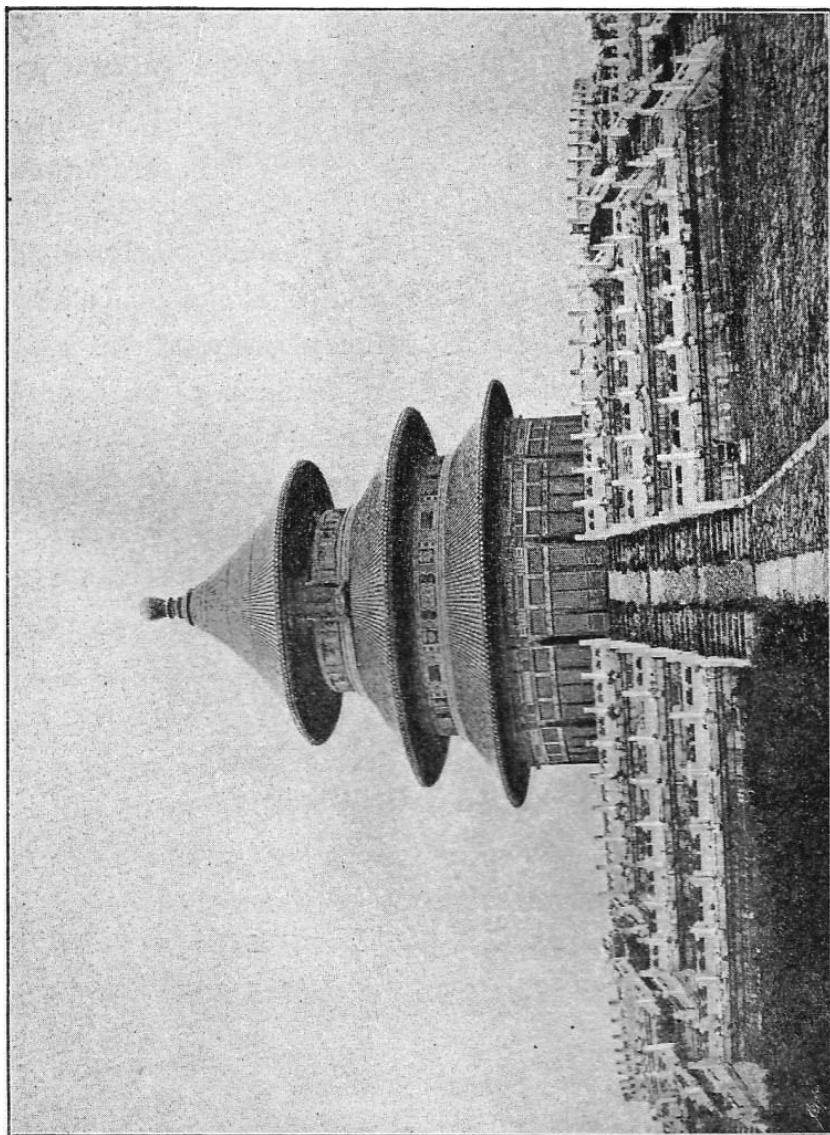
Both platforms are formed by three marble terraces, each 9 feet high and respectively 207 – 144 – 90 feet* in diameter with exquisitely carved balustrades. Four marble staircases lead up to the platforms. The Altar consists of 9 symmetrical stones shaped so that they fit closely together around a circular center stone, where the Vicar of Heaven as *Pontifex Maximus* kneels before Him, who rules in Heaven.

* 9 is a holy number for the Chinese. We see that all these Chinese foot measurements are divisible by 9.

The Temple is 99 feet high. The roof is formed by three round cupolas, one above the other, and covered with sky-blue tiles – a symbol of the vault of heaven. If we enter the temple, we see a large hall in a dim, light blue light created by colored glass rods that takes the place of whole glass windows. In the middle of the floor, there is an altar with a lot of red, gilded memorial tablets. The middle one is for the holy *Shang Ti*, "The Highest Emperor," and to either side of his tablet stand those of past emperors, symbolizing acknowledgment that *kings reign in His name and in His name justice is carried out on earth*.

When the winter solstice approaches, preparations are made in the "Forbidden City" for the great offering. None of the emperor's mean and base subjects are allowed to view his sacred features on this occasion. Thus the emperor leaves his residence the evening before in a ceremonial carriage drawn by an elephant. The imperial guard leads the way, then follows a 234 man orchestra, and behind that the princes, ministers, and other civil and military high dignitaries in their most magnificent ceremonial dress.

Solemnly the procession moves through the clean-swept streets in the still evening. When it gets close to the temple, it stops for a moment. The emperor steps out of the carriage and into a sedan chair and then the procession continues in through the marble arches in the ring-walls to "the Fasting Palace," a short distance away from "the Altar of Heaven." Here the emperor is not allowed to either eat or sleep. He shall spend the night in prayer and contemplation in order to be prepared



The Temple of Heaven.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

to officiate as the nation's high priest at the morrow's solemn ceremonies.

A couple of hours before sunrise a dignitary comes and warns the emperor, who then goes into the dressing room and dons the high priest's ceremonial costume, sparkling with gold and diamonds.

When he approaches the Altar of Heaven, the stillness of the night is broken by a choir singing the solemn old hymn "Peace on Earth" accompanied by a string orchestra. The emperor walks up on the platform and kneels on the middle stone, which is also considered to be the center of the world. The court officials stand around on the ring-shaped terraces, outside there are the three ring walls, and the horizon farthest out. The illusion is vivid enough that the Vicar of Heaven can believe himself to be kneeling down on the center of the universe, while he prays to God for good luck and happiness for his people.

A solemn moment! The waves of corruption have not yet reached up here. A child's confident belief in the Heavenly Father's merciful protection still rests over this venerable altar.

Can we imagine a more impressive, solemn sight? The high priest, China's mighty emperor, kneeling together with the host of the empire's statesmen, princes, and generals?

The light of dawn casts its pale light over the scene. The scent of incense and the sacrificial animals, "without blemish," rise up against the blue sky. Surely an agreeable sight even for the Jews' stern Jehovah, and then the music and peaceful hymns. Can a more touching moment be imagined? — — —

The queen of the day sends her first rays over the scene.
The emperor with his resplendent retinue goes slowly down
the altar's terraces and does not return until the summer
solstice to pray to *Shang Ti* for a good harvest.

Chapter Four

From Peking to the Great Wall and down the Grand Canal to Tientsin.

Shall I go or not. Well, I can hardly admit to have been in Peking and not continued on to the Great Wall of China – Different treatment of European and Chinese servants – A ride north – Mongol caravans – The Ming dynasty's necropolis – I step onto the wall – One of my childhood's dreams realized – Back to Peking and down the Grand Canal.

Shall I go or not? I had strong doubts about exposing myself to the many discomforts that a journey to the "Great Wall" would entail. I had already said heartfelt goodbyes to my friends in Peking, who had absolutely warned me against traveling farther north, where the land was still flooded and the population greatly agitated after the recent mission riots.

But danger usually attracts young people rather than frighten them off, and as regards to the nation's hate for foreigners, two and a half years of daily living with the Chinese people has convinced me that this hate never shows itself unless they have *very, very* strong reasons for it. During

my stay in China, in the ports as well as in the interior of the country, it has never happened that I have experienced any unpleasantness on my excursions to temples or other attractions, quite the contrary. But I must also admit that I have never given any Chinese occasion to complain about me.

So, "shall" said the last button on my vest when I tried this infallible means of decision making, and one of the servants in the hotel offered to accompany me, since my own had been assigned to escort "the Lady with the Child" back to Tientsin.

My new mentor, who had several times accompanied tourists up to *Shang-Ching*,^{*} was told to order two strong ponies and nothing more. The fellow made a face at this and informed me that other *gentlemen* usually took along a *ch`é* loaded with sleeping mattresses, foodstuffs, and *cash*.[†]

"Never mind the other gentlemen," I said, "Time is short. We must be back in Tientsin in a week. Take these twenty dollars and exchange them for *seyce*.[‡] As for provisions, I have some tins with preserved foods. Put these in a sack. Eggs, tea, and rice we will buy on the way, and we are leaving at 5 o'clock tomorrow morning. You will, of course, get a good *kumshaw* if we return safely within four days."

* Actually *Wan -Li-Shang-Ching* (10,000 *li* long wall). A *li* is about $\frac{2}{3}$ kilometer. The Great Wall according to the name thus should be about 6,700 kilometers long, but half of that is closer to the truth. This discrepancy may be due to the Chinese often using *wan* in the sense of an indefinite, large number.

† *Cash* is an Anglo-Chinese term for a coin actually called *tsin*. It is made of bronze and 1,000 – 1,200 of them equal 1 Mexican dollar.

‡ Pieces of silver used as money where dollars and cents have not yet won acceptance.

This last seemed to work, and by late in the evening the "boy" had all the arrangements made.

Europeans and Americans usually like to exempt their servants from all efforts at thought, demand blind obedience, and find it impertinent if they ask why the task or command should be carried out, or if it would not be better to do so and so? This attitude is well illustrated in the old lawyer Dunker's reply to his servant, who had dared to "think" instead of obeying an order, "No, leave the thinking to me, Anders!"

But if the Europeans try the same method with their *Chinese* servants, they will soon find that these yellow heathen are made of sterner stuff. A half a year's stay in China will teach us that it is best to share the thinking with our servants, never show irritation over personal questions, and always explain what the intent or reason is for our orders, if they do not understand them at once, or are less acquainted with the mysteries of the English language. If you show a Chinese servant confidence and trust, you can usually rely on him as on yourself.

Two sturdy Mongolian ponies stood outside the hotel the next morning. We swung ourselves into the saddles and trotted slowly off through the streets of Peking toward the northwest city gate *Te Ching Men*, and after a couple of hours the capital was left far behind.

The road goes through well-cultivated flat country. One caravan after the other passes us from the other direction. They come from the mountains of Mongolia, which we see in the distance, when the sun from time to time breaks through the clouded skies. These caravans consist of up to a hundred

camels, laden with peltry and living sheep. A large number of ponies that have been lassoed from the wild herds that inhabit the grasslands in the mountains run out ahead.

They are handsome figures, these serious, sunburned Mongols in their long, brown leather coats, bordered with fur, and enormous bearskin caps on their heads. There is something impressive about these men from the mountains, something fresh and manly, that the Chinese lack, and the Mongols also look down upon them with utter contempt.

The chief rides in the van of the train. As a sign of his eminence he carries a large saber by his side and a couple of daggers in his belt. The camels form a single long column, since a rope is tied around the tail of the one in front and fastened to a ring through the nose of the one behind, and so on. The whole column moves forward with slow, solemn steps, in time with the sound from small, red-painted bronze bells that hang around the neck of each animal.

At noon we stop at a small temple and buy some tea and cooked rice. This together with a tin of hamburger patties from Stavanger tastes great after our unaccustomed exertions. Nor is the smooth-shaven Buddhist monk serving us a finicky eater. He gulps down a hamburger patty in a single swallow, though he strictly speaking is not allowed to eat meat.

With many friendly assurances to our cordial host, we again mount into the saddle, and the patient ponies, which also have gotten something to refresh them, again trot across the monotonous prairie. Seven o'clock in the evening we came to a small town surrounded by tall clay walls. It is called Chang Ping Chao, and there we stopped to spend the night in a

caravanserai just outside the town wall. My guide knew the host well and we were given his best room. A large tub was brought, and I had a refreshing bath while the "boy" prepared our evening meal. I was so tired, that I went soundly to sleep on the hard hide cot as soon as I had eaten.

Our host awakened us early the next morning as we had requested. A little breakfast, a friendly farewell accompanied by a few small coins to some curious women and children who had gathered around the inn, and so into the saddle again. After a couple of hours ride we entered a valley. Here we dismounted and led the ponies by the reins – and what I saw in the next four hours I will never forget. We had arrived at the site of one of the world's most wonderful sights, *the Ming dynasty's famous necropolis*.

Before us lies a broad, sandy valley surrounded by a ring of mountains at the base of which 13 of the former dynasty's emperors rest in eternal sleep. Not a breath of wind, not a sound disturbs the solemn quiet that rules over the valley of death. A more imposing, superb resting place for so much earthly brilliance and magnificence can hardly be imagined.

At the entrance to the valley, we go through a magnificent portico of marble and red glazed tiles. From here a narrow stone-paved road leads straight north to an open temple-like building in the middle of which there is an enormous turtle that carries a marble monument on its back. Then we ride onward along an avenue lined with horses, elephants, camels, lions, dragons, and warriors carved from large blocks of stone. It is almost impossible to understand how the Chinese could have created such colossal sculptures with the tools they had

available 400 and more years ago. Several times I stand still in astonishment, though the Egyptian pyramids come to mind for comparison. It takes over an hour to walk from one end to the other of this singular avenue.

Several of the animals are about 4 – 6 meters tall. The ponies pant and tremble at the sight, rise on their hind legs, and want to turn back, but a firm tug on the reins and a little caressing calm them down a little. At the end of the avenue the graves of the emperors begin – 13 in all. The burial place itself is formed by a massive mound up to fifty meters high. Each grave has a large temple, whose tile-covered roof is supported on red columns, and a high wall surrounds the whole site.

The most majestic and last of these mausoleums belong to *Yung-Lo*, the most famous ruler of the Ming dynasty. A piece of silver to the gatekeeper and we slip inside the wall. The temple hall is ca. 100 meters long and 10 meters wide. The tall columns that support the roof are made from single, enormous timbers. The temple is surrounded by three terraces with marble balustrades decorated with dragons and birds carved in relief. The massive mound, where the emperor rests, rises behind. The place is illuminated in a melancholy half-light that is quite suitable for the environment. The somber impression invites me to dream. I imagine the mighty emperor's corpse carried in a gold casket followed by grieving hordes of people in white clothes. The hall illuminated by torches – this last is reality. Two priests touch my arms. They want me to follow them into a tunnel that goes through the grave mound. The grave chamber itself is walled off and

hidden from profane eyes. When we exit from the tunnel, we are blinded by the daylight.

There is a platform outside with a good view of the whole valley. We sit down near a large marble monument that describes Yung-Lo's accomplishments. The priest brings us a little tea, he gets a cigar in return, and then we eat our lunch and rest a little in these extraordinary surroundings before we set out again.

The going is not as easy as before. The road seems to be almost impassable through the mountainous region we now must pass through. Fortunately, our ponies are as surefooted as our "*Fjording*" horses in Norway, and they carry us safely over loose rocks, short stretches of bare rock, and small brooks. I must use all my strength to hold on, and when we arrive in the town *Nang Kau* about 6 o'clock, I am so exhausted I can hardly dismount without help. But a hot bath and food soon brings me back to life.

Already a four o'clock the next morning we are on the road again through the mountain pass that leads to the Great Wall. The sun's first rays begin to light up the mountain tops, and the scenery before us becomes wilder and wilder – similar to the most sublime Norwegian mountain regions. The pass is wedged in between tall, perpendicular cliffs. A frothing, foaming river rages down through it, and it is along its bank that we make our way between large rocks and other obstacles.

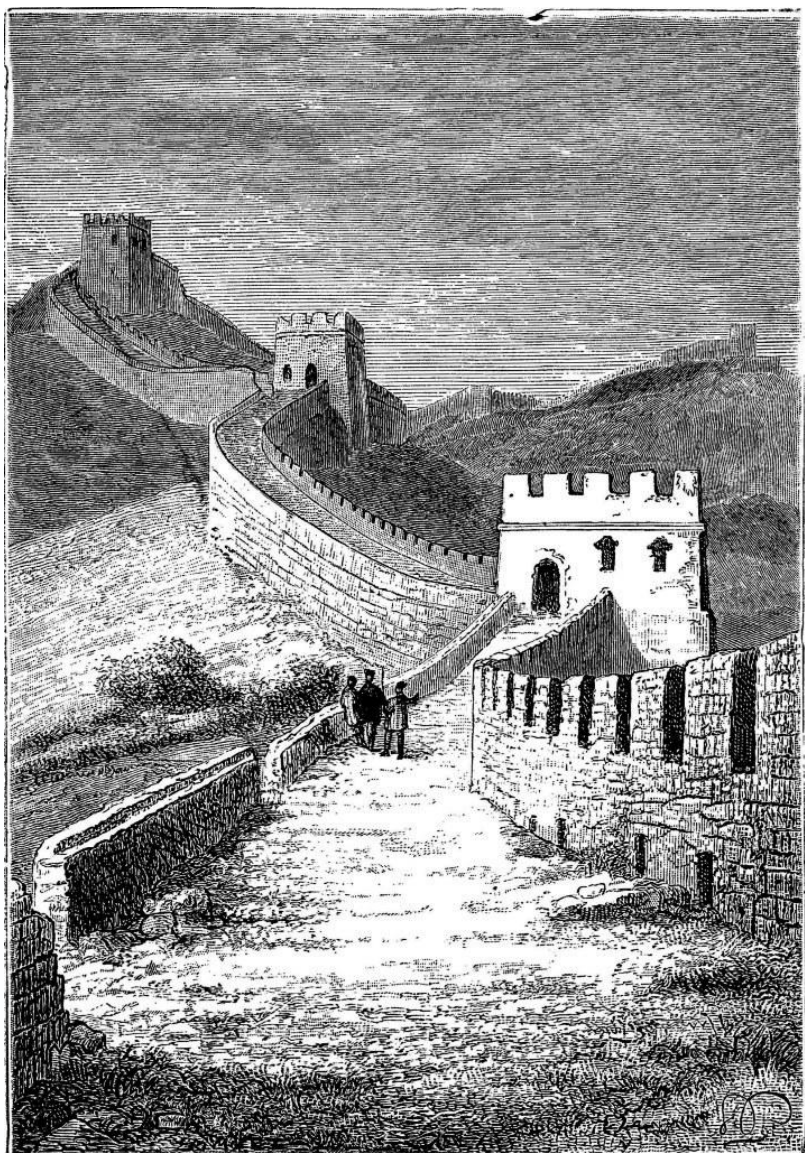
Little by little a wonderful panorama rolls out before us – *my first glimpse of the world's largest construction project*. A long line of high walls with towers, up and over the highest

mountain tops, then sloping down and across the valleys. A remarkable sight is this colossal stone snake that winds itself from the ocean in the east to the western boundary of the empire – over countless almost inaccessible mountain ranges. Close your eyes and *try to imagine a wall reaching from Lindesnes to Cap Spartel on the coast of Morocco!!* It is not to wonder that most ancient geographers have expressed doubts about the existence of such an incredible structure built by human hands.

Which great mind was capable of magically creating this artificial protuberance on the earth's surface? It was Shi Huang-ti, who with his sword welded together the warring small states of China and ruled the empire with an iron hand from 246 to 209 B.C.

When this warlike gentleman did not find it possible to keep the Tartar outside his borders despite his victories, he decided to build a great wall that forever would bar the way for the Mongol invaders. For this purpose ca. 3 million laborers were moved to the empire's northern border, and *Wan-Li-Shang-Ching* was built on the despot's command.

The West has often smiled condescendingly at Shi Huang-ti's "crazy project," which is not altogether unjustified since the Tartars invaded across the wall not twenty years after it was completed – *but what do the Americans do more than 2,000 years later? They build up a wall of laws to prevent the peaceful Chinese workers from immigrating! This is something to laugh at, since it is probable that this wall, erected with demagoguery, will not keep out the "enemy" half as long as the wall constructed at Shi Huang-ti's command.*



The Great Wall.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

After five hours of riding and walking, we reached *Pa-ta Ling* (the eight high peaks). Here is one of the gateways through the Great Wall to Mongolia. I climb up the old tower stairs, and here I stand — *one of my old childhood travel dreams realized.* — — —

Oh! How breathtaking is the view from this tower! The high plains of Mongolia to the north with pitch dark mountain peaks reaching up to the sky and to the south the yellow Chinese colossus, as solidly built as the wall I am standing on.

Wan-Li-Shang-Ching with its countless embrasures without cannon, its high towers and crenellated parapets without defenders, these fortifications, which no one has any thought of attacking or defending, this scene will always remain in my mind as one of the most interesting I have seen in this world.

*

*

*

Two days later I arrived safely back in Peking. Stiff and sore certainly, so stiff and sore that I did not venture into the saddle again for a month, but that did not matter. My passion for travel was stilled, and I brought with me a piece of the Great Wall as a memento.

I only stayed the night in the hotel and then set out on the return to Tientsin. The drive in the *ch`é* from Tungchow to Peking was fresh in my memory, so I was pleasantly surprised when the "boy" suggested that we travel to Tungchow by boat

on the Grand Canal. This I had not heard about in Tientsin, or I would of course have taken the same route coming up.

Well, the drive to Peking will remain in memory under the heading "Bitter experiences."

The Grand Canal, or the Imperial Canal as it is also called, was completed by Kublai Khan in the thirteenth century in order to connect Peking with southeast China. The work to complete this colossal enterprise was significantly reduced by the Huang Ho and the Yangtze Kiang already having been connected about four hundred years before. The Mongol ruler's project has been a great blessing for the districts traversed by the canal. The original purpose was to facilitate transportation of grains to the capital. Today, only the stretch from Tungchow and up is in use. Steamships bring their cargoes to Tientsin, and from there they are brought up to Tungchow on the Pei Ho in large lighters.

The Grand Canal has no locks. It would have been very difficult to construct any works of this kind due to the configuration of the land. Instead, the canal is divided into numerous small sections, or "lakes," supplied with water from rivers, which have artificial or natural outfalls into these. Each section lies a few meters lower than the previous one until the last section reaches sea level.

At the end of each lake, there are solid granite dams over which the surplus water runs down into the next section. Obviously, one has to change ferryboats every time, but everything is arranged so conveniently that the bother of unloading and reloading is not as troublesome as one might think.

After a quarter of an hour's drive from the hotel – I preferred to walk alongside the baggage, even though my feet occasionally sank a little too far down into the capital's muddy streets – we sat comfortably in a houseboat that was to take us down to the first lake. A number of them lay by the riverbank; enough to choose between. Three dollars are paid up front; the first boat owner takes half for himself, and the other half is passed on to the boat owner at the next station. Hereby we avoid the bother of paying at each of the six lakes that must be passed over before we reach Tungchow.

It is a slow, but pleasant way to travel. The scenery is exceptionally beautiful. There are green fields and woods on both sides with monuments and memorial arches appearing here and there. The weather is pleasantly temperate, not a cloud in the sky. The walls of Peking grow slowly distant as we glide down the mirror clear water surface between tame swans, ducks, and lotus flowers. The only thing disturbing nature's lovely harmony is flocks of birds that constantly fly screeching over our heads.

An hour's cruise and we must change boats to get us across the next lake. Gone is the idyllic peace. I threw a handful of *cash* out among a horde of nature-clad children that had gathered around us. What delight, shouting, and hullabaloo! When the boat left the shore, the swarm followed, swimming over and under the water to show off their skills and possibly also gain some copper coins from the generous "barbarian." I pointed at the haul line. They immediately understood the hint. Half a hundred girls and boys took ahold, and the boat flew along among reeds and water lilies amid laughter and song. I

can see them before me again, these joyful, naked, sunburned children, rolling over each other in a compact mass when a handful of *cash* came flying through the air toward them. It did not matter if some coins did not make it all the way. A score naked bodies in the water and one – two – three, they triumphantly showed us their catch. I enjoyed it tremendously; I do not think I have laughed so much in a year. And I also had a pocketful of pleasant letters from home that I had received in Peking to read from in between times.

While crossing the fourth lake we passed a splendid temple and mausoleum for an empress of the Ming dynasty. We went ashore, but there was not anything new and interesting for me to see; about in the same style as those of Yung-lo and other emperors.

After five hours on the boat, we see the famous *Palikiao* Bridge,* where the allied forces won a victory that opened the way to Peking. We can still see several marks after cannon balls, especially on 200 granite statues that form the bridge's balusters. Some are lacking their heads, others just noses and ears. Otherwise majestically beautiful, pleasant surroundings. We can hardly imagine that Palikiao is one of those honorless battlefields that the Western barbarians and the robbers of the Summer Palace have left behind them in this peace loving land.

We pass under the bridge and see Tungchow's pagoda sticking up in the air. A little later the trip on the canal is over. The "boy" orders a houseboat for me in Tungchow, and since I

* The commander, General Montauban, who made a fortune from this campaign, later was ennobled as *Comte de Palikiao*.

no longer require his useful and agreeable services, he is dismissed with a generous *kumshaw* and returns to "*The French Hotel*" in Peking, while I cruise swiftly down the Pei Ho to Tientsin well satisfied with my interesting – but regrettably all too brief expedition.

Chapter Five

Li Hung-chang.

High above discontented courtiers' envy, outside the palace intriguers' arena, far from the eunuchs and concubines' playground, looms a weather-beaten old pilot, who in the last twenty years has applied all his brilliant talents to steer the Chinese ship of state clear of reefs and toward a certain goal. This impressive man first saw the light of day 71 years ago. His name is Li Hung-chang, viceroy of Chihli and China's chancellor, etc., etc.

Once upon a time – we may well begin thus, even though Li's career has many parallels in China, it will still sound like fairytale to European ears. So, once upon a time there was a poor woodcutter, I do not remember his name, but it was something quite common, perhaps Chang or Chen.* His home village was Hwei-lung, a small, poor village in the Chinese province Ngan-whui.

* Chang and Chen are as common names as Hansen and Olsen with us.

The woodcutter had two sons, Han and Hung. Then the poor fellow died, which is something that happens to us all, even the poorest. His widow^{*} married again to a scholar, who was a little better off. He brought up his stepsons to the best of his ability, and in their early twenties both Han and Hung passed their first examinations with top grades. Both assumed their stepfather's family name, Li, and they have not shamed then name, since today *Li Han-chang is viceroy in Canton, and Li Hung-chang's word is the law for one-fourth of the world's population.*

A Chinese proverb says, "The height of a tower can be measured by its shadow and the greatness of men by the number of their enemies." If that is true, it is also certain that the poor woodcutter's son today is the world's greatest man, since Li Hung-chang's shadow falls on almost all that has happened in the last 20 – 30 years in his great homeland, and *the China that Europeans know is Li Hung-chang's China.*

His enemies are without number. Most of his countrymen do not understand him. They consider the clear-sighted statesman's progressive policies as treason against the old traditions, and the Europeans, especially those of Anglo-Saxon origins, can hardly find words for their hate for the superior Oriental, who always queer their plans when they try to treat China as "*gefundenes Fressen*" – since the great Li is so "impertinent" as to show, when he can, that *China is for the Chinese* and not for the railroad-, steamship-, or God knows what, syndicates.

^{*} She died only 5 – 6 years ago. My Chinese teacher, Ho, said she was one of the ugliest women he had seen. Scarred by smallpox and hunchbacked.

It is therefore very difficult to draw a correct sketch of "China's Bismarck," as Li sometimes is called, even if one is free of prejudice and try to be as impartial as possible. When I still venture to try, it is because I believe that people back home, who is interested in China and the Chinese, would like to hear a little more about this remarkable man, about whom I have so often written in newspapers and periodicals.

Li Hung-chang's career before he was appointed viceroy in Chihli was not anything unusual by Chinese standards, but I will still describe it in brief.

When the young scholar finished his studies in 1849, the Taiping Rebellion was just in its infancy. Li joined the imperial generalissimo Tsêng Kuo-fan's army and was appointed the commander's secretary. Tsêng^{*} had already discovered the potential of the young man on a previous occasion and did what he could to advance him. Li thus could thank his benefactor for being appointed *futai*, or governor, over the province Kiangsu already in 1861. It was in this capacity that *the future statesman came into contact with the foreigners*, since Kiangsu's capital, Soochow, at that time was in the hands of the rebels, and Li therefore had to establish his headquarters in Shanghai, the province's second city. From here, he directed a successful campaign against the insurgents. He often went into the field himself, but it was only after he joined up with "The Ever Victorious Army"[†] under General

^{*} Father of the well-known Chinese envoy in Europe, Marquis Tsêng.

[†] This corps, which the Chinese called "The Ever Victorious Army," was set up by an American adventurer named Ward. It consisted mainly of European and American riff-raff and was supported by some wealthy

Gordon that he managed to drive the Taipingers all the way out of his province and thus put an end to the rebellion. The capital Soochow was stormed by Gordon and Li as allies in 1863.

It was on this occasion that Li committed a deed, which was condemned in the strongest terms at the time. He let five of the captured Taiping generals be executed even though Gordon had promised them life. Gordon was of course enraged, and it was a near thing, that the future hero of Khartoum with his army might have broken with the imperial cause and gone over to the rebels. But fortunately for China Gordon was not a man who could stay angry. He reconciled with Li, and when England soon afterward rescinded its permission for its officers to serve in the imperial army, Gordon was inundated with Chinese honorary awards.

The leader of "The Ever Victorious Army" later re-visited China and then was a guest of his old comrade in arms in his vice-regal palace in Tientsin. All ill will on both sides had then dissolved, and Li Hung-chang did all that was in his power to honor his guest. Gordon must have had to admit that Li had only done what the circumstances demanded. If the five rebel generals had not been executed, the civil war might have lasted still a few years more. It is obvious that the Peking government approved of Li's actions, since the young governor shortly afterward was given the title of "the emperor's junior guardian."

Chinese merchants in Shanghai. Later, when Gordon took over the command, a number of English officers and soldiers joined the corps.

After he had cleared his own province of Taipingers, Li and his army joined his old benefactor Tsêng Kuo-fan, who had begun the siege of Nanking, the Taiping emperor's capital. With the fall of Nanking and the death of Hung Hsiu-chuan, this lamentable civil war, which the English with their opium trade, and also to a large extent, the missionaries, have on their conscience, came to an end.

There was plenty to do for talented young men like Li to bring back order in southern China, and it was at this time that he began to attract more than usual attention. In 1866 he was appointed viceroy over two provinces, Kiangsi and Kiangsu.

Then came the deplorable massacre of the French nuns in Tientsin in 1870. The imperial government had reason to fear that the Western powers would pay another visit to Peking. In their need they called their most powerful and best acquainted with the Europeans viceroy to the capital's defense, and from then on Li Hung-chang began to create for himself a position without precedent in the Celestial Empire's two thousand year history, a position that has no name in the Chinese language – as the empire's foreign minister, prime minister, chancellor, or whatever else it might be called in Europe. Li Hung-chang negotiated with the foreign ambassadors and brought home his first diplomatic victory. There was no war.

Since then the great viceroy has gone into the breach more than once to bring the Peking court out of difficulties with the Western powers. He is today the only Chinese who has fully understood the position the empire has been put in by the treaties with the Europeans.



Li Hung-chang.

From a photograph taken some years ago.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

The feared censors in Peking have often tried to bring down the powerful satrap, but he has grown larger than they and only laugh at the conservative gentlemen's attempts to thwart his progressive plans for the future. Li can also rely on the protective hand of the empress dowager.* She knows that he would be an extremely dangerous opponent, *and that the fate of the dynasty depends on his loyalty*. Therefore, this wise woman has chosen to make an alliance with her nominal subject and this relationship seems to have developed into a strong friendship that has never been shaken, and it is not impossible that this sympathy has been decisive, when political factions have encouraged him to depose the Manchus and take the throne himself.

During the recent mission disturbances in the summer of 1891 a lot of rumors ran around the country with regard to the viceroy's plans, but these rumors fell to earth when Li broke up the Western powers' coalition in the fall and later sent his best troops up into Manchuria to quell a dangerous insurrection. These last triumphs saved the dynasty as well as the country from threatened war both from abroad and at home.

The national party's leaders still looks to the old statesman as the one who will lead them *when the time comes*. It is said that Li several years ago was asked to head the party. He then expressed his sympathy for their aims, but at the same time stated "the dynasty's adherents and the national party was so

* This remarkable woman has led China's government for the last thirty years; first as head regent for her infant son, Tung Chi, who died in 1873, and since for her adopted son, her nephew Kwang Hsü, China's present emperor.

evenly matched that a revolution could not be justified for the time being and besides – if the national cause lost, I would lose my good name and die as a traitor."

It is upon this statement that the political opposition builds its hope that Li will join their side. But this hope must now be considered a dim illusion. When a man is over seventy years old, there does not seem to be much reason for him to be contemplating a bloody dynasty turnover, especially when he like Li Hung-chang *only lacks an empty title for being the acknowledged ruler of the largest nation on earth.*

Besides, it is very doubtful that expelling the Manchus will be good for the country's future. The Tartars warlike spirit certainly has been much diminished during two and a half centuries of living with the peaceful Chinese, but the mountain people is still a hardy race that will be anything but a negligible addition to the Chinese army in future wars. The highest offices were filled with Manchus in the first years after the conquest, but this practice is now rather the other way around. None of the present viceroys have Manchu blood in their veins, and the mightiest of them all is the *Chinese* Li Hung-chang. Therefore, we can reasonably say that the Manchu rule in China in practice does not amount to more than if we spoke of Hanoverian rule in England or Dutch rule under William III. — — —

Li's old teacher Tsêng Kuo-fan once said: "*In order to keep the barbarians within their rightful boundaries, we must acquire the barbarians' weapons.*"

His pupil has adopted this principle in his program though Li more than anyone else knows his people's hatred for all things military. But the great statesman, and many with him, knows very well that if the empire is to keep its independence and the hegemony in Asia, the nation must put away such luxuries as aversions and preferences until "eternal peace" rules on our sinful planet. Or, if this should lie too far into the future – "until China's evil spirits, the Western barbarians, are chased back into the ocean, wherefrom they came."*

There is little chance that either dream will come true. Idealists are everywhere, including China, but they usually are poor statesmen. Li has never had time to ponder useless speculations. He is the perfect example of his race, which seldom reflects on things not of this life or this planet.

This farsighted man is no particular friend of the Europeans, but he understands quite well that these barbarians are an evil that must be tolerated – *for the time being*. So that relief shall not lie too far into the future, Li has worked tirelessly since the Taiping Rebellion on creating an army and a navy after the European model. He had a good opportunity while fighting with General Gordon to observe the West's superiority in the military field, and when Li became viceroy in Chihli, he got the authority and means to realize his plans for modernization.

He had begun construction of the Kiangnan Arsenal near Shanghai already when he was viceroy of Kiangsu, and as supreme commander of the army and navy – a rank that was awarded him in 1875 – he shortly thereafter got the

* The anti-foreigner party's foremost wish.

government to begin construction of an arsenal in Nanking under supervision by Sir Halliday Macartney, who is still applying all his talents to further his adopted homeland's welfare and security. Later, a naval shipyard was built in Foochow directed by the French navy officer Prosper Giquel, and it must be said in praise of this gentleman, that he carried out his task brilliantly with the means available to him. Several large gunboats of steel and composite materials have been launched from Foochow. He is no longer connected with the shipyard, but bright Chinese pupils have continued his work.

While Li Hung-chang's great rival, Chang Chih-tung, was viceroy in Canton, a naval shipyard and arsenal was also started there, but the war with France in 1884 interrupted the work, and under Chang's successor, Li Han-chang, the great Li's older brother, military development in the south has not progressed much, since so many other tasks have been loaded onto his old shoulders.

The Europeans generally seem to think that the Opium Wars and the Tongking War have been fought against *a united China*. This idea is completely wrong. The empire is, as we know, divided into 18 provinces and during disturbances the governors were – and for the most part still are – only responsible for *their own provinces* and must pay for the military defenses from the province treasury. The logical consequence of this system has been that the respective governors only thought about defending their own regions and left their neighbors to their fate unless an order from Peking commanded them to go to their assistance. *This is the reason*

why it has been so easy for their European opponents to win battles with the Chinese.

We may take the Tongking War as an example. When Formosa was blockaded by the French fleet in the spring of 1885, a united squadron was not sent to relieve it. At that time Formosa belonged to the Fukien viceroyalty, and it was left to the Foochow division to drive the enemy off, but since this squadron was almost destroyed by Admiral Courbet outside Foochow,* the defense fell to the Nanyang squadron, and though this division was much too weak to contend with the entire French force, it was not thought necessary to send the strongest contingent of the fleet, the Peiyang squadron, to its relief. Nor did this become necessary, since peace was concluded shortly thereafter.

The costly lesson of the Tongking War has borne good fruit, since the system of leaving the conduct of wars to the provincial authorities got a wound that hopefully will prove fatal in the near future. Li Hung-chang managed to drive through a significant expansion of his authority as inspector general for the navy. Among other things, each province is required to make an annual contribution for coastal defense, which naturally has caused considerable opposition in the

* Known as "The Battle by the Pagoda Anchorage." The whole Min River, which runs by Foochow, was blocked with mines. The fleet therefore went to anchor inside the line of mines, thinking itself safe. Here, the Chinese were caught unawares in the night by Admiral Coubert and, since they in the confusion had forgotten to take the caps off the mines' detonation horns, the French squadron ran unimpeded into the harbor. A couple of the Chinese gunboats were blown up with torpedoes and the rest was sunk by cannon fire or driven aground on the shore.

interior provinces. Likewise, the provincial squadrons are every year ordered up to the Bay of Pechili to be inspected by the viceroy in person.

Li can largely thank his European servants for the colossal upswing the navy has taken in the last few years. Among these the English naval officer, Captain W.M. Lang, whom Li after the Tongking War had appointed as chief advisor with the title *Hui-tung-ling*, or co-admiral, deserves special mention.

Lang was appointed for a term of five years. His contract ran out in 1890, and the viceroy, who believed that the Chinese now could stand on their own legs, was reluctant to renew the engagement, though he at the same time had to admit that Admiral Lang deserved much of the credit for the navy's re-organization. Li also felt that Lang was *too hard-driving*. Everything was to be done in a hurry, which is not in the Chinese nature, and Lang did not understand that so large a change was hardly to be done in just 4 – 5 years. Besides, Li knew how unpopular it was among the Chinese navy officers that a foreigner held a superior position in the top command. Lang's position in the Chinese navy would also lead to complications in case of a conflict with the Western powers.

But the English naval officer was not so easy to get rid of. There was nothing in his administration that could be directly complained about, and Li reluctantly renewed Lang's contract. The discontent among the Chinese officers still reached such a pitch that the viceroy and Lang both just waited for an opportunity to part, and it did not take long to find one. The Chinese took the initiative. Most of the Peiyang squadron had sailed down to Hong Kong under Lang and his Chinese co-

commander, Admiral Ting. During their stay there, the latter got orders from Peking to take half of the vessels and make a cruise to the south for a couple of months. Lang, who thus were left alone in Hong Kong, reasonably enough believed that made him the commanding officer of what was left, and hoisted the commander's pennant, a flag with five horizontal stripes. But Commodore Liu, who was the senior among the Chinese officers after Admiral Ting had left, also did the same. Lang immediately telegraphed to Peking about what had happened and asked *if he was the commanding officer or not*. He of course quite understood that the commodore had not acted on his own initiative. The reply came back that *Liu had the right, but Lang could also hoist a flag with four stripes, if he wished*. Admiral Lang understood at once what time of day it was, since there is no Mandarin flag with similar stripes but even in number. The numbers are 3, 5, and 7. Lang therefore immediately sent in his request for discharge, which equally promptly was granted with *a flattering acknowledgement of his services and a very large bonus of about a quarter million dollars*.

This is an unvarnished, impartial presentation of a case that brought the English press to overflow with bitter bile and the English government to forbid its naval officers to seek employment in the Chinese navy.

The way the Peking government and Li Hung-chang went about this matter may expose it to criticism from people who does not understand the difficult conditions all the authorities in China work under. Lang fell for the same reason as Mr. Lay, the first inspector general in the customs service. *The*

Chinese want advisors and pay them well, but they do not tolerate foreign commanders any more than other nations do.

The English predictions, that everything will come to a halt when Lang has left the navy, do not seem to have much prospect of coming true. I have been onboard in both the large armored ships and the smaller gunboats and have always found them to be in tip-top order. With regard to the navy shipyards, I can only suggest that visitors to China take a trip from Chefoo to Port Li* on one of the small gunboats and they will find a gigantic installation that could serve as a model for more than one European nation.

The docks and arsenals were built by Frenchmen – after the Tongking War – and most of the fortifications as directed by a German officer. The installation has of course cost enormous sums, but then it also is, as earlier stated, a model worth imitating and quite impregnable.

I visited Fort Li fifteen times in the spring of 1892 with "Ling-Fêng," so I had ample opportunities to look around. When you approach the inlet, and the steam whistle gives the correct signal, a boat puts out from the inner harbor and lays to the starboard side with naval precision. A sunburned Chinese with a long, scraggly beard mounts the pilot's later hung over the side, greets the captain welcome in fluent English, and gives the necessary orders. This is the harbor master's assistant, the former Navy Captain Y—. His story is so comical, and this jovial gentleman is so well known out here, that I will take the liberty of laying claim to my reader's attention for a few minutes before we enter the harbor.

* Actually Port Arthur, but renamed Port Li in the viceroy's honor.

The captain has always been a well-regarded personality among the Europeans for whom he felt a stronger than usual rapport. During a stay of several years in Canton as captain on one of the viceroy's gunboats, the European gentlemen could always count on a lively and companionable evening when they entered his cozy cabin. And there was no lack of potent potables to go along with the lusty tales told when Captain Y— and the captain on "*Ling-Fêng*" began to relive old memories.

Then the Tongking War began, and Y— was ordered to serve with the Foochow squadron as captain on an armored gunboat. In this capacity he was present with his ship at the deplorable affair at the Pagoda Anchorage. When Y— saw that the French ships passed unimpeded through the mine belts, he realized that the game was up, cut his anchor, and ran his ship onto the shore, while his fellow officers kept firing their guns until they were sunk.

Although Y— on this occasion had only done what any man with any sense would have done when resistance was futile, he still was court-martialed, and since *someone* must be the scapegoat, he was sentenced to death for cowardice in the presence of the enemy. However, this sentence was later reduced to loss of rank and pay plus 3 years exile in Mongolia.

It would have been easy to evade the latter punishment, since he was not put under any direct surveillance, but the captain well knew that the winds are quite variable in the higher echelons of his great motherland, and the future might brighten again for him as it had for so many greater personages who have been obliged to visit in the Mongolian high plains. Y— got a document to show the authorities in

Mongolia, and after having made the necessary arrangements for his family, set out for his lengthy banishment with a good heart.

When the captain in his exceedingly droll way relates stories about his 3-years retreat, even the sourest vinegar brewer must have difficulty keeping from laughing. If he has a piece of chalk handy, he will draw a large circle on the floor to represent his travel route and then tells more or less believable stories from the several stations he came to. I will not go into these here, but only say that when he returned from Mongolia, he got an audience with Li Hung-chang and, since the European harbor master in Port Li just then needed an assistant, Y- got a temporary appointment there with hope of future promotion and reinstatement of his rank.

When you know his history, this good-natured harbor pilot holds more of your interest as he with a sure hand guides the ship in through the 100 meters wide passage.

Port Li has been a naval port since time out of mind, and when the harbor is dredged, it is not unusual to find very well preserved oak timbers from a sunken war *junk*. The great viceroy could hardly have chosen a better site for his fleet's main base. When we look at the map, we see that the peninsula, which sticks out into the Bay of Pechili straight north from Chefoo, controls the entire sea up there. Warships can be sent out in all directions and a blockade of the harbor itself will be a risky venture that no cautious admiral will enter into.

The mountain chain that extends northward from one side of the harbor appears innocent. As at Gibraltar, one does not

see the gun ports in the cliff sides, only pretty greenswards – not for beautification, but to hide the countless Krupp and Armstrong guns, which the sentry on duty will show you with pride – if you are in Chinese service. Otherwise keep away.

Usually some large warships waiting to go into dry-dock for repairs lie in the innermost harbor, and several torpedo boats and smaller vessels stand in the stocks.

The whole station is now entirely managed by Chinese. The only European in the place is the harbor master, Captain Calder, a Scot, who for many years served in the Canton squadron before he was appointed in Port Li.

Of course the assistant and Mr. Calder are old friends, and he surely counts himself lucky for the day Li Hung-chang sent Captain Y– to Port Li, since he is the only social company the European has in that place. Captain Calder is also very well liked by the Chinese he encounters, and that is probably the reason why an exception was made in his case when all the other Europeans on the base were dismissed.

The viceroy is very proud of it that his countrymen can manage the whole establishment without foreign assistance, and that he is entitled to, since it is almost unbelievable that the Chinese in such a short time have been able to master the intricacies of operating a first class modern naval yard. One might be tempted to ask how we Europeans would fare if we in like circumstances had to compete with the Chinese in powers of comprehension. I will only mention that the head of the ship-building department and the electrical power works in Port Li only began to study these extremely complicated fields after he had worked as a simple carpenter at the Kowloon

yards in Hong Kong for twenty years. It may strike many as an unlikely story, but such is the case.

Behind the harbor and the yards lies a high rocky ridge, and behind this again lie all the war matériel in colossal storage magazines. The ridge protects against all attempts at bombardment from the sea, which in any case can only come about if the impossible should happen, that the aforementioned batteries by the inlet should be silenced. The barracks for a garrison of about 4,000 men also lie in this valley.

If you take a trip inland on the for China exceptionally good roads, you will see large square forts in all directions. I counted more than twenty one day when I traveled over a part of the peninsula. They are still working on more fortifications and the soldiers, who are not otherwise occupied, are set to work clearing the rocky fields. Lush gardens and crop fields are seen everywhere, and the earlier so barren, uninhabited peninsula will within a few years look like – well, like the wilds of Australia after the Chinese have taken these over for cultivation.

According to what I have seen, I do not think that the Europeans will have any reason to hope for Fort Li to fall into disrepair, if they no longer are in charge of the management.

*

The modern Chinese fleet at this time consists of four squadrons. The Peiyang, or northern, squadron is of course the largest, since it is entirely Li Hung-chang's creation and stands directly under his command. The naval defense force is distributed as follows:

		Ships	Tonnage	Cannon	Men
The Peiyang squadron		21	32,563	203	3,124
The Nanyang	"	11	9,960	96	1,252
The Foochow	"	15	17,760	104	2,028
The Canton	"	17	4,140	86	600

38 of these ships were built in England or Germany and 26 in Chinese naval shipyards.

We thus see that China has a quite respectable naval power at its disposal, and if it grows at the same rate as after the Tongking War, Li Hung-chang may still live to see that the new Chinese fleet can laugh at anything the Western powers can dispatch to the coasts of his great homeland.

I used the last day of my stay in Li-Hung-chang's capital to visit the arsenals and the naval academy in Tientsin. An introductory card from my friend Loh Fêng-loh* opened all doors, and for the evening I was invited to the home of Professor McLeish, from whom I got much interesting information regarding the naval academy and its activities.

Technical education has not yet made much progress in China. The modern Pallas Athena with her steam engines and other scientific implements in the service of peaceful as well as warlike interests cannot yet expect a cordial reception from a nation that for thousands of years has made the works of the ancient sages the foundation for all education.

* The viceroy's right hand. Loh was educated at Greenwich, where he graduated as No. 2 among his English friends. After his return to China, he rose step by step up the official ladder and is now head of the admiralty with rank as governor. He is a Mongolian by birth.

When Li Hung-chang began the creation of a modern Chinese navy, it was, of course, necessary to establish a training school for officers and machinists. In 1881 the naval academy opened under the leadership of a very straightforward and pleasant scholar named Ly,^{*} who has realized the great art of getting the Chinese and the foreign instructors to work together without the least friction so far.

Captain – now Commodore – Yen Tsung-kuang was appointed head instructor. This gentleman was trained at the naval school in Foochow under the French naval officer Prosper Giquel. He then served on several cruises on a training ship commanded by Captain Tracy, R.N. After completion of his training, Yen was sent to Greenwich, where he studied mathematics under the renowned Professor Lambert and then returned to China to take over the leadership of the naval academy under Mr. Ly's overall direction. It was not until three years later that it was found desirable to attach European faculty to the school. Messrs. Hearson and Walker, machinists in the English navy, and Professor McLeish were then hired. The latter is now the real head of the academy, since both Mr. Ly and Commodore Yen have learned they can rely on him and find it convenient to turn most of the work of training the young rascals over to the Scot.

When the Europeans were hired, shops were established at the school so that the cadets could get a little practical training besides all the theoretical. I visited the torpedo shop, and it

^{*} Ly is a member of Hanlin. How highly this academic title is valued in China may be understood by the fact that viceroys, who hold this degree, always place "Member of Hanlin" before their other titles.

was quite a pleasure to see the young gentlemen* in work blouses occupied with files and hammers. To show off the cadets' skill the Chinese master mechanic disassembled a model of a Whitehead torpedo and called over a bright little fellow. Without the least hesitation, he put the torpedo back together, piece by piece. "The secret room"† did not seem to any secret for this young, second-year cadet.

I must confess that I was astonished and wished in my mind that Norwegian cadets also would get a little of such practical training, which is *something they lack to a deplorable degree*. Regrettably, there is so much old, impractical stuff pounded into the heads of the Norwegian cadets that there is little time left to practice what is taught from the books.

Little by little several competent teachers have been added at the school, among these may be named the Lieutenants Wu, Chao and Chen, who all have passed the final examination at the naval war academy in Greenwich with flying colors. The curriculum is taught entirely in English, and so that time will not be wasted in learning this language and other elementary skills, a subsidiary school has been established at the naval station Wei-hai-wei‡ under the leadership of the American Mr.

* This is a total break with tradition. Before, all physical work had always been considered beneath the more advantaged classes. It has also decreased the number of applicants and given the school a more democratic character, since the students now mostly consist of middleclass children.

† [The patented cruise control mechanism in a Whitehead torpedo.]

‡ Wei-hai-wei lies on the north side of the Shantung promontory. The harbor, which has two inlets, is defended by extensive minefields and fortification works after the most modern designs.

Griffin. Mr. Walker and a Mr. Nelson function as cadet officers on the summer cruises, which of course are not done with ships of "*Nornen's*"* caliber. No, the gymnastic exercises here are performed in an earlier sports stadium, while the cadets now are midshipmen on the screw-driven corvettes "*Kang Hi*," "*Quei Yuen*," and "*Ming Chu*."

As of today, the naval academy in Tientsin has sent ca. 100 graduated cadets and ca. 50 machinists to serve in the Peiyang squadron. The viceroy has always shown a great interest in the school. Whenever the instructors demand new instruments and other educational materials, they get *carte blanche* to buy the best and most expensive.

The great statesman always visits the academy a couple of times during the annual examinations in June. After a thorough inspection of the students' competence in rifle exercises and fencing, he probes their knowledge of astronomy, navigation, and mathematics. He is always suspicious with regard to the problems the cadets are given to solve. Professor McLeish related that Li the year before had whispered to Commodore Yen that it was best to change the problems, since the foreign instructor (Professor McLeish) might have gone over these with the students beforehand. This was done, but fortunately the students did well on the tests. The old viceroy laughed heartily and several times exclaimed, "*Hên hao, hên hao!*" ("Very good, very good!"), and when

* [The old Norwegian training ship, a three-masted bark with an auxiliary steam engine that worked – most of the time - in which WC–A sailed on his graduation cruise in 1889.]

professor McLeish came home, he found a present from the sly inquisitor – "The Order of the Double Dragon."^{*}

The naval academy's present location, by the eastern arsenal 5 kilometers from the city, is a little inconvenient for the cadets, most of whom live in Tientsin itself. The classrooms are also somewhat small for the number of students. The viceroy therefore has let a splendid school building be constructed nearer the city *at his own expense*, but it is not yet occupied.

Foreign officers are invited to act as censors at the annual graduation examinations and according to these, most of the written papers are comparable with those of the students at Greenwich, and more than that can hardly be asked of such a new institution.

The naval academy at Tientsin is among the many means that Li Hung-chang has tried in his persistent attempts to root out provincial jealousies and clan spirit. If the Chinese was not such a peaceful people, clan feuds would be the order of the day. It is almost impossible to have, f. ex., Cantonese and Fukienese onboard the same ship; it would lead to continuous bickering and discord, if not actual violence.

Regrettably, the officers and crews still are not as well educated as could be wished. Li Hung-chang takes some cadets from each coastal province in order to reduce the clan spirit, but many years will have to pass before officers and

^{*} This is one of the highest honorary awards for foreigners in China. Our fellow countryman, Captain Danielsen from Skudesnes received this order in recognition of his services during the Tongking War when he several times broke the French blockade of Formosa.

crews from different parts of the country will be imbued with the proper brotherly spirit.

However, Li Hung-chang has not only had his thoughts directed to the empire's defense. He has a full understanding of the benefits that China can have of the West's sciences and inventions for peaceful purposes. The speed with which the telegraph net has been spread across the country is as astonishing a fact as the creation of a navy. The dispute with Russia a couple of years ago over the Ili province gave the impetus for building military telegraph lines, and when their benefits were recognized, Li Hung-chang got an imperial decree issued that ordered their availability for common civilian use.

The first line was opened in 1881 between Tientsin and Shanghai. When the Tongking War broke out, it was extended to Canton in the south, and from Tientsin to Peking and further north into Manchuria. Since then the construction of telegraph lines have gone forward with giant strides through every part of the country; lastly through the hostile to foreigners Hunan province thanks to the firm position taken by the viceroy Chang Chih-tung, which the reader may recall I wrote about in Chapter One.

Li Hung-chang entered into a contract with a Danish firm, *Store Nordiske Telegrafskab A/S*, in the early 1880s for a connection to Europe via Japan. The company was to be permitted to charge a fee of \$1.50 per word and in return pay a fixed sum to the state treasury. The contract ran out in 1892, and the whole European trade world in China immediately began an intense campaign to prevent the contract being

renewed, since the high fee significantly hindered a more extensive telegraphic correspondence. Several of the European ambassadors petitioned the Peking government on behalf of their countrymen, and the outlook for the Danish company's shares looked dim. But as the saying goes: "It helps when the bishop is your uncle." Here it was the son-in-law who made the difference. The Russian ambassador in Peking, Count Cassini, received instructions to support *Store Nordiske*, and that apparently helped a lot. Later in the summer a renewal of the contract was signed by the famous progressive official Sheng *Taotai*,* and ratified shortly thereafter by Li Hung-chang, who signs all treaties and agreements with the Western powers on behalf of China. The European press sniffed and snorted, but that was all they could do about it.

The large China Merchants Steam Navigation Company also owes its existence to the viceroy, but he must share the honors for this company's development with his old, practical assistant, the banker Tong Kin-sing,[†] the company's chairman,

* Sheng is one of China's most remarkable men in modern times. He is at present customs director in Tientsin, an office that is estimated to bring him a quarter million dollars per year. He has also for several years been *taotai*, or governor, over the Chefoo district, telegraph director, director for the Yellow River, etc. As proof of his industriousness may be mentioned that when I paid him a visit in Tientsin shortly after his appointment as customs director he had already been in conference with Li Hung-chang from 4 o'clock in the morning to 10 at night. An hour later, he gave me an audience, and when I left him about midnight, there were still a dozen officials waiting to see him. It is said that his time is thus occupied consistently.

[†] Tong Kin-sing began his career as a clerk in the large Scottish firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co. and advanced to become the company's *comprador*, or supercargo. He later founded his own house in Tientsin, and

Sheng *Taotai*, and not least the European chief executive officer.

When the Tongking War broke out, the large American firm Russell & Co. took over all the ships, so that they would not be captured by the French. They were then returned to the Chinese company when peace was restored for a sizeable compensation, and a number of ships have been acquired since. There are now 32 ships with yellow-painted funnels trafficking on the coasts and rivers of China. It looks like all the European companies will eventually go under, since the Chinese merchants and not least, the government, of course favor their own.*

In recent years the sharp competition has several times resulted in desperate attempts to destroy each others' routes by reducing the rates for passengers and freight to a minimum. The English companies are stubborn, and since there is an abundance of capital backing both sides, the results of these feuds have commonly been a new agreement. However, the European shareholders can of course not be expected to throw away their money forever, and it is probably only a question of time before the great companies will have to give up and concede the field of battle to their Chinese competitors.

In my opinion, only some ships have a future on the China coast, but there could be room for hundreds of these, because

for the last twenty years he has been the leading spirit in all industrial enterprises. In the summer of last year all the European firms in China sent a splendid expression of appreciation to the old merchant. When he died 2 months later, all the flags in China were flown at half mast for a week.

* Sheng thus in the fall of last year issued a decree by which all grain carried in the company's ships would be exempt from the customs tariff.

the Chinese merchants prefer to charter foreign vessels rather than buy them, since they otherwise would have the bother of employing European officers. So far, there is not a single Chinese captain or mate on the coast, and it does not look like the Chinese will begin to compete with the Europeans in that field any time soon. Navigation and the management of the engine rooms are entirely in European hands, while all that concerns the cargo and financial matters is kept by the Chinese. While the English and German companies favor their own nationalities, the China Merchants' officers are completely cosmopolitan. There are a number of Scandinavians serving on its ships, and I myself had the pleasure of making a trip up the Yangtze Kiang as mate on its largest riverboat, "*Kiang-Yu*," before I was appointed to H.I.C.M.R.C. "*Ling-Fêng*."

The large fleet of steamships that now sails on the coasts of China of course needs an enormous amount of coal. According to Baron von Richthofen's investigations, China has abundant coal deposits. It would thus seem natural that the country furnished the necessary fuel from domestic sources, but, remarkably enough, hundreds of shiploads of coal are imported from England and America, while Japan not only produces enough for its own numerous factories and large fleet of steamships, but even is able to supply China with most of the coal it needs.

What is the reason for this abnormal situation? It has several causes. European help will be needed to develop a modern mining industry, and this the Chinese have no wish to

employ until the uneven treaties are revised and the extra-territorial rights annulled.

We well know the problems the missionaries' presence in the interior of the country is causing for the authorities, and they have no wish to increase these troubles by calling in more Europeans that cannot be subject to any controls, according to the current treaties.

Another reason is that the local authorities bear the responsibility for keeping order within their respective districts. Opening mines will cause immigration of poor workers, which will cost the local authorities both bother and extra expenses. For these and several other reasons the Chinese government has not found it convenient to encourage the mining industry.

Li Hung-chang therefore met with considerable resistance when he proposed constructing a railroad from Tientsin to Kaiping in order to exploit the large coal deposits found there. The whole Censorate became highly agitated and made the most desperate efforts to block the viceroy's plans, and it was only by applying the full weight of his influence – and perhaps threats – that Li's plans were approved by the empress dowager. Now, thousands of tons roll annually from Kaiping to Tientsin and Taku.

Governor Liu Ming-chuan on Formosa followed his patron's example, but this gentleman went ahead too brashly. Liu called in a whole staff of European officers, engineers, and geologists. He tried to transfer the West's inventions all at once by executive command. The governor did have a partial success. The French attempt to land by the capital city Tamsui

resulted in an undeniable defeat. The Chinese lay behind fortifications constructed by the German engineers and shot the French landing boats to pieces with Krupp cannon.

It was during this blockade of Formosa that our countryman, Captain Danielsen from Skudesnes, several times ran past the French ships and brought supplies of weapons and ammunition for the governor. Danielsen was generously rewarded for his exploits, among other things he was awarded the Order of the Double Dragon, but his completely impossible behavior after the war compelled Liu to fire him.

The mineral riches of Formosa equal its fruitfulness and camphor forests. The fervent advocate of progress could hardly have come to a better place for his activities, and when peace was concluded, he applied himself with a will. A large railroad construction program was started. Coalmines were opened at Kelung. The telegraph system was connected to the mainland, etc.

But these Herculean works cost enormous amounts of money, which the island's taxable resources could not bear for long. The people complained to the Censorate in Peking, and Liu Ming-chuan might have been obliged to spend a lengthy sojourn in Mongolia as commander of the troops guarding the border. But the great man in Tientsin once more blocked the Censorate, and Liu got off with a warning.

The people complained again the following year, and the governor, who realized that his position was untenable due to the desperate financial difficulties, finally submitted a petition to be allowed to retire so as not to be subjected to dismissal in disgrace. The petition was printed in the Peking Gazette for 10

February 1891, and I will permit myself to cite it as an example of how difficult it is for a Chinese official to retire in good graces unless he is, or pretends to be, on the brink of death. The latter must have been the case with Liu, since the following is alleged:

"His Excellence Liu Ming-chuan, governor of Formosa, petitions the emperor for permission to retire. He states that he suffers from dizziness, dropsy, poor vision, weakness in the upper extremities, and is completely unable to work. His doctors report that he governor will probably get hemiplegia if he is not relieved from his official duties. Since last year His Excellence has not been able to review the troops or inspect the progress of official construction works due to physical infirmity. He is also the head examiner and fears that illness will prevent him from fulfilling his duties at the examinations next spring. Liu therefore petitions the emperor to be allowed to return to his home for rest and treatment. He hopes that the emperor will be merciful and grant his petition."

But it did not look like the Peking government would let Liu off that easy, since the petition was annotated: "*We will have more to say about this matter.*"

And this "more" came later in the form of permission for an indefinite leave of absence and rescission of most of his perquisites.

Liu Ming-chuan now lives in perfect health in Peking awaiting a change in the wind, and his successor on Formosa has his hands full straightening up the island's finances after his predecessor's bankruptcy. Development there will thus

pause for a few years until Liu Ming-chuan perhaps returns – to a replenished treasury.

Chang Chih-tung committed more or less the same errors while he was viceroy of Canton. In this capacity, he had to join Liu Ming-chuan in the war against the French, and this affair of course cost many millions. However, his wealthy province could probably have survived this bloodletting, if only the viceroy after the war had not embarked on the same follies as the governor of Formosa.

Chang Chih-tung finally petitioned Peking to be transferred to a wealthier province, since it was impossible to carry out his plans in Canton due to the great expenses incurred by the Tongking War. Chang is China's most powerful man next to Li Hung-chang, and though the government would rather have given the grand mandarin a sharp reprimand, they complied with his wishes. Li Han-chang* was sent to Canton, and Chang Chih-tung was appointed viceroy of Hunan and Hupeh, China's wealthiest, but most unruly provinces.

But what was the most remarkable – Chang left behind a substantial official debt when he left Canton. Such offenses have always been severely punished. Fortunately, the viceroy, despite his long time in office, was as poor as a church mouse. *In China that is considered the most laudable thing that can be said about an official*, and with confidence in this mind-set, he just sent his accounts in to Peking and requested that the deficit in Canton's treasury be paid by the government.

Such unheard of audacity was found worthy of reward and the payment was made. The viceroy now is busy building rail-

* Li Hung-chang's older brother.

roads, opening mines, and building factories in his new domain. He must be trying to see if he can catch up with "the old one" in Tientsin, and it is not impossible that this gentleman may become Li Hung-chang's successor. He is significantly younger than the great statesman, and Li's sons are much too young to step into his shoes. The only possibility may be Li's adopted son, who at present is China's ambassador in Japan. This gentleman, who is best known among the Europeans as Lord Li, has enjoyed an excellent upbringing and is most gracious in his relations with all parties, European or Oriental.

Li Hung-chang has two promising sons with his second wife, "Countess" Li, who died during my stay in Chefoo, mourned by all who knew this gifted and caring lady. Her personal physician was an American mission doctor, Mrs. King. Some of their sons' tutors have also been missionaries, but the great statesman is, nevertheless, anything but friendly disposed to the mission work. This is not difficult to understand. A good part of his time and energy has been taken up by having to cope with the conflicts that the missionaries have caused by their aggressive behavior, but Li has always conceded the superiority of Western medical knowledge and, since he is tolerance personified, all physicians are welcome in Tientsin, whether they belong to the mission societies or not. A number of missionaries have therefore concluded that he looks favorably on their work. Nothing could be more wrong. The great diplomat hates these troublemakers, but is better than most of his countrymen at hiding his dislike.

Li Hung-chang is an Oriental Janus. One face is turned questioningly toward the future, the other melancholically toward China's illustrious past and his ancestors' old traditions. *From the heights of the ancient legends he looks at the Western civilization as a product of the present and subject to all the current social and political influences, while China, he believes, will last for millennia.*

The tall, upright figure has filled 71 years, but he still hardly shows signs of exhaustion or the weight of such enormous responsibility. He courteously listens to all his European visitors have to tell him, sees and studies everything, but despite everything, *he never loses his faith in his country's future or the evanescence of modern civilization.*

When one sees the stately gentleman in his black silk gown with his intense, intelligent eyes, it is difficult to believe that he has seventy years behind him, but Li Hung-chang's elixir of life is no secret; his countrymen knew of it before the Hebrew patriarchs were thought of – moderation in all life's pleasures – the temperance of the scholar from Hwei-lung has become a byword. He disdains all that can tempt other mortals – except power, and he is often heard to quote a sentence from "The Five Classics," *the road strewn with flowers is short.*

It is too early to pass judgment on the lifework of a man who may still have another decade in which to carry out all that he has intended for his country's future benefit, but one thing is certain, and that is that Li Hung-chang, the poor woodcutter's son, will forever occupy a prominent and honorable place in China's history.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Chapter Six

From Tientsin to Shanghai.

Norwegian shipping in East-Asian waters before and now – Shanghai –
The model settlement – The Mixed Court of Shanghai – Sjørborg –
Processions - A visit to the Jesuit mission station Zikawei.

Early in the morning I traveled by railroad from Tientsin to Taku, a peculiar sensation this first trip with North China's only iron horse road,* which presumably within a few years will have branched out all over the giant empire. It is comical to hear the conductor in his long silk robe call, "Tickets, ladies and gentlemen!" Not a uniform among all the personnel; yet another testimony to the Chinese scorn for yellow buttons and gold braid.

At Taku I went aboard the "*Fei-Ma*" ("The Flying Horse"), which lay waiting at the bar. The anchor was raised, and so we sailed out into the Bay of Pechili in the most pleasant sunshine. We stopped at Chefoo for a couple of hours, then turned around the Shantung promontory into "The Yellow Sea," and on the morning of the fourth day the ship was

* The Chinese name for railroad.

outside the mouth of the Yangtze Kiang in waters as thick as pea soup.

Countless steamships pass up and down, a couple of them show Norwegian colors, which have been becoming more of a common sight in later years; a pleasant greeting from home. That our beloved flag soon must be seen in every port on China's extended coastlines is one of my dearest wishes. I would consider it the best reward for my attempts to awaken interest for East-Asia's waters among Norwegian ship owners.*

Finally we reach Woosung,[†] a small tributary to the Yangtze, and swing by the harbor master's house, which is easily recognizable by all the signal apparatus outside.

The bar at Woosung, like the bar at Taku, is a major hindrance for the steamship traffic, since ships that draw more than 15 – 16 feet cannot go up to Shanghai until they unload a part of the cargo.

Bothe German and the French mail packets lie at anchor with a number of lighters alongside; other ships have cut too close to the riverbank and are stuck in the mud. "*Fei-Ma*" is flat-bottomed and crosses the bar without difficulty, but it is

* The Norwegian flag at the end of 1885 according to the official statistics was represented by ca. 80,000 tons, in- and out declared in the treaty ports. In the following five years our shipping went steadily *down*, primarily due to lack of information about conditions out there. When I arrived in China, the tonnage had reached a low point of 23,272 tons. *In the following year it rose to 106,383 tons, and at the end of 1892 to 138,255 tons, or a 600% increase in 2 years. A similar increase took place on the coasts of Japan and Korea. (See Imperial Chinese Trade Reports for 1892.)*

[†] [Actually the Whangpoo River. Woosung is another small tributary to the Whangpoo farther up.]

necessary to keep a sharp lookout and go upstream at half speed, since the stream of ships coming down the river form an almost unbroken line. We can get an idea of the traffic on this river when we hear that the value of Shanghai's import and export amounted to ca. 500 million *kroner* last year.

The banks are covered with factories, shipyards, and docks. It is easy to recognize that we are approaching one of the world's major trade centers. The river throws a curve, and then Shanghai lies before us; the East's most beautiful, cosmopolitan colony, which this autumn will celebrate its 50th anniversary.

The residents call their nest "The Model Settlement" with justifiable pride. One would have to search a long time among the European large cities before one would find such an immaculate, extraordinary city quarter as the English concession, which lies in the middle and is separated by wide canals from the French to the south and the American on the north.

The settlement's pride, and a sight worth seeing, is *The Bund*, a boulevard along the riverbank about two kilometers long and 40 meters wide. On one side there is an unbroken row of imposing, palace-like masonry buildings, where the major bankers and merchant princes have their offices. The Hongkong & Shanghai Bank, the Freemasons' Lodge, and the English Club are among the more prominent edifices. On the other side of the boulevard lies the city park with well-manicured lawns, where the children may be allowed to play after sunset, and out on the river a myriad of Chinese boats that move to and from the cosmopolitan gathering place.

Most of the seafaring nations that have interests in Asia choose Shanghai for their main outpost, which adds to the character of the settlement.

As we leave *The Bund* behind, the European styles of the buildings yield to a mixture with the Chinese. It is a compromise entered into between the European house owners and their Chinese renters. The population in the settlement is not only European and American, quite the contrary. According to the latest census there are not more than 4,000 whites against 150,000 Chinese, but these are strictly admonished to comply with the health commission's regulations, so that any hint of a typical Chinese big city's bad air is completely avoided.

One does not have to go far to find a sample of this. The old walled Chinese city of Shanghai, with about half a million residents, lies a little south of the French concession. I have often taken a trip there with my Chinese friends and together with these have visited the most see-worthy places, but I must admit that I have always felt more comfortable when we have returned to the settlement's wide, clean streets, even though the Chinese part of Shanghai is one of the better Chinese cities with regard to cleanliness.

It is difficult to imagine that just fifty years ago the colony at Shanghai was only a miserable, unhealthy stretch of swamps. We must admire the brave Anglo-Saxon pioneers, who settled down here in 1843 and founded the East's greatest port city despite all difficulties, and it must be with a proud feeling that the grey-haired settlers drive around in this beautiful spot they have created with their energy and enterprise. But this sentiment may be mixed with a little

bitterness at the thought of the Chinese and the Germans, who year by year win more ground in the world of commerce. One large Anglo-Saxon *hong* * after the other must give way for the *parvenus*, who now enjoy a great deal of the fruits without having planted and watered the land with their blood.

This seems to be the fate of the English all over. They are masters at forming colonies; the only nation that understand this art, but when the sharp competition arrives, they lag behind. Their trade policies seem to be too grandly conceived to fit our modern times. In the East we constantly hear complaints about *the Dutchmen* – by which generally is meant all the European nations except the Turks and the Portuguese – more and more *sneak themselves into all the places that rightfully belong to us (the English), who came here first*.

The Chinese have taken over almost all the retail trade in the treaty ports. It is impossible for the Europeans to sell as cheaply as the sons of Heaven, who can live on next to nothing. The Europeans have to be content if they can keep the large commercial agencies, and it is in this field that the Germans operate with steadily increasing success, partly with Chinese money, of which more and more steadily flow into the foreign companies. Much of the bank shares also are held in Chinese hands.

At present there are only two Norwegian or Swedish agency firms – one from each country. If these pioneers are successful, there will no doubt be more in the future, since China is a more than large enough market to absorb all that Scandinavia can produce. Only a little more entrepreneurial

* Anglo-Chinese pidgin for a merchant house.

spirit and a little less mistrust and backwardness, and the future may look bright.

Shanghai occupies a special position among all the other treaty ports, more independent of the foreign powers' consuls than its smaller siblings that do not have a Chinese population within their borders. Practically speaking, the settlement consists of two self-governing republics under the treaty powers' protection. All house owners are entitled to vote and elect a Municipal Council, which usually consists of influential merchants regardless of nationalities. The French settlement manages its affairs independently of the English and American, which have merged together. The only tax collected is 8% of the house rents. This thus is a quite substantial levy, but then one is free of all other burdens.

The republic does not maintain a fleet, though it is a "sea power" of the first rank. The army consists of a volunteer corps of a couple of hundred men, divided into regiments A, B, C, and D. These gentlemen have not always been only for show. The Battle by Muddy Flats (the present horse racing track) is written into the corps' history with bloody letters. There are many residents still living, who can tell you about *the glorious 4th of April* (1854), when the corps led by the foreign consuls took part in a victorious battle together with the crews on the English and American warships.

The corps functioned as a security guard until the Taiping Rebellion was finally crushed, 10 years later. The volunteers have since been relieved by a police force of 60 Europeans, 50 Indians, and about 250 Chinese, but it is always possible that

the Free Corps once more will have occasion to protect lives and property.

As in the other treaty ports, the consuls exercise full jurisdiction over their countrymen in cases that only concern the European residents. A mixed court – *The Mixed Court of Shanghai* – was established in 1864 for the Chinese residents.

This court system consists of a *Police Court*, where a Chinese magistrate presides in all criminal cases brought to him by the police and that also only pertain to Chinese lawbreakers.

A *civil court* for deciding disputes between the foreigners and the Chinese, or foreigners or Chinese with foreigners who are not represented by a consul.

A *criminal court* to try Chinese charged with criminal transgressions by foreigners. Foreigners, who have either *lost their nationalities* or are not represented by a consul, also are tried here.

When the civil or criminal court is convened, a European judge is appointed, who usually belongs to the English, American, or German embassy. The present arrangement is that the English and American judges each preside two days of the week and the German one day, but if another country's subject is involved, his consul presides. It was before this criminal court that the vagabond Sjørborg was tried last year, but in the Norwegian-Swedish consul's opinion, he had lost his Swedish citizenship. Our consul was legally correct, but since the American consul did not find the sailor to hold American citizenship, the English judge, Mr. George Brown, had no choice but to sentence Sjørborg to the humiliating punishment

for vagabonds, the *cangue*, hoping that Swedish and American consuls could agree to whom the man belonged. An example had to be made to stanch the ever increasing washing ashore of foreign flotsam. But he miscalculated.

A case that could have been resolved with the least bit of comity shown by the consuls raised an indignant storm from the European residents in China and Japan and got all the newspapers except *Der Ostasiatische Lloyd* to overflow with unflattering and unjustified statements about the sailor's presumed representative.

It was the first time that threats from The Mixed Court's magistrate was taken seriously, and the common opinion was that the entire European prestige in the East would be lost if the sentence was carried out. However, the Gordian knot was fortunately resolved by an American skipper, who agreed to take Sjørborg to San Francisco provided he was willing to work for his passage. All of Shanghai breathed freer, and the newspapers could exclaim, *Quel bruit pour une omelette!*

The Mixed Court is located in Nanking Road some distance from *the Bund*. In front of the court building there are some tall wooden cages where there always are some lawbreakers wearing the *cangue* as a warning to other would be wrongdoers.

They always seem to feel discomfited thus on exhibit, since there is nothing a Chinese fears more than shame. He would rather be flogged bloody than to be exposed to the contempt of his fellow citizens. Therefore it is easy to see what a powerful encouragement this public display is for the people to keep within the broad boundaries of the law.



Cangue punishments.

Punishment with the *cangue* is very common in Shanghai. Almost every day one or more sinners can be seen adorned with the uncomfortable collar to which a scrap of paper is affixed stating the nature and severity of the crime. The wretches are accompanied by a police constable, and this good shepherd usually station his sheep near a heavily trafficked area, especially on the bridge a little beyond the courthouse, where he can simply tie them to the railings with the chains

attached to the collars so that he will have no further bother with them. The Swede Sjøborg would have been thus exhibited on the bridge if the American skipper had not taken pity on him.

The numerous processions that pass through the streets every day is a much more pleasing sight. The Chinese love gaudy parades and they take every opportunity to have one. It may be a local saint that is to be honored, or some mandarin or other who is paying a visit to the European authorities.

According to our ideas these processions with a lot of shoddy finery are a little ridiculous, and it is almost impossible not to laugh a little when we for example see some minor functionary followed by a horde of banner bearers, drummers, and servants – dirty coolies, who are hired for the occasion and dressed in the most outlandish liveries. One might almost think that these poor, ragged creatures only are present in the parade to call attention to how exalted the elegant, silk-clad mandarin in the sedan chair is above other mortals.

But then on the other hand we have the beautiful bridal processions. They make a lively and pleasant sight. First come a couple of drummers dressed in the red color of joy and banners at the ends of the carrying pole. Several individuals follow after them carrying red wooden tablets with inscriptions, proclaiming for all to see the names and ranks, etc., of the bride and groom's parents. Then comes a horde of lantern carriers, "lictors," who are to clear the way, if anyone should dare interfere with the parade, banner bearers, etc., then a musical band playing "Here comes the bride." Then follow the bride's presents, most of which are carried on a splendid

palanquin usually adorned with gilded stands of flowers as symbol of affluence and numerous offspring, and finally the beautiful maiden herself, bedecked with all that art and nature can provide. Serious and solemn as is appropriate for a young lady on such an important occasion. May her betrothed prove a good and loving husband!

*

*

*

When the first Catholic priests arrived in the great empire in the East, they were received as honored guests. No hate of foreigners were heard of then, quite the contrary. They were *selected men*, these first messengers with the glad tidings, men who represented the best of European culture, intelligent men, and at the same time filled with the fire of enthusiasm.

No wonder that the Chinese, who value knowledge above all, received these learned apostles of Christ with open arms. The priests were welcome both in the emperor's councils and in scholarly circles. Ancestor worship, the foundation of the empire, was left alone at that time. The Jesuit Ricci even got the pope to approve it. This wise move brought thousands of Chinese over to the bosom of the Roman Church.

Among these was Ziu Kuang-ki, one of the emperor's ministers and chancellor of Hanlin University. He was given the baptismal name Paulus, since he wished to follow in the footsteps of the great apostle to the heathen.

Ziu was the most powerful and one of the few Chinese officials to have knelt before the Cross. He laid all of his

energy, all of his influence, onto the scales for his new faith, and this was soon needed.

The other monastic orders, the Franciscans and the Dominicans, of course could not abide the success the Jesuits had in China. Whole bands of them streamed out to the East, like the European adventurers when the goldfields in California were discovered. This proliferation would have been a benefit for the Roman Church if the apostles had worked together, but that they did not do. They began to fight over the quarry, and this caused the government to turn against them. An expulsion order was issued, but it was rescinded upon Ziu Kuang-ki's appeal to the emperor. The Jesuit Father Schaal, an outstanding German astronomer, was appointed as director of the Imperial Observatory in Peking, a position that he also kept for several years after the Manchu chieftain Sun-Shi had taken over the throne (1644). Ziu and Schaal were good friends. Together they translated a number of scientific and religious pamphlets. Since Ziu himself was a noted author, he could write with such skill and fluency that the books were read by the higher classes of society. He also wrote a defense of Christianity, which is inscribed on the marble monument outside one of the Catholic chapels in the vicinity of Shanghai.

His daughter Cornelia took over his work after the powerful minister died. This noble lady is said to have built more than thirty churches and to have published a couple of hundred religious books. She spent her whole fortune for the benefit of society's stepchildren. It is said that she even sold an honorary gown that Emperor Sun-Shi gave her so that she could give the proceeds to the poor. Her death caused general

sorrow among her countrymen as well as among the foreign missionaries who knew her. Father and daughter both lie buried in the village Ziukiawei, or Zikawei as it is called in daily speech, about 10 kilometers outside Shanghai.

After Cornelia's demise, the fighting among the monastic orders about ancestor worship became serious, and when the devout gentlemen also took to spinning plots aimed at winning a position of power in the empire, Emperor Kang-Hi lost his last shred of patience. For the sake of the empire's security, the bringer's of peace were expelled, and this expulsion order remained in force until the treaties after the 1st Opium War again opened the gates for the Catholic fathers.

Having learned from bitter experience, they have since refrained as much as possible from political intrigues – not so easy for them since it is in their blood. The fathers no longer go aggressively to work when trying to convert people. They have embraced the *colonial system* instead. The mission buys a tract of land and builds a hospital, a school, and a church. The excess land is subdivided into parcels and sold cheaply to the outcasts of society. The children get a good education and are trained in handcrafts. These colonies are found in all the provinces and are rapidly growing in size.

It is easy to see the importance this nursery schools will have, even if we ignore the religious parts. The clear, cold light of enlightenment will evaporate most of the old, outdated, murky ideas that still permeate this great, intelligent nation.

Zikawei, the Ziu family's ancestral estate, is the largest mission colony in China, and the Jesuits could not have chosen a better location to demonstrate their traditions.

Almost all Europeans and Americans who pass through Shanghai take a trip out to Zikawei, for this is one of the most see-worthy and educational places in the entire East. I have been there often and have learned something every time.

A couple of days before I left to go to Japan, I took another trip out there with some friends. After only an hour's drive on a splendid highway, we stopped outside the gate that leads into – the astronomical observatory. Yes; what cannot be found at Zikawei? The observatory is the Jesuit fathers' pet and pride; one of the largest and best in Asia.

One of the fathers is strolling in the garden. He looks like a full-blooded Chinese with queue and a long robe, but the luxuriant full beard betrays the European. He advances smilingly toward us and when I hand him a card of introduction from my friend, *Monsignor B*–, the smile changes to a hearty welcome.

The Father first shows us several meteorological instruments, which are placed around in the garden, and then takes us up onto the observation tower. There we get to see, besides the most modern equipment, a large clumsy azimuth circle. The inscription on the bow informs us that it is a gift from King Louis XIV to Emperor Kang-Hi. The instrument earlier stood in the observatory in Peking, but is now a relic, a witness to a bygone era in the field of astronomy.

There is also another museum piece up here. The Father points to a large pelt. "It is a little musty," he says, "and is up

here to be aired out, but, gentlemen, what kind of animal do you think it is from?"

We cannot guess; general silence.

"Well, it is a cross between a bear and a tiger. I don't think there is more than one other example, and it is in the zoological museum in Paris."

Below there is an excellent library. All the seafaring nations send meteorological reports to Zikawei; an indication of the observatory's high standing in the scientific world.

From the library we come again back into the workroom. Several Chinese astronomers – the Father's apprentices – are occupied with mapping wind and weather conditions along the coast. Paintings of the great Jesuit astronomers hang on the walls. Ricci, Schaal, and Verbiest, names that even the Chinese scholars speak about with the greatest reverence. Father Verbiest was, as mentioned above, head of the astronomy department under Emperor Kang-Hi. No European, except perhaps Sir Robert Hart, has been honored like Verbiest. The court's favor shone on the learned mission astronomer for more than thirty years.

The panting shows him standing beside a globe with a compass in his hand and dressed in a minister's splendid official robes.

The observatory in Zikawei is a great blessing for the coastal shipping. The many gifts displayed around in the rooms testify to the appreciation the skippers have for the Fathers' work.

The Father follows us farther along. A couple of cable lengths from the observatory, lies a large orphanage for boys.

It looks like a military barracks and it is almost a small army that is quartered here – 500 children, the outcasts of society that in one way or another have lost their caretakers.* Poor wretches, for whom the compassionate Fathers must substitute for both parents. Every child is welcome in the name of Jesus Christ.

On arrival, the children are first examined by the doctor, scrubbed down with pumice, thoroughly washed, and dressed in proper clothes. When they have been thus brought to order and have settled down their education begins. Their days are divided between intellectual activities and handcrafts.

It is very interesting to walk through the light-filled, airy school and work rooms. Almost all branches of industry are represented. Tailors, shoemakers, wood turners, carpenters, book binders, picture painters, etc., etc., are seen busily occupied in the respective departments under the supervision of masters, who have themselves once been one of these stepchildren. No children are allowed to leave the mission until they are able to support themselves in a proper way.

Many craftsmen in Shanghai can bless the day they came to the Fathers at Zikawei. Order, activity, and cleanliness rule in the buildings, which has a refreshing effect after having passed through the Chinese part of Shanghai.

The pupils especially excel in the arts of sculpture and painting. Some years ago, a Spanish Jesuit was in charge of the sculpture and woodcarving department. He preferred the

* Each Chinese clan is responsible for its own poverty relief system. If, however, a worker moves to another province, where none of his own clansmen live, he and his children have difficulty getting help.

modest position of a missionary to an artist's fame. The Father showed me one of the master's works that I will never forget; a figure of Christ with a rare pathetic, riveting expression. The Savior is dead, but a suggestion of life still lies over the face, *a promise of life after death*. The master had clearly put all the warmth of his soul into his work.

There are also many other beautiful figures to attract attention. St. Confucius, St. Mencius, the Virgin Mary, and China's patron saint, St. Joseph, seem to have been the artist's favorite subjects. The pupils have not shamed their European master's name. Almost all the religious furnishings needed by the Catholic churches in China are made here.

We walk over to the painting school across the yard. Fifteen rooms are dedicated for this use. It is quite remarkable to see how far the pupils have come as artists, even though most of the pictures are copies. The impression on the visitors is still somewhat varied. It is a little strange, I must say, to see this mixture of Chinese and European subjects. I had to smile a little and even the grave Father could not help himself from doing the same.

For example, look at the large painting over there on the wall! It shows an allegory of "the broad and the narrow way." On the broad and easy boulevard of life, a proud mandarin rides in a modern carriage with bicycle wheels. A couple of beggars run behind the carriage, but the great man is not concerned about the little people in society. He does not look to either the left or the right, and so he of course is headed straight into the sea of sulfur, where a terrifying devil with long claws stand ready to receive the reprobate.

On the cramped, narrow road crawl halt, blind, leprous, and other wretched beings, who certainly have experienced life on earth as a vale of tears, but behold! At the end of the road lies a magnificent palace and outside beautiful Chinese angels with large wings – of the female sex, of course – are waiting. They are needed, for the palace with the many rooms has many stories, and the wretches crawling along the narrow way will of course have difficulty climbing the stairs, and elevators have probably not been installed yet.

But up in the warm rooms the wretches will be seated at tables with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all their sorrows and sufferings will be forgotten, while the mandarin is burning. — — —

Another large wall painting. It is labeled "Torments of the Damned in the Flames of Hell." If there is anything that could scare the unsophisticated ordinary person away from the snares of sin, it must be this painting. What a chaos among the flames! No separation by rank or race here. Europeans and Chinese in brotherly companionship, but the mandarins get the worst of the torments. The Fathers seem to have taken a special interest in these obstinate gentlemen, who have no more intention of being counted among the one true church's flock than of going to the moon. One of them has been hoisted up under the roof of Hell. A large fire burns below him and a score little devils pull at his long robes to make sure the flames reach him. *Uff*, see how he writhes in pain, the sinner! That the fellow is not strangled or twists his neck off – that is a miracle the painter does not explain for us. — — —

All joking aside; these paintings, which later will be used for altarpieces, to say the least, look a little comical, so comical that only those who have drunk vinegar or otherwise have acquired too much of this life's sourness, can keep from laughing.

But we well understand the Fathers' purpose with these crass, graphic depictions of Christianity's dogma. Catholicism, like Buddhism, has been *pecially* designed to attract the *broad layers* of society and all those who need a hope for something better in the hereafter. As a reward for patiently submitting to their difficult lot, they are promised eternal happiness and joy, while they at the same time are consoled with the thought that rich men and the powerful here on earth, who down here only harass them, or do not care a whit for them, will be punished even worse in Hell.

Even if we disapprove of the Jesuits' motto: "The end justifies the means,"* we may rely on it that the Fathers know from experience how best to gather the masses around them. Whenever I visited one of their churches in China, they have been filled to overflowing – not just the devout, but also the curious, who with great interest studied the paintings.

To win the people to their side is an art that all priests do not understand. The Catholic Fathers do, and at the same time

* They have often acknowledged this maxim in practice, but *never* in theory. I still think that the Jesuit Busenbaum's words in *Medulla theologiae moralis*, "When the objective is permissible, then the means are also permissible," or the Jesuit Voit's, "To whom the objective is permitted, to him the means to achieve the objective are also permitted," justify me in summarizing the Jesuit ethic as I have done here.

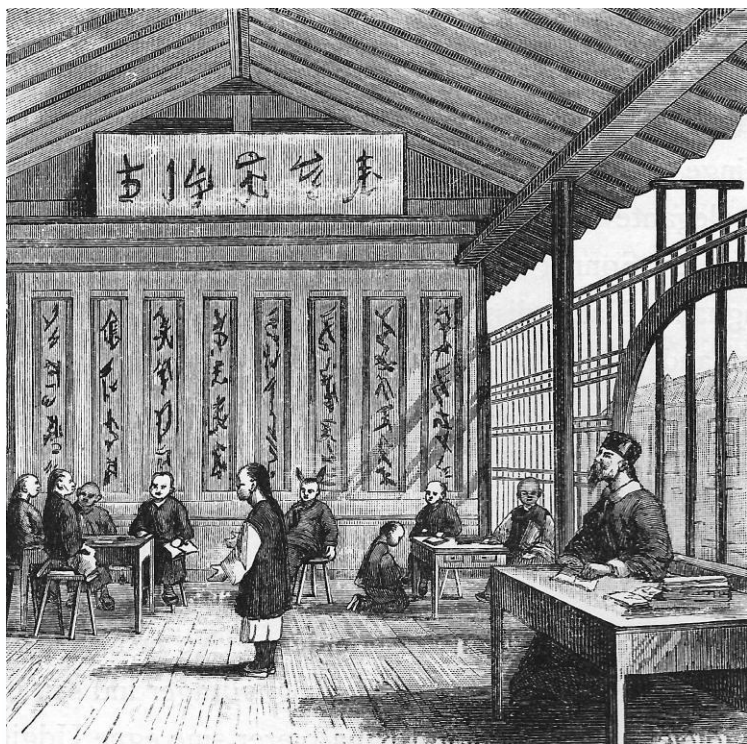
they pass out small, useful books with information about this world's practical affairs.

The mission statistics show that this way of proceeding is effective. *The church district Kiangnan – Shanghai and vicinity – has around a hundred thousand Catholic parishioners, while the Protestants in all of China's provinces hardly add up to a 1/3 of this number.*

The orphanage for girls lies nearby, but since the principles for this asylum, which is administered by the kindhearted sisters, are the same, we will not visit this, but pass on to Zikawei's academy.

The pupils for the school are selected from the most intelligent of the boys. The curriculum is about the same as in European schools *plus the Chinese Classics and the best of Chinese literature.* The Catholic missionaries, who through independent thought have reached a more liberal and rational perspective, have to some extent adopted Mohammed's words that *Allah gives all nations a prophet in their own language.* The fathers know very well that if they do not respect Confucius, they will find a cold reception for Jesus. They also know that if the impossible was to happen, that the Cross triumphs in the East, then the writings of Confucius, Lao-tse, and Mencius will also win enormous influence as Cicero's *De Officiis*, when the Cross won in the West. The Catholics have built their new system of education on the solid foundation that was laid a long time before they came to China and do not, like so many of the Protestants, try to hack pieces out of the wall. The Fathers have come to this point of view from bitter experience, and *if they were permitted* to take a different

position regarding *the ancestor worship*, the Roman Church would surely make much larger inroads among the broad layers of society in China.



A Chinese classroom.

A foreigner will find it rather odd the first time he enters a Chinese school. Like everything else, the methods of instruction are polar opposites from those in Europe. One of our teachers would prefer the classroom to be so quiet he could hear a pin drop. *In China, quiet is absolutely prohibited.* All the pupils yell as loud as they can when reading their lessons, since then the teacher knows that they are not sitting

there, "thinking," half asleep. The Father, who presided in the first classroom we came into, sat quietly at his desk in the Chinese manner and listened to the earsplitting racket without being bothered in the least; only now and then scolding those who betrayed their laziness by not yelling themselves hoarse.

We pass through several classes and come into the high school. Here we find the most intelligent of the colony's pupils; those who want to become teachers and priests. A beautiful sight, these quick, bright, and at the same time, so serious students. Not all here are orphans. We see some students dressed in fine silks. The Father tells us they are sons of wealthy Chinese in the vicinity of Shanghai. When these eventually rise to the top in their society and become influential, the Jesuits' work will surely be rewarded.

"A colony like Zikawei with its orphanages and schools must cost large sums of money?" I ask the Father. "No," he replied with a smile, "We Jesuits are good businessmen. Fifty years ago, when Shanghai was a stretch of marshland, we bought up large tracts in the new settlement. Now the marshes have become a great city and we charge so much in ground rents that our mission in China is quite self-supporting."

If only the Protestant churches had done the same, I thought; then millions would not need to be sent out from Europe and America every year; millions that could alleviate the needs of hundreds of thousands of poor people at home. We could also wish that the Protestants would adopt the Catholics' colony system instead of running around in the country willy-nilly. Finally, a heartfelt goodbye to our kindly *cicerone*. May their good work be rewarded in kind.

Chapter Seven

Every place in Dai Nippon has its own legend, its own saga; therefore it is necessary to make a short and undemanding tour of its history.

A legend about the creation of Japan – The first *mikado* – The importance of the *mikado* as an institution – The nation's division into two classes, the samurai and the farmers – Yoritomo Minamoto appointed as *Sei-i-Tai-Shogun* in 1192 – The Hojo- and Ashikaga period – "Emperor" Nobunaga – "The crowned monkey's" campaign in Korea – Japan's greatest son, Iyeyasu Togukawa – Preparations for the great social revolution – The "foreign" party and the national party – Commodore Perry's mission to Japan – "Taikun" – The revolution, or "The Restoration," breaks out – The *mikado* gets his old powers back – The greedy vultures from the West did not find any carrion – The old Chinese civilization wanes and the West's takes its place – The opening of Parliament in 1890 – The extra-territorial rights.

Dai Nippon,* the Island Empire farthest out to the east, fifty years ago was thought of as the symbol of all things beautiful, wondrous, and unknown; it was the Atlantis of the East, shrouded in supernatural radiance.

* Dai Nippon is the Japanese name for Japan.

The holy *mikado*, the descendant of the sun goddess, was surrounded by a mystical veil. No vulgar eye was allowed to view his sacred visage. He never left his palace, since even the sun was not seen worthy of shining upon him.

It was almost certain death for the Western barbarians to visit Nippon's hostile shores. The sight of a foreigner had the same effect on the Japanese as a red cloth on a bull ..., but now, *now* such a reaction is just about unimaginable. The new Japan has opened its brotherly embrace, "the old is forgotten, and everything is new." The farthest East and the farthest West have linked arms as equals. Now the barbarians are not only allowed to ogle Nippon's holy *mikado*, but some selected personages are even invited to his table on festive occasions.

Japan is the land of the future. Within not too many years the Island Empire will perhaps play the same role in Asia as Great Britain in Europe; within a few years the romantic, alluring veil that still lies over the East's Atlantis, will dissipate like dew before the rising sun, and the thousands of English and American tourists, for whom life has no meaning, no content, and no purpose, will soon be forced to find other unexplored regions, where they with more self-assurance can write their *vidi* in the visitors' book.

Travels under foreign skies are more interesting and informative in proportion to the prior knowledge one possesses. This axiom is especially applicable to visits in the land of the rising sun, where every foot of land has its own legend, its own saga. History has always been my favorite field of study. *When one knows history, it is easier to form correct opinions about the present and the great questions about the future that*

occupy human thought. I therefore propose that the reader and I take a short and undemanding tour through Japan's history* before we go onboard the steamship that will take us to the Paradise of the East.

*

*

*

The Japanese are a mixed race like the English. Chinese, Mongols, Manchurians, and Koreans have sailed from Korea across to the islands. Together with Malaysians from the south, they have little by little displaced the country's aborigines, the Ainu, or have mingled with them.

The nation's earliest history is, like those of all other peoples, shrouded in a mystical murk. According to one of the old legends about the creation of the earth, a pair of gods, Isanagi and Isenam, once stood on the bridge across the heavens and discussed the possibility of a world existing below. Isanagi thrust his lance through the clouds down into the ocean below. The water drops that dripped from the lance as he pulled it back became islands – the future Japan. The divine pair had five children, one of whom, the sun goddess Amaterasu, sent her grandson Ninigi-no Mikoto to rule over the earth (Japan). His successor was Jimmu-Tenno, the first *mikado*,[†] with whom the history of Japan begins in 660 B.C.

* While working out this sketch, I have consulted most of the historical works available in English, French, German, and Dutch and made corrections with help from Japanese friends.

[†] *Mikado* means "the high gate." *Tenno* – "the Vicar of Heaven."

During the first millennium, the country was divided into several small states that gathered around the largest one in the middle, where the descendants of the sun goddess ruled with unlimited powers. The *mikado* was acknowledged by all the minor princes as their overlord and the final authority in all disputes, but was not allowed to interfere in the domestic government of the vassal states. The whole nation looked up to the throne with fear and respect. These emotions for the ruler later grew into a kind of reverence, which became, and to some degree still is, a powerful religious and political force in the system of government. The *mikado* was not only the nation's first servant, but a demi-god, the Vicar of Heaven. His Heavenly ancestors had created the earth on which the people lived, and his intercession could avert the wrath of Heaven and bring the nation good fortune and blessings.

It is difficult for Europeans to appreciate the significance of the *mikado's* station in Japan. The Japanese ruling family has never had a name; it was not needed, since there has been only one for two and a half thousand years. The prestige of the title remained the same, even if the person holding it was a good-for-nothing without a trace of a ruler's virtues or real power. The *mikado* was the only one who could confer rank or authority on a subject, whether willingly or under duress. Whenever great generals or statesmen have arisen, who by force or deceit managed to gather the reins of government into their hands, they have first sought to gain control of the *mikado's* person, but it has never happened that one has dared to arrogate the holy name of *mikado* for himself. The nation would have risen *en masse* to bring down the blasphemer.

Only if the powerful subject could prevail on the mikado to grant him authority and rank could he win the people's love and lasting submission. Only then would the upstart's enemies be considered rebels in the eyes of the people.

The golden age of the *mikados* lasted until Buddhism came to Japan in the seventh century. Up to then the occupants of the throne had been the rulers in both name and reality, but then nature took its course. The old family weakened, and powerful noble families grew up around the throne and dictated the nation's laws in the name of an underage or half-witted *mikado*.*

As the sovereigns real power diminished, the holiness of his person grew. The *mikado* was surrounded by a wall of etiquette that separated him from the outside world. The relationship between ruler and subject in this way became quite mythical, and thus the way was cleared for an ambitious and capable man, who could gather to himself all real power, while leaving the nominal honor and sanctity to the *mikado*. The ruler's incompetence and weakness became the source of anarchy and other disasters in Japan as in so many other countries. *History shows us that a nation should only have one strong power center. More just gives ambitious, egoistic demagogues or generals free room to play. The friends of the people have generally proved to their worst tyrants when they come to power.*

* After Buddhism was introduced, the ambitious counselors would appeal to the young *mikado's* religious convictions. He would usually abdicate in order to join a monastery after coming of age and having produced children, and a new regency would have to be formed.



Ainus.

Japan has never been a fruitful field for demagogues. On the other hand, the relationship of the conquerors with the half-wild aborigines gave rise to militarism, and feudalism followed with the dominance of the soldiers. The realm was divided into fiefs to award successful warriors, who then fought with each other. A national unity has not existed since the Europeans came to Japan; only a sort of conglomerate of entities in which the divergent forces constantly threaten to overcome the forces of cohesion. Since the military regent, who ruled in the *mikado's* name, usually had his own capital city, most European works about Japan, even our school books, state that the country has two rulers, one "religious," the *mikado*, and one "secular," the *shogun*, *but there has never been more than one ruler*, just as there was only *one* king in France under the Merovingians.

The *mikado* was the nation's ruler in both theory and practice until military became dominant. I will briefly describe how his power shrank to a shadow of its former might.*

Before the eleventh century, the *mikado's* real domain consisted only of the larger, southwesterly half of the Japanese islands. In the north lived the half-wild Ainu tribes, which only force kept in awe of the civilized conquerors. It was necessary to keep permanent garrisons at the most important points. This required a lot of soldiers, and *the court in Kyoto decreed that the people should be divided into two classes*. The talented ones, who also were good riders and archers, would form the first class, *the military*, and the rest of the people, *the farming class*.

The issuance of this decree is almost the most important event in Japan's history. One part of the people was elevated so high that it was possible for these chosen ones to develop both their physical and intellectual characters. They formed a military and literary knighthood. They were men who always wanted to learn. From the *samurai* have come all the great thoughts and ideas that have occupied the nation. He is still the most brilliant exemplar of the nation. The Japanese knight did not resemble our ignorant robber barons of the Middle Ages. Here in Japan the dominance of the sword and the spirit has almost always been united. It will therefore not surprise anyone that *it was this ruling class that in 1869 carried out the reforms that swept away forever both their own power and*

* Some readers will perhaps think I mention more names than strictly necessary in the following. The reason is that these names are tied to the places we shall visit in Japan.

that of their hereditary chief, the shogun. Just because they saw that this change was necessary for the welfare of the whole nation. A realm cut up into fiefs with a *mikado* party and a *shogun* party would not have been able to resist the avaricious people from the West, who, armed with better weapons and in the name of Christ, were attempting to disrupt the relatively happy circumstances under which the nation had lived for millennia. A united people, a united realm, with *one* central authority *might – the new Japan is the result of the Japanese knighthood's love for their country.*

The farmer has remained the same for centuries. Few of the new ideas and thoughts imported from China or the West have reached down to his rice paddies. He hates all the changes, which raise his taxes. If they get too high, it is not impossible that an uprising may occur. It has happened before. The Japanese farmer neither can nor will look outside his own narrow horizon.

At the time when the people were divided into classes, one noble family, the Fujiwaras,^{*} had gained great influence at court. The feeble ruler turned the burdens of governing over to them, preferring to give himself over to sensual pleasures with his concubines in the palace's inner apartments. As long as the Fujiwara family was headed by capable statesmen and warriors, both military and civil offices were held by them or their adherents, but when all warlike spirit little by little faded

^{*} About half of the present nobility are descended from the Fujiwara clan. The progenitor was a servant of the first *mikado*, Jimmu Tenno. The family thus can show a line of descent equally as long as the *mikado*'s. The present empress was born Haruko Fujiwara.

from the halls of the court in Kyoto,* the hardships of the field were left to the hardier and more valiant families, the Taira and Minamoto.

This went well, as long as these generals, or *shōguns*, were kept busy controlling the *Ainu* tribes, but when the country was pacified and the victors returned to the capital, those who had borne the burdens felt they had also earned the right to power. Soon there was open strife between the three families. The result was that the Taira family gained possession of the palace and *the mikado's person*. Thus they were masters of the situation, and all members of the Fujiwara and Minamoto families that were considered dangerous, had to bite the dust.

The Taira clan reached the pinnacle of power under Kiyomori. About a hundred of its members occupied all the major fiefs and offices, and Kiyomori, who himself held the empire's top civil and military authority, got one of his daughters married to the *mikado*. His family's dominance seemed secure for a long time to come when he died in 1181, but the man who would bring the Taira down was already born. Kiyomori must have had an intimation of this shortly before he died, since on his deathbed he told his vassals and sons to set Yoritomo Minamoto's head on his grave as soon as possible.†

Here we must go a couple of years back in time. When the Taira family came to power, the head of the Minamoto clan

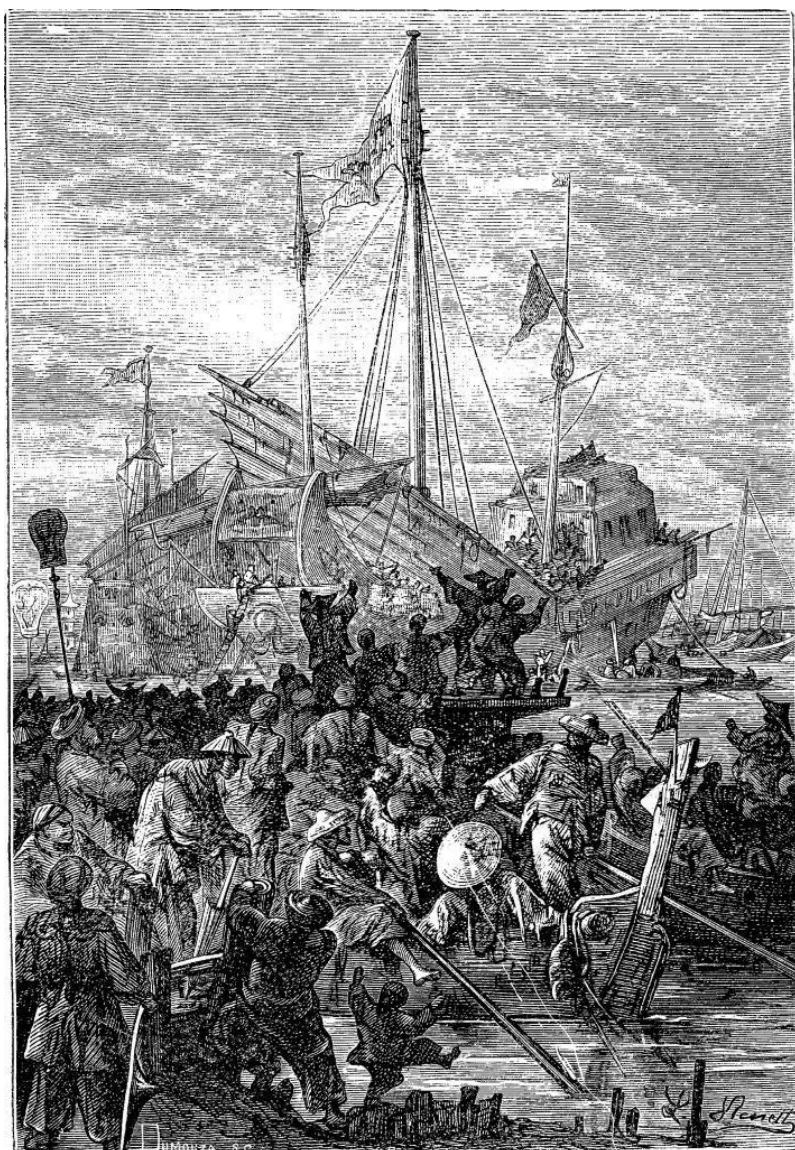
* Inheritance has always played a major role in Japan. Most offices passed from father to son by inheritance. Thus the *mikado's* 1st Counselor for several centuries was a Fujiwara, and the office of *Sei-i-tai Shōgun* was held by the Minamoto and Togugawa families.

† Not exactly a pious request by a dying man.

was beheaded and his young wife fled to the north with her two sons to escape the executioner's axe. Her oldest son was Yorimoto, later the empire's first *Sei-i-tai-Shōgun*.^{*} the youngest Yoshitsuné, who still today is a role model for Japanese youngsters. The escape did not succeed. Taira's bloodhounds captured the fugitives, and they were brought back to Kyoto, where they presumably would have shared the fate of the rest of the family if Kiyomori, the son of the head of the Taira family, had not fallen in love with the boys' mother. On her entreaty, they were spared and sent to a monastery. Here the last shoots of the Minamotos grew up to become strong men with only one thought – revenge for the murder of their father.

They broke out of the monastery at their first opportunity and gathered the family's old adherents around them. In Kiyomori's last days, the flames of civil war had already begun to flare up. It therefore was not remarkable that the old Taira patriarch, who thought of the family's future, should ask his sons to set Yoritomo's head on his grave. However, that is not what happened. After Kiyomori's death, the Minamotos won more and more ground. Yoritomo established himself in the village Kamakura, a short distance from the present Yokohama, and from here he began expanding toward the north and south. Several battles were fought between the Tairas and the Minamotos near Lake Hakoné with varying outcomes. However, the fortunes of war soon turned to

^{*} Literally: "*Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force against the Barbarian*." The title recalls the Roman *Imperator*, but the office was more like *Major Domo* under the Merovingians.



Kublai Khan readies a fleet.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Yorimoto's advantage. The capital city Kyoto was taken, and the whole Taira family fled southward with the 7 year old *mikado* and finally had to take refuge onboard their ships. Yoritomo installed an older brother on the throne, and Yoshitsuné gathered a fleet of more than 500 ships and sailed after the fugitives. A decisive battle was fought among the islands outside the present city of Shimonoseki; one of the most frightful in the history of the empire. Yoshitsuné won after a desperate resistance. Kiymori's widow, his daughter, the empress dowager, the little *mikado*, and thousands of the clan's vassals and adherents found death among the waves.

With this all resistance ceased, and Yoritomi now began to organize the domestic governance of the country and heal the wounds left by the civil war. Kamakura, where he had first chosen for his residence, was fortified all around. The population increased at an astonishing rate, and the victorious general's capital could soon compete with Kyoto in magnificent temples and palaces. In 1192 Yoritomi received the title of *Sei-i-tai-Shōgun* from the *mikado*.

This office existed right up to 1868, and since these *imperatores* were the rulers of the empire in practice, even though they nominally acknowledged the divine *mikado* as their sovereign, it was understandable that the Europeans believed the powerful military vassal was Japan's rightful "secular" emperor.

Yoritomi is considered one of the most competent rulers and generals that the country has had. However, like all great men he also had great faults. Thus he let his brave, chivalrous older brother, Yoshitsuné, Japan's Bayard, be killed from envy

over his victory in a sea battle at Shimonoseki, but the people forgave many of his crimes for the outstanding abilities as a ruler he exhibited after coming to power.

After Yoritomi died, it went downhill again for the Minamoto clan. His wife Masako's family, the Hōjō, took the power out of his grandson's hands. However, they did not dare assume the title, but under the title *shikken* ruled both the *mikado* in Kyoto and the *shōgun* in Kamakura. Their rule was a stage play. Children with high-sounding titles sat on the thrones, while the *shikken* held the power.

Generally, the Hōjō were competent rulers. The land had peace for about two hundred years. Literature, arts, and science bloomed like never before. The people's warlike spirit was also kept alive by military theater plays, which probably helped the brave and talented Tokimune Hōjō destroy the Chinese-Mongolian armada that Kublai Khan* sent out in 1291 to conquer Japan.

But Hōjō had to share the fate of all the old clans. Tyranny and extortions rose to such a degree under the last feeble sprig of the old stem that the people's patience broke. The adherents of the *mikado* rose *en masse* under Nitta Yoshisada, a descendant of the Minamoto family, and in 1333 Kamakura was taken and the Hōjō clan's power broken. The old authority was restored to the *mikado* Go-Daigo, but it seemed that Japan could not do without strong military rule, since only a few years later one of the generals, Takauji Ashikaga, who had helped the *mikado* come to power, managed to make himself

* Kublai Khan ruled over a larger number of people than any other human, before or since.



The Japanese fight off the Mongol armada.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

master of Kamakura and forced the outwitted ruler in Kyoto to bestow the title and authority of *Sei-i-tai-Shōgun* on him. However, this did not come to pass without a bloody civil war.

Ashikaga's family, an offshoot of the Minamotos, managed to stay in power until 1572. Almost all of this period was a long series of troubles and hardships. Powerful clans carried on endless feuds between each other. Agriculture declined, since mercenary service was better paid. In addition, there were earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and typhoons. Almost all Japanese dramas and novels are about the Ashikaga period. There is plenty of material.

To fill the cup to overflowing, in the last years of the clan's dominance, the islands' existence became known to European pirates and slave traders, and in the wake of the Christian bandits followed missionaries, cannon, venereal disease, and other calamities.

The last *shōgun* of the Ashikaga family was deposed in 1573 by Oda Nobunaga, a descendant of the old Taira clan. This gentleman is described in "The History of the Church" as a very tall man with a sickly appearance, but with a heart and soul that transcended all physical deficiencies; ambitious, brave, noble spirited, brilliant intelligence, etc. However, the Jesuits' description of "the emperor," as they called Nobunaga, should be taken with a grain of salt, since what he became especially known for was his enmity to the Buddhist priesthood, which had acquired a power that could be dangerous for the state's security. Nobunaga managed to destroy the priestly hierarchy by demolishing several of their fortified monasteries, such as Hieizan by Lake Biwa and Hongwanji in

Osaka. The Catholic missionaries also were favored in every way in order to provide a counterweight to Buddhism. This fact may also have something to do with the extraordinary praise the Jesuits heaped on Nobunaga's memory after his death.

Nobunaga was murdered in Kyoto by a vassal he had offended, and since his children did not possess the abilities needed to keep the warlike vassals in check, Hideyoshi* succeeded in gaining the reins of the government. This man, whose appearance gave his enemies occasion to call him "the crowned monkey," had worked himself up from a simple soldier to become a powerful vassal under Nobunaga.

When Hideyoshi had gotten firmly into the saddle, he did all he could to develop the empire's resources, which had been so sadly neglected during the Ashikaga period; navigable rivers were dredged, canals dug, and hundreds of bridges still today bear witness to his energetic activities. Hideyoshi's government was very popular, especially among the common people, since he enforced the laws without regard to rank. He won over his rival and mighty vassal, Iyeyasu Tokugawa, by giving him his sister in marriage.

In order to give unruly heads and all idle soldiers something to do, Hideyoshi in the last years of his life outfitted a mighty army and fleet with which he intended nothing less than the conquest of Korea and China. At first glance, such an enterprise sounds ridiculous, but China has never maintained much of a military force, and a couple of centuries earlier, Kublai Khan had easily conquered the

* Best known as *Taiko Sama*.

country with his Mongols. Nor did China and Korea possess the Western nations' weapons, while Japan had bought large quantities of from the Europeans. Hideyoshi wished to lead the army over to Korea, but age began to press on him, and on his mother's entreaty he remained at home and gave the command to Kato Kiyomasa, who later became known as a bitter persecutor of Christians. Under him served Konishi Yukinaga, an ardent Christian and protector of the Jesuits. All of Korea was conquered, and the Japanese prepared to continue on into China, when several Chinese armies were sent against them, and they were forced to return. At the same time it was reported that Hideyoshi had died in Kyoto. All thoughts of conquest then fell away. Peace was concluded with Korea, and the troops embarked for home with a wealth of plunder.

Thus ended this shameful pillaging raid on the peaceful Korean nation. Hideyoshi's conduct can hardly be excused. His motive was only to be rid of ambitious generals and unruly soldiers, who have always been the main source of the empire's misfortunes.

Now the old game of who was to succeed as the empire's military head started up again. It could not be Hideyoshi's 6 year old son. A strong ruler was needed, and fortunately for the country, the aforementioned Iyeyasu was the victor in a bloody battle at Sekigahara near Lake Biwa. Many questions were decided here. *Peace in Japan for 250 years. The claims of the Nobunaga and Hideyoshi's families were eliminated. The fate of Christianity. Confirmation of the divided system of*

*government and the heritability of the shogunate in Iyeyasu Tokugawa's family.**

Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa family, is without a doubt the greatest of Japan's regents. He was a model for all times and all nations of a general, statesman, and human being. This space does not permit even a short sketch of Iyeyasu's career. It must be enough to state that Japan owes an unbroken peace for almost three centuries under rarely seen fortunate circumstances to the great *shōgun's* wisdom, diplomatic skills, and foresight. He died in 1616, mourned by the whole nation and was canonized by the *mikado* as Tōshō Daigongen – "The Great Gongen, Light of the East." Iyeyasu's memory will always be blessed by Nippon's sons and daughters.

The *samurai* did not have much use for their swords during this long period of peace, and so they seized their pens. The campaign in Korea and the Manchu conquest of Peking, which had the same effect in Asia as the fall of Constantinople on western Europe, brought many Chinese scholars and philosophers over to Japan. This began a widespread intellectual activity that moved like an electric current through the Island Empire, asking new questions and spreading new ideas. The military-literary class began to seriously study the old Shinto religion, the Confucian classic books and history, which lifted the half-mythical veil that obscured the relationship between the *mikado* and the *shōgun*.

* Neither Nobunaga nor Hideyoshi bore the title of *Sei-i-Tai Shōgun*, since this office by general consent belonged to the Minamoto family.

The main principles of the Shinto philosophy can be summarized as:

1. You shall honor the gods and love your country.
2. You shall obey the commands of Heaven and fulfill your duties to your neighbor.
3. You shall show respect to the *Mikado*, your Lord, and obey the commands of the government.

Confucius political philosophy determines the relationship between prince and counselor, parents and children, husband and wife, siblings, and friends.

All these authorities pointed at the *mikado* as the country's only rightful ruler, and a large part of the academic world was gripped by a burning desire to restore the *shōgun's* subordinate position. The old noble families, who only reluctantly had accepted the military commander as their supreme leader, joined with the students, and soon a unanimous call sounded all along the line. *The mikado belongs to us all. He alone is our rightful ruler.* Only a spark was needed to light a revolutionary fire that would sweep away the feudal system and the shogunate. This spark came from abroad.

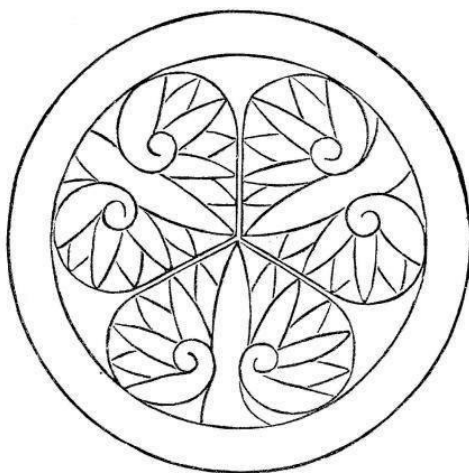
In 1840 English cannon were heard on China's coast. The opium poison was to be forced onto a nation that centuries ago had replaced the barbaric language of physical power with intellectual pre-eminence. The thunder of "civilization's" cannon was also heard over in the Island Empire, whose people only wished to live in isolation from the outer world in accordance with Iyeyasu's law that forbade foreigners to step onto Japan's sacred soil.

As soon as the Japanese heard about China's humiliation by the treaty in Nanking, many of them began to wake up to the seriousness of the situation, and this resulted in the formation of a "foreign" party and a fanatic, religiously inspired "national" party.

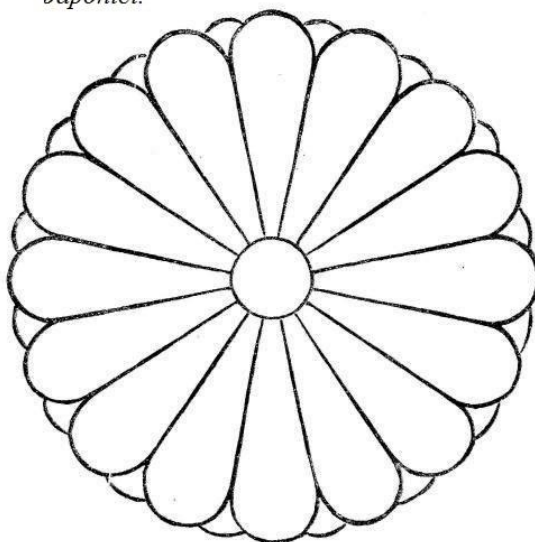
The former could see that the barbarians would not be satisfied with the humiliation of China, but would soon come knocking on Japan's closed gates and say: "We are the strongest, and in this century we will not permit any nation to close itself off from intercourse with us. We are coming to force our friendship onto you and oblige you to buy our goods in order to keep the chimneys in Manchester and Philadelphia smoking."

The "foreign" party wanted to open the gates, or at least, change the law prohibiting foreigners to enter. The "national" party cried out with fanatic fervor that the Chinese were cowardly dogs, and the foreigners should be met with cannon.

In 1853 an American squadron arrived under Commodore Perry to conclude a trade treaty. He went to anchor outside the Tokugawa *shōguns'* capital at Yedo instead of negotiating with the *mikado* in Kyoto. Iyesada, the *shōgun* at the time, pulled the wool over the eyes of the barbarians, who, of course, did not know the history of the empire, but at the same time he had to be careful not to offend the "national" party. During the negotiations with Perry, who brought letters addressed to "the emperor" of Japan, he used the title of *taikun*, a Chinese word that can mean either "great prince" or "overlord." Commodore Perry had no idea that he was negotiating with a subject, and the Americans, like the



The three-leaved asarum or *kamon*, which Kaempfer in his work on Japan erroneously calls *Insignia Imperatoris Japonici*.



The sacred chrysanthemum flower.
The *mikado's* old and new symbol.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

missionaries before them, assumed the Tokugawa family's emblem, three hollyhock leaves inside a circle, was the Japanese state's coat of arms, since it was seen everywhere, in temples, on the façade of official buildings, and on the flags waving on the ships. What else would they think? The *mikado's* old symbol, the chrysanthemum flower, had almost been forgotten even by the Japanese people.

The result of the negotiations with the *taikun* was a treaty that "opened" the ports at Shimoda and Hakodate and allowed the Americans to establish a consulate in Shimoda, about 80 miles from Yedo [Tokyo]. Perry remained a while in Japan and got some models of railways, steamships, telegraph stations, and other Western inventions sent over. In 1858 an additional treaty, the "Harris Treaty," was signed, which further "opened" the ports at Kanagawa and Nagasaki, and later also the ports of Niigato and Hyogo, for trading with the barbarians. The *taikun* signed the documents on the 29th of July *without asking the mikado for permission* – and in August he was murdered by the fanatics.

From this moment on murder of the foreigners and their protectors was the order of the day. Fanatical patriots came in hordes from the interior of the country to kill the barbarians and then commit *hara-kiri*.^{*} Others contented themselves with

^{*} *Hara-kiri* is committing suicide by cutting open the abdomen. When a man had perpetrated a murder, he would commit *hara-kiri* in order to show that he, who had taken a life, also had the courage to take his own. If he survived his crime, he was disgraced and was prosecuted under the law. It happened often that two antagonists would agree to commit *hara-kiri* together and in this way end all strife. The public attitude to *hara-kiri* is beginning to change and the practice is not as widespread as it once was.

attacking the *shōgun's*, or as it was now called, the *taikun's*, government with ferocious proclamations.

One of them claimed that "the government joins with greedy merchants and drunken sailors from the West to destroy the National Party. Though we are stupid and wretched creatures, we strictly adhere to the wise laws that Iyeyasu,* the great Tokugawa, left us. In recent times we have seen flocks of foreign enemies stream into our harbors, and quite recently the government has, by concluding treaties with them, led the empire down a road that will lead to its ruin. If the *shōgun* is not strong enough to drive out these barbarians, we, who do not possess a thousandth part of his means, will do it. We are firmly determined to maintain Iyeyasu's laws.

Besides, why should we tolerate the insolent envoys from foreign countries in Yokohama? Merchants only need warehouses. It was explicitly decided that commercial treaties should only be concluded with foreigners after repeated and deferential requests. Instead of receiving this preferential treatment as a favor, they now dare to claim these treaties as their lawful rights. They are now, as in the old days, permitted to suck money out of the country – just so they do not steal too much.

It is also with great sadness that we have heard the government make allusions to the governmental systems of foreign countries and about transferring governing powers into

* Iyeyasu wrote a book of laws called "Iyeyasu's Testament" before he died. One of his laws forbade Europeans access to the country. He had seen enough of them to understand that the danger would come from that quarter.

the hands of officials. You (the *shōgun*) expose yourself to sharp criticism and awaken suspicion in your faithful vassals. Is there a foreign nation that has a system of government as perfect as ours? Does anyone else have a *mikado* who is descended from the gods? You well know that authority flows from one source only, the *mikado*. We wish to put a stop to all intercourse with the foreigners. They have no more right to be in the country now than in the old days. The only difference is that then they had sailing ships and now they have steamships. Well, good, so much faster can they be gone."

This document clearly shows us the thoughts and ideas that the nationalist party promulgated at that time and also that *there already existed a deep movement that could lead to the fall of the shogunate and a social revolution*. The only difference between the two parties probably was about Japan's relationship with the foreigners and their civilization.

Not until 1861, after an attack on the British legation and the murders of several foreigners, did the Europeans, who had begun to study the Japanese language, discover that the treaties were not considered as legally valid by the patriots, since they were only signed by the *shōgun*, the *mikado's* vassal, and that the *shōgun* had duped the foreigners by calling himself "*taikun*."

However, the Europeans now had firm footholds in the country and were not about to retreat.

Lord Palmerston one day asked the secretary of the Japanese legation, who had been sent to Europe to explain the situation, who had signed the treaties.

"The *taikun*."

"And who is the *taikun*?"

"The mightiest of the vassals."

"Good," Palmerston replied, "The *taikun*" signed the treaties. We must assume he had the right to do so and by supporting him we will give him the means to have them respected."

This policy seemed to be the most expedient, but the result was that the *daimyo* abandoned their military leader and gathered around the *mikado*.

A crisis was in the offing. Thousands of noblemen and their followers gathered around Satsuma, Mito, Hori, and other nationalist leaders. The *taikun* made the best arrangements he could to meet the coming storm. He realized that he could stay in power if he allied himself closer with the foreigners. Steamships and cannon were bought and soldiers were equipped with rifles and trained by French officers. The result met expectations. The nationalist party split up as chaff before the wind, and the *mikado* was forced to acknowledge the treaties that his chief vassal had signed.

This easy victory opened the eyes of the foreign-hostile party. They now saw clearly the Japan's salvation lay in the parties uniting and partial acceptance of Western civilization.

A couple of years later, in 1867, the young *shōgun* died childless, and Keiki, son of Prince Mito,* the leader of the nationalist party, was chosen to inherit the shrinking power of *shōgun* with the assent of the *mikado*, who now for the first time had a say in who was to hold this position. The *mikado*

* Prince Mito was a close relative of the late *shōgun*.

died shortly thereafter, and his son, the 16 year old Mutsuhito, ascended the throne.

Keiki was a man with many talents and inspired by a warm love for his country, but had a rather changeable mind. He retired when he saw that the existence of the shogunate was all that stood in the way of the parties unifying, but then later moved to take over the reins of the government again, when many of the Tokugawa family's vassals were discontented with the policies followed by the new *mikado's* counselors. The result was a short, but bloody civil war. Keiki, who realized that the fratricidal strife could go on for years, finally made a firm decision, stepped down from the military throne for the second time and retired to private life.

Thus the military rule in Japan came to an end. Keiki, who died in 1884, was the fifteenth *shōgun* of the famous Tokugawa family and the thirty-ninth *Sei-i-Tai Shōgun* of Japan.

Shortly after the *mikado* had gotten his ancestors' powers back, Okubo, one of the social revolution's most prominent leaders, published a pamphlet declaring: "For centuries our emperor has lived in the interior of the palace and never been seen by the people. No sounds from the outer world penetrated to his sacred ears. Only a few courtiers have been allowed to approach the throne, a custom that is diametrically opposed to the commands of Heaven. It is a citizen's first duty to respect his superiors, but not too highly, since then a wall is created between the lord and his subjects, who will not be able to let their needs be known. This wretched custom has been practiced for centuries, but let now all pompous etiquette be

abolished. Kyoto is not suitable for the seat of the government. Let His Majesty move his residence to Osaka until further notice and thus get rid of one of the many abuses that have descended through the centuries."



Keiki, the last *Sei-i-Tai Shōgun* of Japan.

The pamphlet caused a great sensation, and the result was that the *mikado* for the first time appeared in the midst of his council surrounded by Japan's highest nobles, swore an oath as

the real ruler, and promised that "an advice-giving assembly was to be formed. All proposals are to be decided by the people. The uncivilized old customs shall be abolished. Impartiality and fairness shall be shown. Knowledge will be imported from the whole world in order to give the realm a new foundation." With this the new Japan's history began.



The *mikado* on his throne prior to the social revolution.

It was a Herculean task the young emperor and his counselors had embarked upon. The country was fortunate in

having sons like Okubo, Sanjo, Iwakura, Kido, and many other luminous names, which always will be mentioned in connection with this remarkable social revolution. The nation still consisted of numerous clans with their own special interests. The feudal structure was doomed as a system of government, but the *daimyo* still sat with their fiefs. New blood was needed in the nation's veins. Japan must be developed in material respects in order to be able to resist the greedy Christian nations that were cruised like hawks around the islands – *but they did not find any carrion. The Japanese reformers headed by the young emperor rose to meet the challenge. The country has come victoriously out of the crisis.* The *daimyo* quietly relinquished their power and retired to their private lives. A few sparks flamed up out of the old system and resulted in a couple of short, bloody civil clashes, but the reform movement went steadily ahead.

The Japanese have swarmed around in Europe and America like bees for more than thirty years, gathering honey from all the flowers. They went to Germany for most of their new constitution and the blue-yellow artillery uniform and parts of the army organization. From England they got their railway system, engineers, and court etiquette – the last article could have been lost in transmission without being missed.

From France they got a small part of the constitution, army organization, infantry uniforms, cookbooks, etc., and thus a little from each country where there was something worth imitating.

We see the Japanese in most of Europe and America's major cities with notebook in hand, always ready to jot down new information. In universities, in courtrooms, factories, in short everywhere where it is possible to learn something, the islanders are present and probing, and the raw information gathered is easily processed and sorted out in Japanese brains. This is shown by the practical results that the returning students have attained to their nation's benefit. A modern army and navy have been created based on the students' objective observations. The most modern educational institutions have been established, even for girls — which says a lot for an Asian nation. The country is crisscrossed by railroads and telegraph lines, coastal waters and lakes are covered with steamships. Remarkably enough, all this activity has not caused much of a reaction. The people steadily advance along the path of progress. That this competitive race with the Western nations has its dark sides, goes without saying, but on the whole it must be said that the Japanese people has been extremely fortunate in having so many great sons during this severe and difficult transition period, and that the opening of the country occurred in the era of iron, steel, steam, and electricity.

However, the most remarkable of all the new institutions is the new representational constitution that went into force with the opening of Parliament on the 29th of October, 1890. The *mikado* had already announced in a proclamation of 12 October 1881 that the nation was to get a democratic constitution in 1890, if his ministers at that time believed the people were ready to govern themselves.

The emperor's speech at this historical event read as follows:

"We announce to the members of the House of Peers and to those of the House of Representatives-

That all institution relating to internal administration, established during the period of 20 years since our accession to the Throne, have been brought to a state approaching completeness and regular arrangement.

By the efficacy of the virtues of our ancestors, and in concert with yourselves, we hope to continue and extend those measures, to reap good fruits from the working of the Constitution, and thereby to manifest, both at home and abroad, the glory of our country and the loyal and enterprising character of our people.

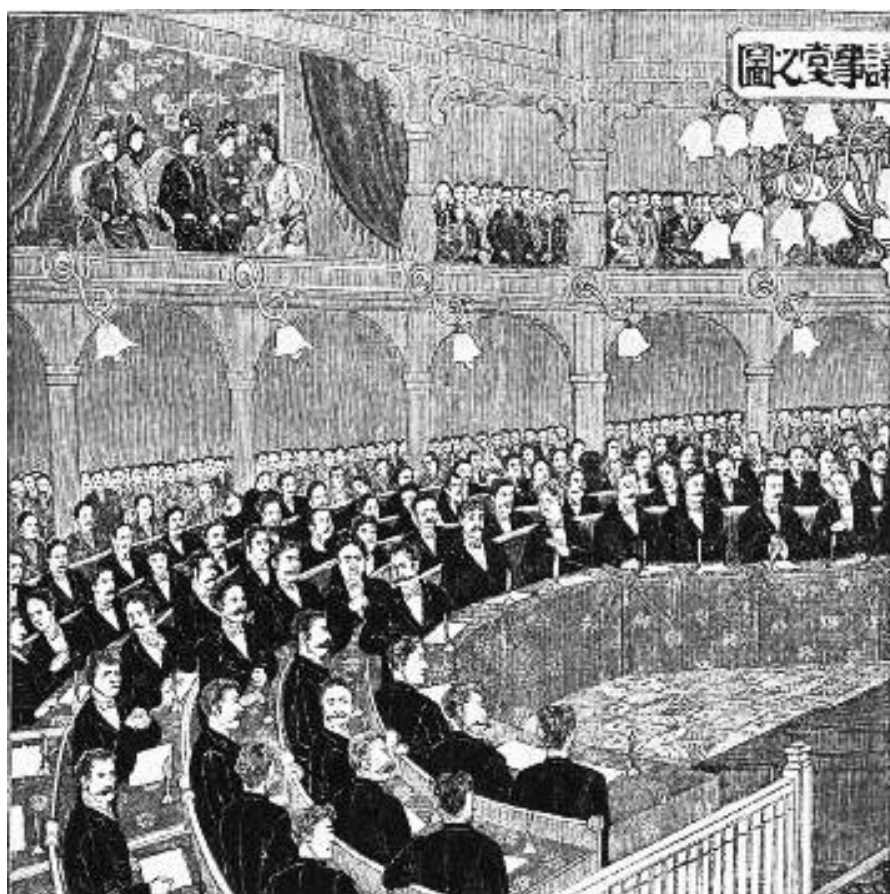
We have always cherished a resolve to maintain friendly relations with other countries, to develop commerce, and to extend the prestige of our land.

Happily our relations with all the treaty Powers are on a footing of constantly growing amity and intimacy.

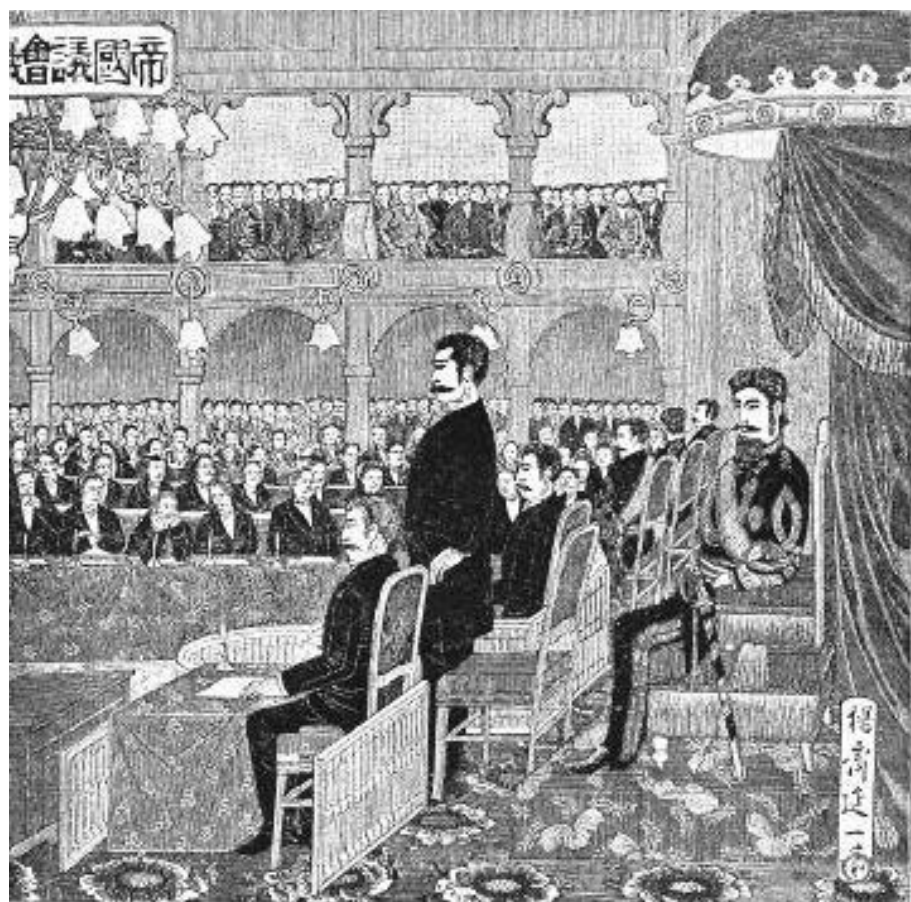
In order to preserve tranquility at home and security from abroad, it is essential that the completion of our naval and military defenses should be made an object of gradual attainment.

We shall direct our Ministers of State to submit to the Diet the Budget for the twenty-fourth year of Meiji, and certain projects of laws.

We expect that you will deliberate and advise upon them with impartiality and discretion, and we trust that you will establish such precedents as may serve for future guidance."



Opening of the First Parliament



29 November 1890.

Transplanting political institutions from one country to another does not necessarily go well. We remember what happened in Turkey some years ago when it was attempted to establish a parliament there. The Western nations might be forgiven for doubting that Japan, which had lived in isolation from the outer world for millennia, would fare better. But the institution has now been in operation for 2 years, and we, who from China have observed Japanese politics with rapt attention, cannot see any sign that this daring enterprise is not succeeding just as well as the other new endeavors. Of course, we often find odd expressions in the printed parliamentary reports that give us an idea that there are several mediocre, ambitious professional politicians expounding with empty eloquence in this assembly that is to serve as *Japan's safety valve*.

Among the leaders of the various parties, there are several who bring with them too much baggage from the countries where they were educated. One seems to have only a German understanding of political questions; another French, and so on. However, the latter will not pose any political danger and is far from a fatal disease for the constitution. *Light emerges from the clash of opinions*. The Japanese statesmen have exerted themselves to the utmost to make the constitution as good as possible and adjusted to fit with the needs of the people. Almost every country's constitution has been subjected to a thorough study, and the Japanese believe they have incorporated the best of each in theirs. The future will show if these gleanings have been so well integrated that they will be found to form one structure. As of yet there does not seem to

be any serious friction between the various parts of the machine. *A nation's institutions must spring from the nature of its people. Only then can they be expected to work well.*

All of the people still are not infused with the democratic spirit, but as far as we can see, there is a strong movement in that direction. Only when the whole country exhibits a democratic unity will it become apparent whether the theoretically perfect constitution will work in practice. We must hope it does. Likewise, we hope that the democratic principle will not disintegrate into anarchy in Nippon's beautiful islands.

Extraterritorialism – what an awful word – has lately been much on the mind of the Japanese press, which is still in its infancy and does not seem to have the correct understanding of its responsibilities as the fourth estate. As we all know, the Europeans in Japan and China are not subject to the laws of the land wherein they reside, but are under the jurisdiction of their respective consuls. When the treaties were concluded, it was not clear what the extraterritorial rights would lead to, but after the statesmen of both countries have awakened to the humiliation and the many embarrassments that this paragraph in the treaties carry with them, both governments seek to get rid of the yoke. China by developing its military capacity to such an extent that it soon will be able to pierce the treaties with the bayonet; the same weapon with which the Western powers earlier forced them onto the nation. We must hope that the Chinese treaties will be revised before that time.

Japan, on the other hand, does not have the same resources as China and therefore seeks to appeal to the treaty powers'

sympathy and sense of justice. The country's laws now stand on an equal level with those of the most civilized nations. Its statesmen do all they can to prevent the Europeans having reasonable grounds for complaints, and thus the road is smoothed for having the extraterritorial rights abolished.

In September 1892 the Japanese government took the first step. Portugal for economic reasons recalled its general consulate in Japan, and a couple of days later the *mikado* issued a decree terminating the treaty with Portugal and directing that all Portuguese be subject to the laws of Japan. This caused general astonishment all over the East mixed with indignation for this kick against the Portuguese, who once had been the sole rulers of the Asian coasts and islands. *Sic transit gloria Lusitania*. All the Portuguese sent protests home to their motherland. The foreign ministers in Tokyo woke up, but it is very doubtful they will formally protest, if the Japanese government maintains that the decision regarding the extraterritorial rights pertain to the Portuguese *alone*. The government's intention with this move probably was to feel out the sentiment among the other treaty powers. As far as we can judge, it will not be many years before the nation gets its wishes fulfilled both with regard to the extraterritorial rights and the *customs duties*,* which significantly reduce the country's finances at a time when every cent is needed to pay for public projects.

* Maximum rates of customs duties for imported items are specified in the treaties and cannot be raised without the treaty powers' assent.

Chapter Eight

My first glimpse of *Dai Nippon*.

The approach to Nagasaki – The drama at the Papenberg cliff – The arrival of the first Europeans in Japan – The reason for Iyeyasu's exclusion decree – From Nagasaki to Yokohama – The Dutch legation secretary's helpfulness – Yokohama's history – A visit to the curio shops – The most beautiful racetrack in the world – First impression of a Japanese teahouse.

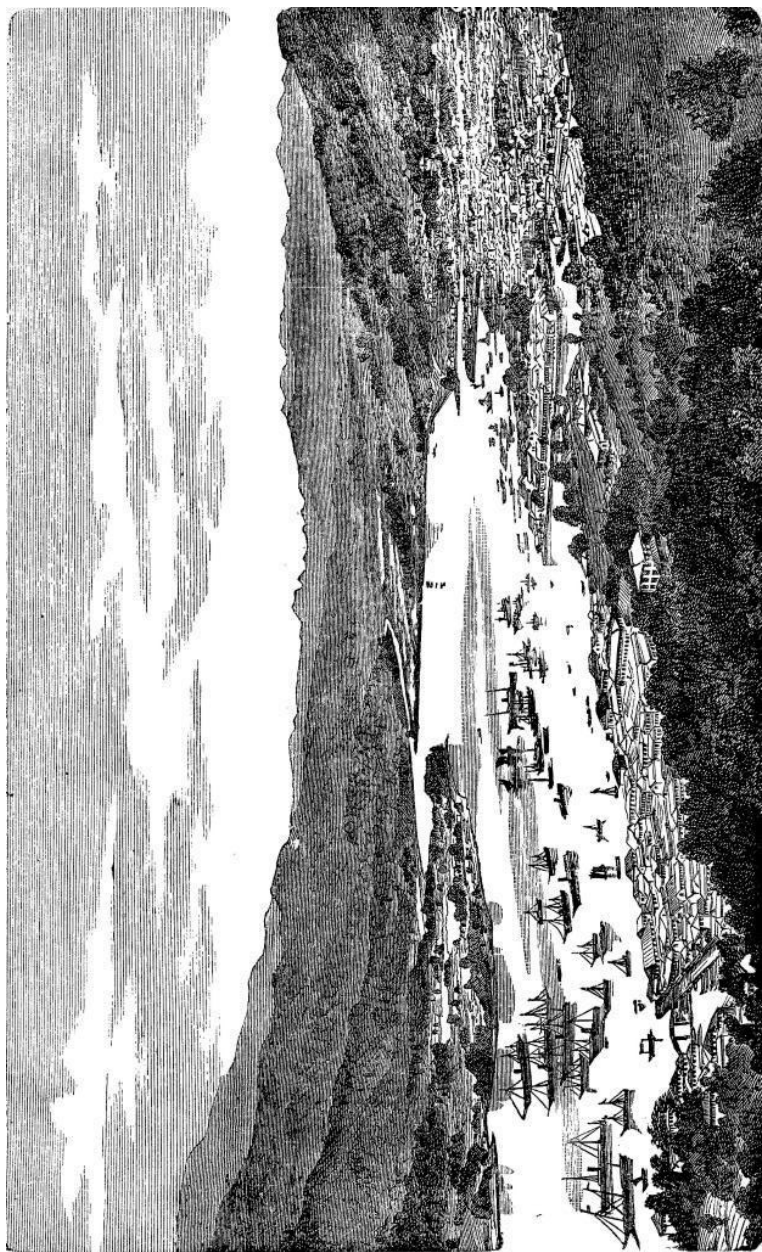
Just as the rising sun sends its first rays over the waves, "*Saikio Maru*" changes course and steers in through a group of green-clad islands – my first glimpse of the Land of the Rising Sun.

The passengers stream up from their cabins and rub their sleep-drugged eyes. "Beautiful!" cries an American miss, with whom I for lack of other activity had fallen in love during the tedious journey from Shanghai.

"Yes, indeed," I replied, looking into her beautiful brown eyes.

"*Wunderschön!*" is the reaction from a dozen German tourists of both sexes.

And yes, the approach to Nagasaki with its bays and turns reminds me of one of our own mountain fjords, but it is much too tame, too well-cultivated, too green; the magnificence is



Nagasaki harbor.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

lacking – no glaciers and towering mountain peaks. One more turn – "*Half Speed*" – "*Stop*" – and we see Nagasaki under some green-clad rocky ridges.

An odd little town with low, single-story houses and villas beautifully situated between gardens and trees. Along the shores there are handsome consulate buildings and ditto for the missionaries, who are said not to have the same intense longing for the martyrs' crown as their Catholic brethren a couple of centuries ago.

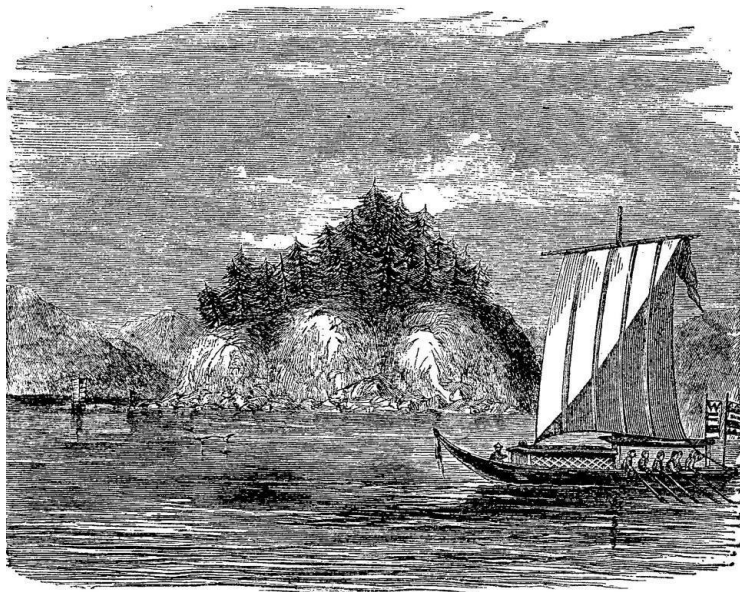
Otherwise the harbor does not look very interesting. Pierre Loti* can also make soup from a sausage tie, I thought for myself. It was here that *Madame Chrysanthème* lived through so many love enchanted moments – oh yes, in these blessed minutes when united souls swing exultantly upward and the earth recedes – it really does not matter what the reality is like. Everything seems bright and enthrallingly beautiful, a paradise – a luminous moment in life. — — — —

"*Saikio Maru*" lies tied up to the buoy. Hundreds of boats with their sunburned, brown owners have already formed a wall around the ship. Friends come onboard. Hotel runners, Chinese money changers, fruit sellers, and other individuals who wish to separate us from a little of our earthly mammon, surround us, bowing and scraping like marionette dolls. But we are saved by the welcome ringing of the bell – breakfast – and down at the table we have time to decide on our program for the day.

* [A French author known for his exotic novels and extravagant language.]

Time is too short; we must let Un-zen^{*} and the warm baths go for another time, also the porcelain and curio shops. It will be better to wait to fill our suitcases and empty our pockets on the return trip. We decide to climb a hilltop to see the view before *tiffin*[†] and taking a sailing trip out to Papenberg Island in the afternoon. — — — —

Up on top of the Papenberg cliff in the smiling, natural beauty of the environment, the ladies laughing, and champagne corks popping – what a sharp contrast to the bloody drama that was played out here two and a half centuries ago, when masses of misguided Christian rebels were hurled off this Japanese Tarpeian cliff!



Papenberg.

^{*} A very popular summer resort for Europeans a little outside Nagasaki.

[†] Lunch at 12 o'clock noon is called *tiffin* in the East.

They rest in their watery grave until the great Day of Reckoning, when they will step up before the bar and point to the wolves in monks' habits, the source of the darkness of the European Middle Ages, these power hungry demons, who bound the ignorant masses under the yoke of superstition in the name of the gentle Nazarene. Thousands of Japanese will point at these false prophets and cry: "You were the cause of all our sufferings, you deceivers in sheep's clothing, who came to our beautiful islands and brought strife and discord into our families!"

Nagasaki and vicinity have always been tied to the history of the Europeans in Japan. The first European, the pirate and merchant Mendez Pinto, came in 1542, and with him came cannon and gun powder. Shortly after him St. Francis Xavier and Spanish beggar monks arrived with the gospel of peace. In their wake followed a rabble of Portuguese and Dutch adventurers. They were allowed to settle in Nagasaki, and the first results were not such as to fill the people with respect for the Western barbarians. Drunkenness, brawling, and violating women was the order of the day.

St. Francis Xavier and several other good exemplars meanwhile won a number of natives to the creed they preached, and this was no wonder. The people had difficulty understanding the missionaries' half-Japanese speech, but one thing they caught with enthusiasm: *The faithful were promised an immediate entry to Paradise after death*, and this promise was like the warmth of the sun compared to the teachings of Buddha, which only opens up to *Nirvana* – the eternal

nothingness – after many reincarnations of the soul and repetitive lives in need and wretchedness.

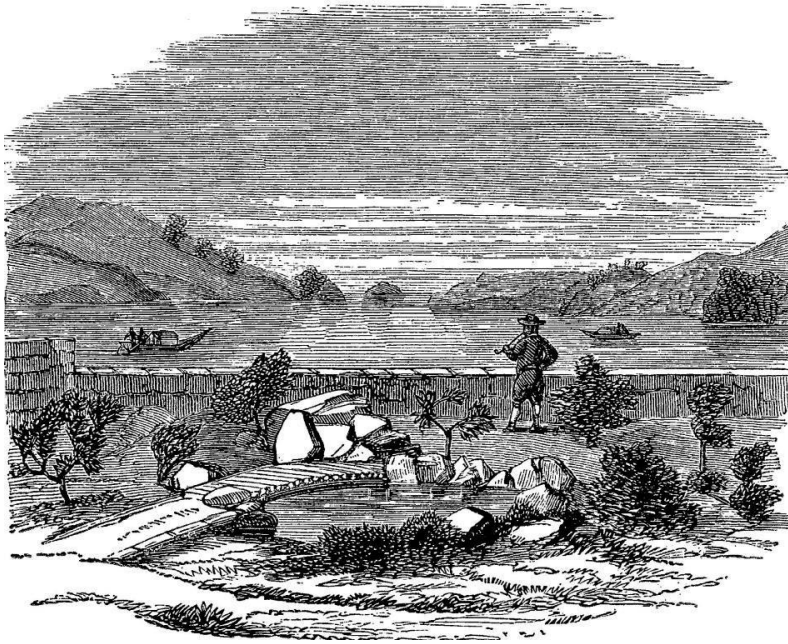
All went well as long as the monks obeyed the laws of the land, but when they began to publicly encourage the people to defy their "heathen" overlords, the tolerant regent, Hideyoshi (see Jap. Hist.), decided they had gone too far. He issued a decree expelling the over-eager proselytizers, and when the apostles did not pay any attention to that, 9 Europeans and a score of natives were crucified in Nagasaki as a warning to the likeminded. However, Hideyoshi showed that it was the *lawbreakers* and not the *Christians as such*, that he wanted to punish. Thus the aforementioned Konishu Yukinaga was appointed to lead half of the army that he sent to conquer Korea and China.

But the missionaries were not to be denied; they came back in larger numbers after the regent died, and Catholicism again made large inroads.

In the first years after his appointment as *Sei-i-Tai Shōgun*, Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa family, did not have time to bother with religious strife, but when he in 1610 got strong evidence that the pious apostles were forming a conspiracy that was aimed at no less of a goal than to render the island empire a tributary state under Spain with the Christian governor of Sado as viceroy, he decided it was time to put an end to political intrigues under cover of monastic cowls. The great, clear-sighted statesman saw well the imminent danger that lay in the "barbarians" presence in both moral and political respects. He immediately issued a decree expelling them and saw to it that it was obeyed to the letter.

Hundreds of monks and native Christians were brought onboard European ships at Nagasaki and sent to Maçao and the Philippines.

Meanwhile Iyeyasu died. In his testament, he strongly admonished his successor to keep an eye on the "barbarians" and the natives who claimed to be followers of "the religion of the Lord of Heaven."* Hidetada followed in his father's footsteps, and every foreign monk that stepped onto Japanese soil was forthwith rewarded with the martyr's crown.



A Dutchman watches for the arrival of a merchant ship.

* The name under which the Catholics propagate Christianity.

However, under the third *shōgun* the monks found their way in again, preached revolt, and several thousand of the old Christian families let themselves be led astray. The punishment was severe. The *shōgun* Iyemitsu was determined to get rid of all sources of unrest and civil war, *and he was completely successful*. The medicine was bitter and the victims numerous – among them the wretches who were hurled into the sea from the Papenberg – but the country had peace from the foreign and native Christian lawbreakers for more than 200 years. All trade ceased. Only the Dutch were allowed to live on Deshima, a small island just outside Nagasaki, under close observation.

Buddhism and Confucianism have had major influence on spiritual life in Japan, but the Catholic creed, whose waves spilled over the country for more than a century, left no more traces than that of a river when it goes back to its normal channel in the wintertime. The monks had even made the name of Jesus so despised that mothers used it to frighten their children. *But, the Lord be praised, the nineteenth century's missionaries, free of the worst exaggerations of superstition and fanaticism, will perhaps still manage to teach the masses to love the name of the child-loving Prince of Peace.*

"*Saikio Maru*" left Nagasaki at dark, so there was no opportunity to view the most beautiful part of the Japanese coastal islands. Well, better luck next time.

Besides, it rained all the way to Kobe, so the scenery would not have been done justice anyway. Lord B— and I decided to leave the ship in Kobe and take the train on to Yokohama in order to save a couple of days travel time. Our time was rather limited — hardly 3 weeks — if we were to celebrate Christmas at home in Europe. We thus shortly after the steamer's arrival in Kobe stood in the railway station with the least possible luggage and the best possible provisions — the journey takes about a full day and night.

English engineers have built most of the Japanese railroads, and the English language is seen everywhere added to the Japanese. Routes, station names, even mileposts are stated in both languages. English and Japanese newspapers can be found in the waiting rooms and smoke shops. There seems to be as much demand for the former as for the latter. All personnel also wear uniforms in the English mode.

A "see you later," to the pretty American girl and some other ladies and gentlemen, who had been so kind as to accompany us to the station, and we hurry onto the platform. The bell rings for the third time. Click, clack, click, clack; a whole regiment of islanders of both sexes tries to get to the third class compartments as quickly as possible — there are very few 2nd class — on the comical, unpractical wooden clogs that pass for shoes in Japan. They cannot move very fast, and such a row on the concrete station platform! But that is to be expected, when people must walk on stilts, for that is what they are, these wooden clogs with a couple of 5 – 6 inch high clamps underneath. Railway tickets in Japan are very cheap. 1st class and 2nd class are usually only used by Europeans. The

compartments are very comfortable, and the long journey to Yokohama through landscapes of rare beauty was far from as boring and monotonous as the party left behind on the "*Saikio Maru*" had prophesied us,

"Grand Hotel"

Two days in Yokohama. Well, there is a lot to see in this cosmopolitan treaty port, but if there was not for this pass, which one absolutely must have here in Japan, I believe that this morning I would have parted ways with my English traveling companion, who seems to want to transform "Grand Hotel" into a Capua. Good for him. I have come to the country to see and learn, not to live. Besides, one has a freer hand when one travels alone.

Shortly after my arrival, I went to the Dutch consulate, which also takes care of Norwegian and Swedish business. Mr. van de Polder, the legation's secretary, is the most accommodating consul that can be imagined. This helpful gentleman not only promised to travel to Tokyo in the afternoons so that I could get my pass issued by the Japanese foreign service the next day, but he also wrote down a list of all the railway routes to the places most worth seeing, gave me all sorts of information, and seemed to be as eager as myself to see that I got the most possible out of the trip.

It must be an odd feeling that grips the old European colonial, when he on a sunny day stands up on "The Bluff" and looks down into the valley, where 30 – 40 years ago there only stood a few poor fishermen's huts, whose inhabitants for centuries had swept the sea with their nets, cultivated their rice

paddies, and died believing in Buddha, the great comforter of millions of Asian hearts – and today. What a change! The graying European sees the fishermen's huts transformed into splendid hotels, churches, schools, and beautiful homes. The former rice paddies now support a thriving port city, visited by countless steam ships, and sustaining a population of about 100,000.

When Commodore Perry came to Japan in 1853 with his American squadron, he went to anchor out from the fishing village, which was later chosen for the meeting place between the *shōgun* in Yedo's (Tokyo) representative and Perry. Here the first treaty was signed that opened 4 ports for the money-grubbing merchants from America and Europe. The diplomats first thought to make Kanagawa, a couple of kilometers from Yokohama, the treaty port, since it lies close to *Tokaido*, the main road that goes all the way from Nagasaki to Tokyo, but the merchants fortunately preferred Yokohama due to the good anchorage close to the shore and their wish was supported by the government, which feared that the proud *daimyo*, who daily rode to and from Yedo, would get into fights with the barbarians if these were to settle down in Kanagawa, so close to the highway, and Yokohama won out.

The town grew very slowly in its early years. The social revolution, which was brewing, set all minds astir and led to many murders of Europeans, *who in those days are reported not to have made themselves notably conspicuous for their gentle, peaceful disposition, tender conscience, moral lifestyle, or disdain of earthly mammon.* In addition, these adventurers' military representatives on every occasion threatened to

bombard the town, when one of the Europeans felt himself wronged by the Japanese officials, and these threats were not always expressed in just words. *Yokohama can brag of having survived bombardment in five different languages in the first ten years of its existence.*

Such treatment of course did not contribute to the growth of the town, but then in 1864 the whole place was burned to ashes in a fire, and this event seems to have spurred development of this cosmopolitan robbers' nest. The town was rebuilt, streets regulated, unhealthy marshy stretches drained, unruly residents expelled, and the colonials got wives from their homelands, who, together with the Church, began to have an improving influence on the diverse raw elements. Bachelors formed clubs, and thus most of the gambling and drinking joints disappeared. In short; only after Yokohama had gone through the cleansing process that all settlements do, it began a rapid growth, which has been absolutely astonishing in the last several years. Yokohama, the small fishing village, is now the center for Japan's foreign trade and one of the world's largest commercial ports.

Main Street is the main thoroughfare in Yokohama and the most grand, except for *The Bund* with the large hotels and the beautiful view of the harbor. The largest merchants have their warehouses on Main Street, and the large plate-glass windows display everything that a normal mortal may wish for, and the wishes multiply the more one looks over the rare curiosities offered by *Kuhn & Co.*, *Fine Art Gallery* and above all *Deakin Brothers*. The Europeans of course charge more than the native curio peddlers in *Honco Dori*, an extension of Main

Street, and *Benten Dori*, a parallel street to the former, but then one can expect to get genuine articles. Here, in these excellent art stores we can study all of Japan's art industry. There is cloisonné work of all kinds, and one can also observe the various processes and appreciate the enormous amount of work that goes into making the objects. First copper plates are beaten out and shaped into, for example, a vase. Then an artist draws intricate flower arrangements, landscapes, birds, etc., on the surface. Then the vase goes to another artist who might be occupied for several weeks soldering thin, flat copper wire onto the surface following the artist's lines. Then the vase is ready to be filled with colored enamel between the copper wires and fired, and this process is repeated five times before the art work is finished.

The Japanese have a natural talent for art, and they use this talent for everything in their daily lives. The simplest of the small cups from which the poor drink their tea, the smallest plot of ground outside the home, that diligent hands have made into a little garden, are more or less accomplished works of art. For other nations art is a luxury; for the Japanese it is a necessity.

It will stretch the reader's patience to list a thousandth part of the art objects that the large stores display. There are lacquered wood from elegant writing desks to fine cigar boxes inlaid with mother of pearl or metal. Antique weapons and armor, bronze urns and vases, and not least, magnificent silk embroideries with the most tasteful designs that would warm the coldest feminine heart.

Yes, Yokohama is a dangerous place for folk not related to Rothschild or Vanderbilt. Japan, in general, seems to be a dangerous place for susceptible minds.

Down in the business district, especially along the wharves, a little of the nervous pulse of American life is felt, but up on "The Bluff" the rich merchant princes and others who have the means seek the comforts of home in attractive one-story villas. In the late afternoon, when the day's strife and troubles are done with, life begins to stir up here. Everybody goes out for a breath of fresh air before dinner – a very solemn ceremony in the East – and one meets elegant dandies and ladies in Parisian dresses with faces in all shades from the genuine, pure children of Japhet down to Middle Eastern – Negro mixtures. Jews from all points of the compass. Sailors and soldiers from the Western warships lying in the harbor arm-in-arm with their Japanese brothers. To give the entire scene an even more cosmopolitan air, every villa hoists its national flag. The Norwegian is not missing. A pleasant surprise to see my homeland's colors. No one can understand the emotion that grips us when we see the flag, except those who have been abroad themselves. It is like a greeting from a loving friend.

From "The Bluff" a magnificent highway leads several miles across the country to the Bay of Mississippi. The next to the last *taikun* built this for his European friends in 1866. And not only that; he had heard that the English residents missed have a horse racing track. Well, it was difficult to make something from nothing. There was no space available in the city itself, and behind lay "The Bluff" and several other green-

clad ridges with luxuriant vegetation in the narrow, steep-walled valleys. But the *taikun* found a way. There were two parallel ridges a short distance outside the city. These were joined at both ends with enormous earth embankments, and thus the most beautiful and picturesque horse racing track in the world was created.

In the middle outside the fence lie a couple of villages. What a contrast between the simple farmers, who cultivate their fertile fields down in the valley, and the splendor displayed on race days up on top! From here there is a magnificent view – the most magnificent, says the old colonial, but every mother thinks her own children are the most beautiful. However, it is a scene of rare beauty. The Mississippi Bay on one hand, filled with green-clad, forested islands. The harbor on the other, with steamships from all parts of the earth and in the distance the majestic, high mountains with Fujiyama, the Holy Mountain, soaring above it all with its snow-white priestly vestments. Behind us, as far as the eye can see, smiling villages among forested heights and deep valleys.

If we then take a little trip across the hills, we will see a never-ending number of teahouses. There is no nation that is so sensitive to the beauty of nature as the Japanese. Everywhere, where there is a beautiful view, everywhere a shade tree is found that can tempt the weary traveler to a short rest, there is one of these neat, small houses with tiled roof and walls consisting of moveable, paper-covered frames that can be pushed in or out as needed. The floor is covered with spotlessly clean mats and there is a copper fireplace, where

water for tea is heated and rice is cooked. We Europeans arrive with muddy boots and think we can step right into the room as we do at home, but a glance at the mats and the whole house soon tells us that we are in a land where cleanliness is the first and main commandment which even barbarians must obey. This cleanliness can border on the awkward, especially if one, as bachelors often do, has holes in one's stockings, since the boots must come off before we can enter a Japanese house. I believe the delightful little ladies, who immediately show up as we approach a teahouse, would shed tears if we stepped on their mats with dirty boots.

The tea is soon ready and is presented in small doll's cups accompanied by the most charming smile that could melt a heart of stone. They say something that is very funny, but regrettably, since the Japanese language still is a dark secret to us, we must be content to smile back and nod to these adorable daughters of Eve, who seem to possess *all the feminine graces that our so-called emancipated ladies in Europe do not have*.

Now, let us turn out the electric light and dream about the *houris* of Paradise in the East's Atlantis.

Chapter Nine

On classic ground.

Will Adams – Relics from the past – A visit with Dai Butsu in Kamakura – Nitta Yoshida's prayer – The Buddhist saint – Nicheren's miracle – The teahouse girls on the island Inoshima.

Armed with a pass that permitted me to travel freely anywhere in the empire for "scientific" purposes, I set off early in the morning on a small steamer to Yokuska. Here, the Japanese government has its primary naval shipyard, which a French company began the construction of in the 1860s. Without worrying myself further about this installation, I continued on by rickshaw* to the village Hemi, where Will Adams, a famous English pilot and skipper, lies buried. A long stone paved road leads to a rise from which there is splendid view of the sea and the surrounding landscape. It was here that one of the first European pioneers chose to be buried.

* Actually *jin-riki-sha*, "man-pull-cart." An American wag called the contraption a "Pullman-car."

However, it is not the grave, but the man's remarkable life history that makes this place interesting. It is said that Adams left Holland in 1605 with a convoy of merchant ships headed to Japan, but storms and other disasters caused the entire enterprise to fail. Only one ship reached Japan after a couple of years, and Will Adams was onboard that ship.

But the intrepid sailor's difficulties did not end here. Iyeyasu had just issued his decree expelling all European adventurers. Adams and his comrades were initially treated very severely, but when the *shōgun* found out that the pilot also was knowledgeable about mathematics and shipbuilding, he gave Adams a large tract of land and showed his good will toward the adventurers in many ways. However, none were allowed to return to Europe. Adams, who had a wife and children in England, eventually took a Japanese wife, with whom he lived and had a son and a daughter. The old sailor lived in Anjincho (Pilot Street) near Tokyo for several years, but according to his wishes he was buried on this rise, where he often had sat and looked out over the ocean and thought of his loved ones back in England.*

A half an hour's drive, and we approach the little village Kamakura, which for more than 400 years flourished as Japan's major military city. Our guide turns off the main road nearby and we come up on a small rise where 5 pyramid-shaped stones stand on top of each other.

* [There is a "burial mound" in Hemi, but Adams actually is buried in Hirado, north of Nagasaki.]

第五一七五號

外國人旅行免狀

國籍

諾威

姓名

身分

寄留地名

横濱

旅行趣意

病氣養生

旅行先及路筋

[illegible]

旅行期限

廿九年十月一日至十月四日

右
八
歸
同
區
新
理
五
份

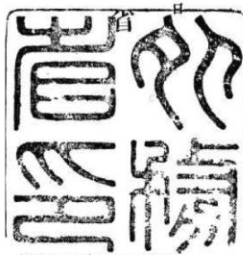
保證于以前舊掛單一填房一

旅行致シ度旨申立差許候條道筋無故隔村通

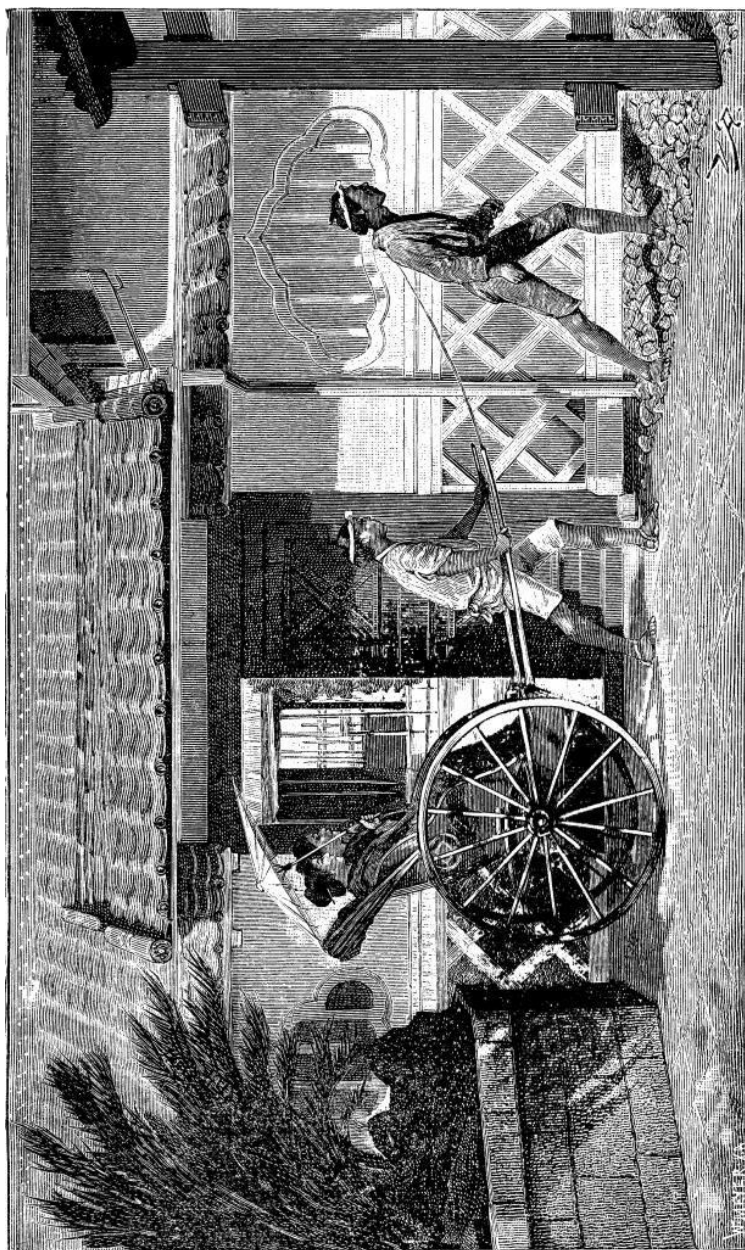
可申

明治廿九年十月一日

外務



My Japanese pass.



Ladies in a *jin-riki-sha*.

Stranger, remove your hat, you are standing on holy ground; under this monument rest the remains of Yoritomo Minamoto, Japan's first *Sei-i-Tai Shōgun*.

From the rise we look out over the fields, where this mighty spirit brought forth a grand city which flourished for centuries and then sank into rubble as all works of man eventually must. Bountiful grain fields cover the mighty *shōguns'* palace grounds, empty-headed tourists now crack jokes where the intellectuals of the military court once sparkled, and the farmer stands up to his knees in the fertile classical soil and labors for his daily bread.

Almost every spot can tell of ferocious battles and important events in Japan's history.

We walk down off this venerable old burial mound and after a short stroll step up onto an imposing, majestic terraced roadway between ancient trees and my guide points at a tree that is said to be nearly a thousand years old. According to legend, Kugio, a grandson of Yoritomo, stood behind this and shot down his own uncle, Sanetomo, who had killed his father in order to become *Sei-i-Tai Shōgun* in his place. The Hachiman-gu* shrine, one of the oldest and largest temples in Japan, stands at the top of the rise. The foundations were laid by Yoritomo's grandfather in 1066, the same year William the Conqueror won the Battle of Hastings and the English throne.

Hachiman-gu consists of a whole complex of buildings and a small lake covered with holy lotus plants, but most interesting for the historian is a collection of weapons and armor that has belonged to the empire's most famous men. A

* The war god's temple.

priest shows us 2 of Yoritomo's swords with gold and silver decorated scabbards and lacquered blades. The priest insists that Yoritomo's hunting costume and several other heirlooms are genuine despite the seven centuries that have swept across his grave. Hideyoshi's and Iyeyasu's helmets, a collection of superbly worked bows and arrows given by Iyemitsu, the third *shōgun* of the Tokugawa family, and many other ancient objects conjure up for us a whole panorama of Japan's history.

From the great platform outside the temples, there is a magnificent view out over the sea and surrounding area, and we stand still for several minutes in wonder over this heavenly region before we can make a decision to walk down a long parkway that leads right down to the shore. This road is said to have been built for pilgrims by Yorimoto and his officers hoping to please the gods so they would bless the child that his wife Masago still carried under her heart.

One more walking trip, another shrine: the Temple of Kōtoku-in. Over the entrance there is a sign with the following beautiful words, which mindless tourists might benefit from reading several times, written in Japanese and English.

"Stranger, whosoever thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the Temple of Bhudda (sic) and the gate of the eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence."

With these somber words still resounding in my ears, we walk up a parkway bordered by camellias and azaleas – and before us stands the tenth wonder of the world, a colossal

bronze statue of Buddha that with half-closed eyes looks haughtily down on us dwarves.

He has sat there under the open sky with folded hands over his crossed feet for more than six centuries. A symbol of his own creed with an expression on his immobile face that testify to intellectual peace – *the result of possessing all knowledge and the suppression of all passion.*



Dai Butsu in Kamakura

The Dai Butsu (Great Buddha), as the bronze figure is called, is ca. 16 meters tall. The length of the face is 3 meters, the ear $2\frac{1}{4}$, the mouth 1 meter. The small, white dot that we see on his forehead is 30 centimeters wide, as are each of the 830 curls in his hair. These numbers are sufficient to illustrate the dimensions of the giant statue. There is a door in the Buddha's back, and we step into a room that is furnished like a Buddhist temple. Cicero said the fool's name is found everywhere. Well, I added mine to the countless with which the Buddha's inside is bedecked. I can see that I am in good company.

The sanctuary's priests seem to keep current with the times. When I emerged from the Buddha's belly, the venerable monks had set up a camera and invited me to be photographed with the Buddha in the background. It was of course impossible to decline such an opportunity. My address* and a couple of dollars were turned over to the ingratiatingly bowing photographer, and I continued on my way to "Kamakura Sanatorium" to ingest a "better" *tiffin*.

There was not much time to waste if I wanted to return to Yokohama in the evening, and therefore I was on the road again after an hour's rest to the island Inoshima.

The road takes a westerly direction and goes close by the shore near the village of Sakanoshita. Here my guide indicates I should stop off.

Again a historic place and a magnificent view. Before us lies the ocean with slowly rolling waves and refreshing sea breeze. To the south, the island Oshima's blue mountains. To

* This the monks must have mislaid, since I have yet to receive the photo.

the right, the enchanting Inoshima, and in across the country mighty mountain ranges with Fujiyama, the Holy Mountain, rising high above all and everything.

It was at this place that Nitti Yoshisada, the *mikado's* faithful and courageous vassal had to halt his victorious march against the powerful Hōjō family, which for more than 100 years had kept both the *mikado* in Kyoto and the *shōgun* in Kamakura under a tyrannical regency. A large fleet had gathered outside this place and barred the way for Nitta to escape by sea, and a couple of miles up from the shore stood the flower of the Hōjō clan's vassals and knights. The imperial army lost its courage and expected to be defeated by the superior forces. However, their wise general found a solution.

He fell to his knees in sight of the army and prayed: "Our heavenly son has been deposed by his traitorous subject, and is now in distant exile in the Western Sea. I, Yoshisada, being unable to look upon this act unmoved, have raised an army to punish the thieves yonder. I humbly pray thee, Oh God of the Sea, to look into my loyal heart; command the tide to ebb and open a path so that we can pass by." With that he stood up and threw a magnificent sword the *mikado* had given him out into the sea as an offering to its lord.

The next morning the tide had ebbed, the shoreline was dry, and the army, headed by the chief whom the soldiers now looked upon as the chosen favorite of Heaven, marched triumphantly onward. Kamakura was attacked from three sides. The fighting was severe and bloody, but victory everywhere deserted the banners of the traitors, and rested upon the pennons of the loyal. Nitta, after performing great feats of

valor in person, finally set the city on fire, and in a few hours Kamakura was a waste of ashes. (See Jap. Hist.)



Nitta Yoshisada throws his sword into the sea.

We continue on foot across the old battlefields until we come to a small stream, Yukiai Gawa, which translated means "The place of meeting from opposite directions." It is said that the origin of this name is as follows: Nichiren, the famous founder of the Buddhist sect that bears his name, had provoked the regent, Tokiyori Hōjō, so strongly by his intolerant preaching that the regent decided to have the fanatic beheaded. The executioner had already lifted his sword to strike when a bolt of lightning struck from the sky and broke the sword into pieces. Aghast with fright, the executioner sent a message to Kamakura about this miracle. Tokiyori had already repented



Nichiren is saved by a miracle.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

of his severity and sent a message to halt the execution. Both messengers met at this little stream, which thereby got its name.

The great saint later died in Kyoto surrounded by a large flock of disciples. Nichiren is considered the Buddhist religion's reformer in Japan. His adherents distinguish themselves by the same intolerance and disagreeableness to differing opinions as those of several orthodox Christian sects. For the Nichiren, all others are "heretics" and "heathen." Many think that Christianity will get its most dangerous opposition from this group. — — — —

Another half an hour's drive, and the holy island of Inoshima comes into sight with its green trees and glimpses of temples between the branches. This romantic cliff rises out of the sea, whose foaming waves flow across the surrounding coral reefs. Inoshima presumably has emerged from the sea after a volcanic eruption, but legend gives a more romantic account of its creation. A Japanese author tells us that "on a night in the year 152 B.C. a storm blew up outside the coast. Black clouds covered the sea, and the top of the waves reached up to the sky. In the morning a heavenly music was heard. The clouds parted, and a beautiful lady appeared accompanied by two pretty little boys. The storm subsided, the black clouds dissipated, and the island Inoshima appeared with the heavenly lady on top. It was *Benten*." (The Japanese Venus.) — — — —

The ebb is so strong today that we without difficulty can walk dry-shod across the narrow strip of tideland that connects Inoshima with the mainland. A long stone staircase leads up

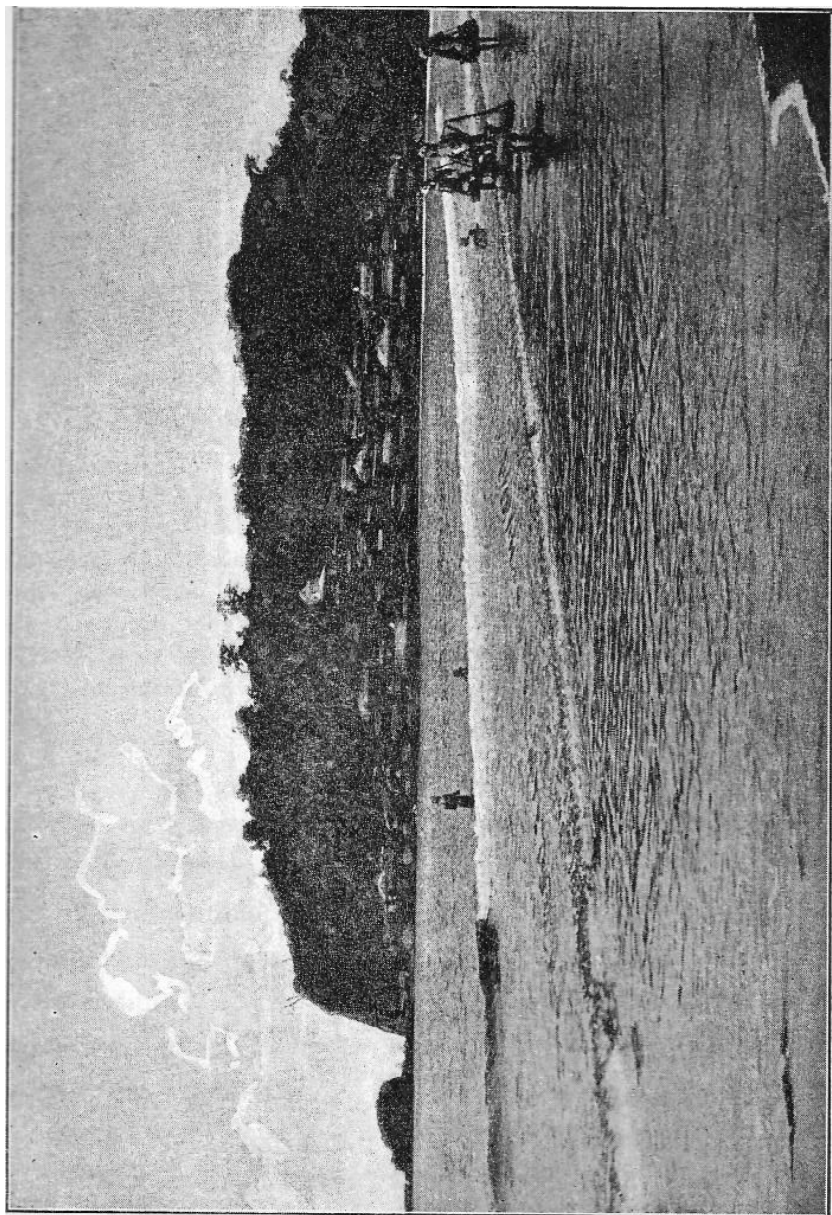
onto the island. The path goes through a very narrow street full of curio shops, almost impossible to negotiate for either tourists or natives, who pass up and down, but then one is rewarded for the bother when arriving at the grove of trees on the top. Small temples and teahouses wherever we turn to look. Kneeling pilgrims and mirthful little tripping ladies, who invite us to enter their dollhouses. I have already learned a little of the language. *Ohaiho*, hello, *seinara*, goodbye, *ironchi*, enchanting, and the latter I often pronounce with an accent that makes the *ironchi* creatures burst out laughing.

A couple of them offer to accompany me around the island, and this is of course an offer I cannot refuse. They walk arm in arm laughing and nattering ahead of me through flower gardens and narrow, shadowy paths through the trees — a very romantic path for two loving hearts, perhaps especially with moonlight twinkling down between the branches.

Down by the shore another big surprise awaits me. My guides lead me into a cave. A poor old man sits by the entrance and sells wax tapers. We buy a couple and walk inside. The cave seems to never end. Finally, after about ten minutes, we stop before a blue-red rock wall, but then we also are in the middle of the island. — — — —

Off we go again. The sun has already set. A dollar and a fond farewell to my helpful guides, and then a rickshaw to Kamakura's railroad station.

An hour more and I am again safely ensconced in the Grand Hotel, well satisfied with an interesting day on classical ground.



Inoshima.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Chapter Ten

In Japan's capital city.

Tokyo's history – The glory and fall of the shogunate – The view from Atagoyama – A visit to Shiba, "Tokyo's Garden" – The Tokugawa family's resting place – The "Christian persecutor" Hidetada – A walk through the streets of Tokyo – The old modes of dress die out and are replaced by paper collars, tailcoats, top hats, etc. – The late Prince Saigō in his new marshal's uniform – The enchanting Japanese women – Vignettes of family life – A visit to The Maple Leaf Club – Song and dance of the geishas – A Japanese supper – Dreams – The Imperial Hotel – A rickshaw trip around the old fortress – The emperor's new palace.

Tokyo, or Yedo as the mega-city was earlier called, does *not* stand on historic grounds. Three hundred years ago, the whole Yedo plain was a single large uninhabited marsh, but then Iyeyasu chose it for the site of a new military center instead of Kamakura, and thus Yedo's eminence began. It became the Tokugawa *shōguns'* city *par excellence*.

It is said that Iyeyasu set more than ¼ million people to work building the city. Swampy areas were filled in, drainage channels dug, and streets staked out. Hundreds of ships brought granite blocks from Hiogo for the construction of a

mighty fortress surrounded by colossal walls and wide moats. The great *shōgun's* intent was that "*inside this fortress all power shall be concentrated in my and my successors' hands to ensure peace.*"

Outside the walls, his faithful vassals erected their tents and formed a living wall around their chief. No imperator has had a more secure encampment.

In time it became customary for the vassals to spend a couple of months of the year in Yedo, and since peace reigned in the land, the soldiers' tents soon gave way for permanent masonry buildings where the lords with knights and servants could live while attending the *shōgun's* court. These proud military rulers sought, like Louis XIV in Versailles, to be surrounded by the nobles of the realm in order to shine like the sun in lonely grandeur among the more or less brightly shining stars.

It must have been a grand feudal scene, when all the princes (*daimyo*) and their retinues gathered at Yedo. Everybody naturally sought to surpass his neighbor in splendor and numbers of attendants. Some of the greatest, such as the princes of Satsuma and Mito, could bring up to a thousand knights with families and servants. Their encampments soon became small cities of their own with archery ranges and parade grounds surrounded by wide moats.

In the beginning it was, as mentioned above, customary, later it became a duty, for the vassals to travel to Yedo every third year to renew their oath of fealty to the *shōgun*.

But then the revolutionary waves rolled in over the country. The shogunate was shaken despite the fortifications

in Yedo. The vassals began to show insubordination, and when the greatest of them, the prince of Echizen, as guardian for the underage *shōgun*, in 1863 issued a decree that allowed the vassals to leave Yedo if they wished, almost the whole nobility turned their backs to the *shōgun* and went home to their fiefs.

"Thus Yedo's pre-eminence ended like a dream," a Japanese historian wrote, "The Tokugawa clan's power and brilliance, which had been greater than Yoritomo's in Kamakura, a power that for almost three hundred years had forced the proudest knights to serve at court in Yedo, a power that in the blink of an eye could call up a knighthood of 80,000 men, this power collapsed in a single day."

Five years after this event, came the great revolution that swept away the shogunate forever. Tokugawa's Yedo became *To*(eastern)*kyo*(capital) in place of the venerable Kyoto,* and Iyeyasu's proud fortress became the new *mikado's* home.

— — — —

It is only an hour's ride by railroad from Yokohama. From the Imperial Hotel I hire a guide, which is a necessity in Japan if one does not have much time to spare, and set off at once.

When I go sightseeing in a city, I always try to find a high point in order to get an overview of the whole place, and a better view than from Atagoyama cannot be wished for in Tokyo. Two stone stairs lead up to the viewpoint on the Atago hilltop. One, which is intended for men, has higher steps than the other, which is for women and the elderly.

* Kyoto had been the *mikado's* capital city since 600 A.D.

What an extraordinary, wonderful panorama! Tokyo resembles an enormous park filled with small summerhouses, with palaces and temples here and there rising up above the trees. The edges of the city cannot be seen except at the seashore. There we have Yedo Bay with the sun shining on the

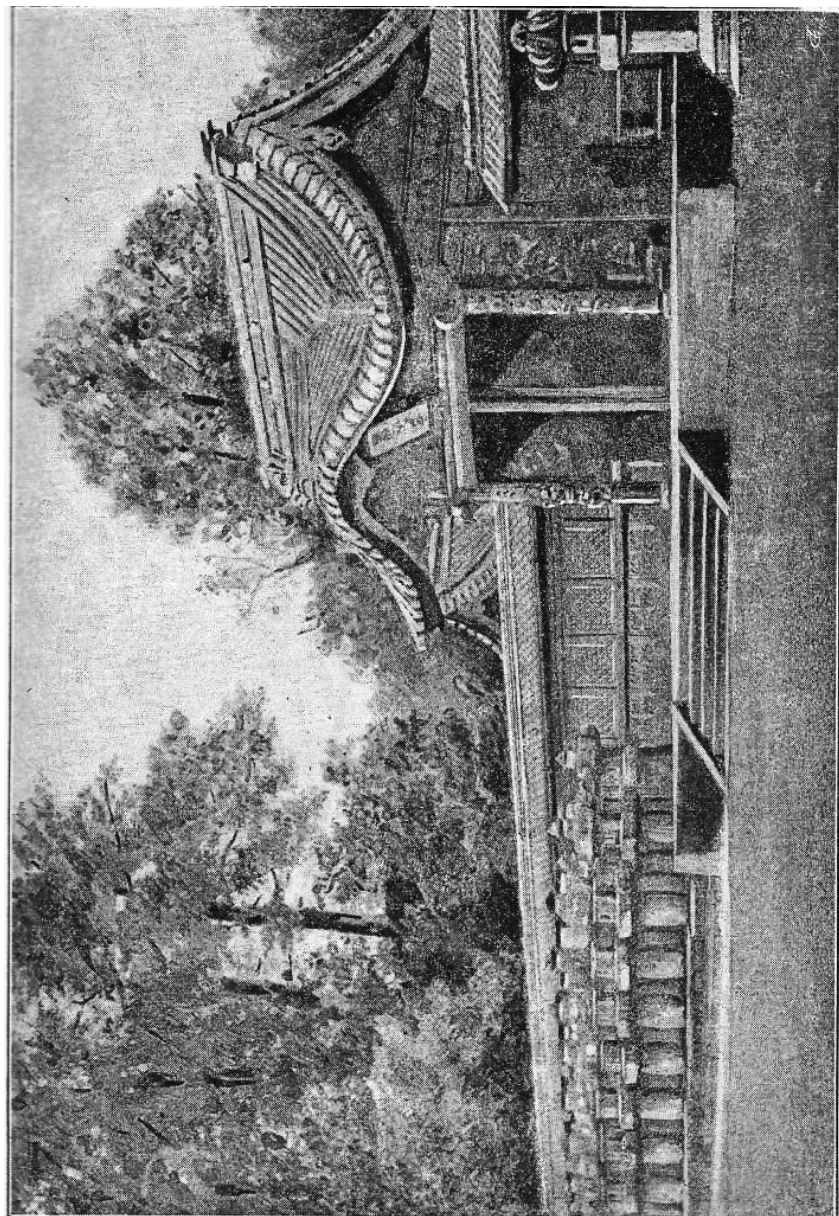


A Buddhist priest

white sails of the *junks* gliding across the lightly ruffled surface. Several war ships lie at anchor outside the old impressive sea forts, but they are too far away to distinguish the national flags without a telescope. Our guide points out the famous Shiba and Ueno parks to the west, and behind we see Fujiyama's snow white crater rising up into the clouds, which now and then hide this Japanese landmark from view.

And then, off we go again.

— — — —



The middle temple ground.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

I have agreed with my guide to visit Shiba's temples and parks this morning. Shiba is known as "Tokyo's Garden," and the Garden of Eden could not have been more beautiful. Magnificent woods and lakes filled with swans and ducks, large open areas, wide boulevards and above all, temples with the mausoleums of 7 Tokugawa *shōguns*!

We first come to a massive gate adorned with carvings and gilding that almost blinds the eye. It is the entrance to the mighty emperors' last resting place. A smooth-shaven Buddhist priest leads us across the temple yard, where whole regiments of stone pillars with pagoda-shaped tops stand around. They are lanterns that the lesser vassals have offered to their deceased lords. Twice a year the priests light a candle in each so that the dead *shōguns*' spirits, which then are out wandering about, can find their way back. The light ports are almost filled up with pebbles, and the priest explains that all who come to pray by the graves leave a pebble in a lantern opening to mark that he has been there.

These Tokugawas must certainly have been worthy of ruling this military nation, since the common people still honor the memories of the great departed. With this thought I remove my shoes and step into the associated temple that stands among the graves.

A quiet and stately solemnity rules in there. Not a sound. The priests pass soundlessly across the floor mats. A dim light falls in through the entrance and illuminates the richly carved and gilded wall adornments, the mother of pearl inlay in the ceiling, and the green, blue, and red lacquered flowers. The

whole scene gives an indescribable impression of harmony that cannot be forgotten.

A curtain is drawn aside, and we see two caskets as richly and beautifully furnished as the nation's foremost artists could make it standing by an altar. In them a couple of wood figurines of the 7th and 9th *shōguns* are preserved under lock and key. Even a dollar cannot tempt the priest to take them out. They are considered sacred, since the *mikado* gave them to the temple. On both sides of each casket stand several vases with flowers and gilded wooden statues of the four *dewas*, who according to Buddhist mythology protect humans against attacks by evil spirits. *Kuanon* (goddess of mercy) and *Benten* (goddess of beauty) stand in front and the three-leafed asarum, the crest of the Tokugawas, and lotus flowers, the Buddhist emblem of purity, is seen everywhere in gold bas-relief. An aura of solemnity rests over the whole room. We cannot help it; we too are gripped by an inner worshipful emotion. If there is a place on earth where the soul can swing freely up in prayer to the creator of the universe, it is in this quiet, hallowed room, where thousands of prayers are sent up to the throne of mercy for the souls of the once so powerful Caesars.

A few moments in silent veneration, and then the priest leads us out in the foyer to a rectangular room. In one corner stands a kind of throne, where the abbot of Shiba sits on holy days. Along the sides stand rows of lacquered caskets, which contain Buddhism's holy books.

We put our shoes on again, pay another silver coin, and follow the priest in through a gate to the middle temple ground. On the right there is a water cistern, to the left a large

church bell is hung in a gallows, and round about a couple of hundred bronze lanterns, which the wealthiest vassals have donated to the temple. In the opposite end of the yard there is another majestic gate, where the priest stops and explains to us that the gilded tablet we see above the entrance is a gift from the *mikado* in memory of the 7th *shōgun*. The Japanese inscription is a facsimile of the same most venerated personage's handwriting.

We pass through another couple of gates and come up to a small chapel, where the reigning *shōgun* and the abbot used to pray on the birthdays of the departed. It is splendidly adorned with paintings, gilding, and lacquering. The figures we see on the gates are the three-leafed asarum and the Wheel of the Law, the Thunderbolt, the Lotus Flower; the three holy symbols of Buddhism. We walk through the gate and up some moss-grown stone steps that leads up to the grave itself. Everything is quiet and solemn up here. The simple resting place, a stone monument with a bronze urn on top and the memorial tablet with the family arms, form a striking contrast with the magnificence of the temples and the reliquaries – *a graphic, solemn sermon about the transience of all earthly glory.*

The priest says that three of the other *shōguns* graves are similar, so we pass them by and go farther into the Shiba Park until we come to an eight-sided building. Here sleeps Ieyasu's son, the "Christian persecutor" Hidetada, the eternal sleep under the shadow of the majestic trees. This son of Japan can sleep safely, despite the anathemas of the Jesuits and other holy fathers. He only did his duty for the people who had

entrusted themselves to his care. After the foreign monks were banished following the Christians being hurled into their wet grave from the Papenberg at Nagasaki, there were 200 years of peace – something otherwise quite unheard of in the history of the island empire.

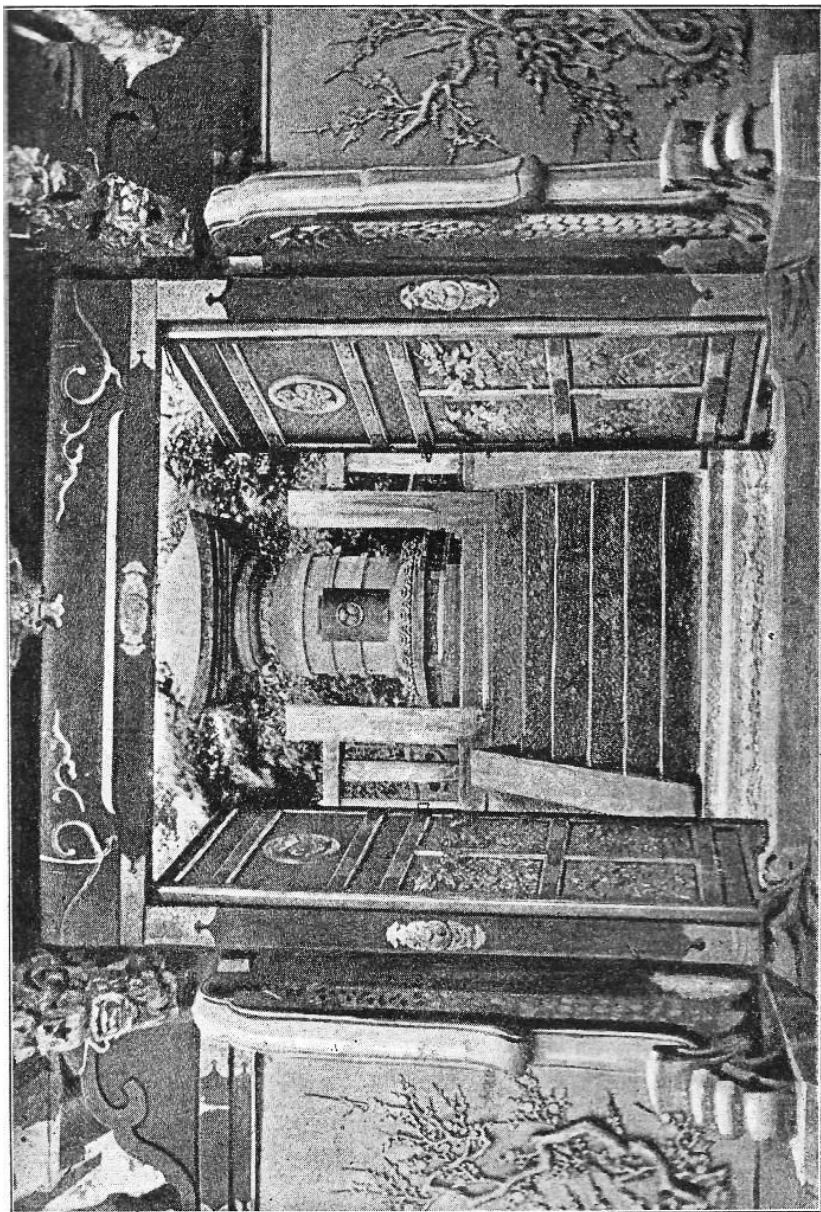
The roof of the temple rests on eight gilded copper columns. The entire interior is a masterpiece of the woodcarver's art, and the golden lacquering is said to be the most beautiful in all of Japan. The grave itself is like the other *shōguns'*, but is constructed with lacquered wood instead of stone and is as splendidly furnished as the others are modest.

More than two centuries have passed over Hidetada's mausoleum, but a grateful people have kept it so well maintained that one would hardly think that it was more than a couple of years since it was built.

The priest shows us two old stones outside the temple. The carvings on one depict the entrance to the Buddhist paradise, *Nirvana*. The other, twenty five saints that come with Buddha in the lead to bid the departed soul welcome. — — — —

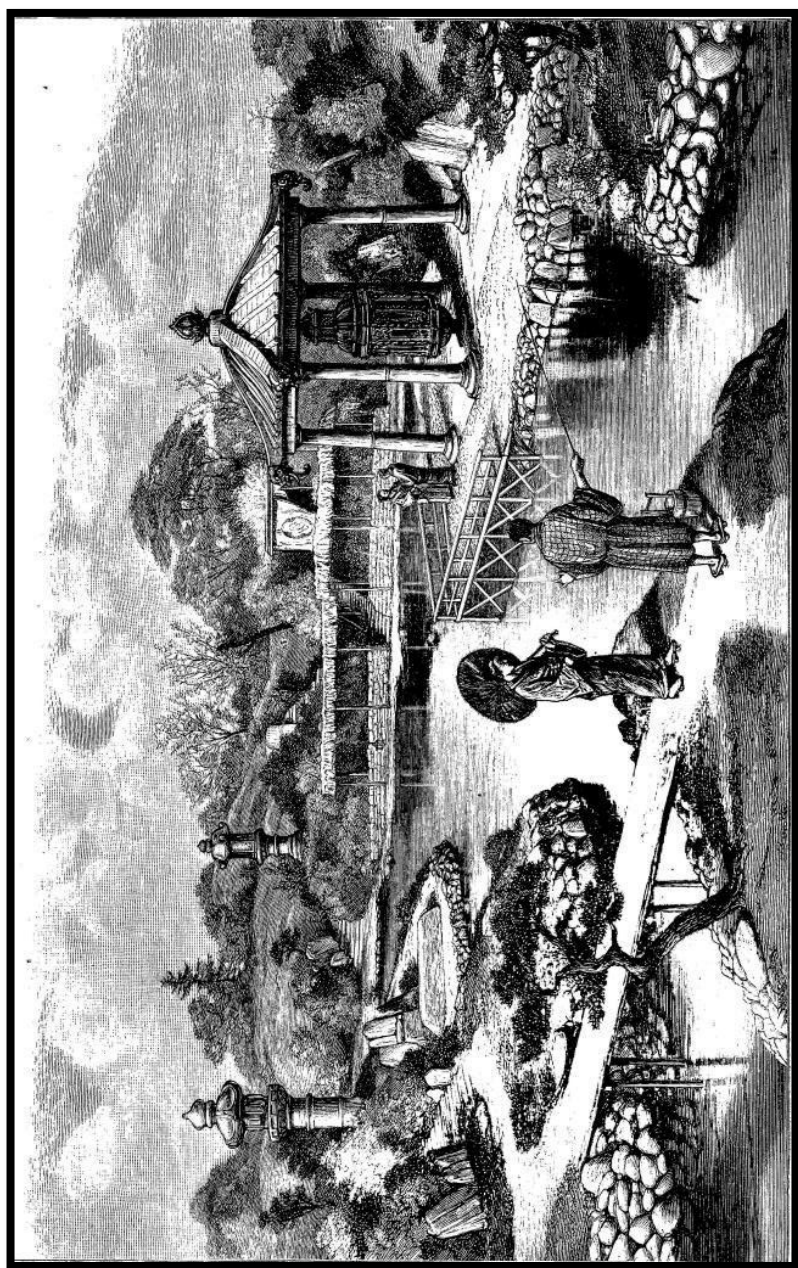
I wander for another hour among the tall giant trees, through flower gardens, and by swan ponds. It is almost impossible to tear myself loose from this enchanted resting place for so much ambition, greatness, and vanity. Not a sound from the city penetrates into the evergreen, cool park. Only children's laughter now and then intrudes on my reveries. Shiba Park has now been opened for all, and children with their *amah's** now play among the graves of the patriarchs – sacrilege, one might almost be tempted to say.

* *Amah* is the common name for the native nannies in the East.



The 7th shōgun's grave in Shiba Park.

(This page intentionally left blank.)



A scene from Shiba Park.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

In the afternoon I went for a walk through the streets of Tokyo with one of the secretaries at the Russian legation, with whom I had become acquainted in Yokohama. It is interesting to see the half Asian, half European life in the long, wide streets. Japanese men have rather pleasing appearance when dressed in their national costumes. Though they are not blessed with an impressive exterior by nature, the loose, flowing dress helps a lot to conceal physical deficiencies. But in European dress – *uff nei da!* No wonder that the Chinese look down on this rush to ape European fashions with the deepest contempt.

And then this mixture of clothing items that the majority of the people parade around with. F. ex., hardly one in a hundred is without European headgear. Top hats, felt hats of all shapes, English sporting caps, and German marching band hats.

"Yes," said an old resident I spoke with the other day, "there will be a reaction and that soon. I can well remember from just a few years ago, the proud *daimyo* (princes) in their national dress with two gilded swords. You could tell from far away that this was one of the nation's powerful men. But today, we must almost cry, when we meet the same gentlemen in company with claw-hammer coats and top hat under the arm. Many of our leading men see the comical in this childish mimicking, but they must obey the law, which commands European dress for all officials.

And here you can see a funny result of European civilization and Japanese mindset. (The resident showed me a photograph of a highly decorated Japanese general and

another of the same person in civilian dress.) This is a photograph of Prince Saigō , the leader of the 1877 revolt."

This noble was one of the most capable men Japan has had, and he became the empire's first marshal after the revolution in 1868. But later, the prince could not agree with the *mikado's* new councilors. They went too hastily forward, and in his heart he was still an adherent of the old feudal system.



Japanese court dress before the social revolution.



A samurai
or knight, in daily dress before the social revolution.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

The whole powerful Satsuma clan, to which Saigō belonged, also was discontented. The *mikado's* army that had crushed the Tokugawa family's power in 1868 for the most part consisted of Satsuma men, but still none of the clan were chosen as ministers. In 1877 the discontent broke out into open revolt, and if Japan had still lived in the era of bows and arrows rather than steam and electricity, there would hardly be any doubt that Prince Saigō before the year was out could have dictated the laws of Japan as the empire's 40th *Sei-i-Tai Shōgun* and sent the *mikado* to the scaffold.

But this did not happen. Though Saigō and the last of the feudal system's friends fought bravely, they had to give way to the government's artillery. After eight months, the prince and a few hundred adherents were surrounded by an imperial army of about 20,000 men. This elite group, Japan's last *samurai*, held out for several hours, and only when all further resistance was hopeless, did they kill themselves so as not to fall alive into their enemies' hands. This ended the last and bloodiest attempt to overthrow the new system.

Saigō and his men were viewed with repugnance for years, but little by little public opinion changed as the wounds from the civil war healed, and the dead rebels are now seen as patriots, even martyrs, even though they fought against the established order. A couple of years ago, Prince Saigō and several of the revolt's leaders, who have lain in their graves for many years as criminals, were not only declared good citizens – but even graced with high titles and honors.*

* It is common in both China and Japan to reward the living relatives by honoring the deceased.

And now the photographers had to strike while the Saigō enthusiasm was hot. The prince's head was copied from an old photograph and put on the shoulders of a wood figure dressed in the new French-style marshal's uniform with the broad, red and violet sash of the Order of the Chrysanthemum across the chest. This photograph has sold like hotcakes, and the Japanese do not see anything comical about the dead hero's redecoration with European finery.

However, the Japanese women make a very pleasing impression. They insistently cling to their enchanting, coquettish national dress and let us hope they do not ever submit to idiotic Western fashions. Certainly the empress and many aristocratic ladies appear in Parisian gowns at great galas where European envoys are present, but in daily use and on the streets only national dress is seen.

Their great, black hairdos are arranged in only two ways across the whole country. Girls and unmarried women wear theirs in a butterfly shape, a wing on each side and adorned with flowers, gold pins, glass beads, etc. Married women set their hair up in a large roll that is fixed in place with beautiful combs or needles.

Almost all the ladies we see look happy and healthy – a little too much make-up, it must be admitted – especially on the lips, which are much too inviting in their natural state to need any prettying up.

None of these daughters of Eve walk in any European sense; they only trip along on their *getas*, and the tight *kimonos* only permit short strides. This loose dress is held together across the middle with a sash that is the pride of all



Little brother on her back in a sling.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Japanese women. It is usually made of silk and embroidered in silver or gold. In the back the sash has a double fold that from a distance looks like an ammunition pouch – perhaps the origin of their European sisters' "lieutenants."

Now and then we see little girls carrying a sister or brother on their backs in a sling. The children look healthy, sun-burned, and happy and sometimes clasp their arms around their sister's white neck with the graceful bow that only a Japanese woman possesses. The *kimono* is quite open in front and adorned in the neck opening with a tasteful, light grey, light red, or light blue colored crêpe cloth – and with the white, swell of the bosom as background, forms a beautiful, coquettish, and enticing picture.

A few years ago, all married women used to blacken their teeth and shave their eyebrows to differentiate themselves from the pleasure girls, but this is going out of fashion, since the empress herself has abandoned this unsightly custom. Now we only occasionally meet a farmer's wife or some old witches, who by no means need to make themselves even uglier in order to avoid attracting amorous attention.

Japanese women still are behind their North-European and American sisters with regard to schooling and social standing, but this will be rectified within the foreseeable future. However, if the empire's women, when that time comes, still will deserve to be called the best daughters and the most loving mothers, may be questionable.

The houses in Tokyo are still mainly of Japanese architecture – small, low pinewood houses without a trace of paint. They resemble Swiss cottages, clean, neat, and taste-

fully furnished. The tile covered roofs are supported by only four slender wood columns. The walls, well, they are not walls; just wood frames that can be pushed back and forth in wood tracks. The frames are covered with the remarkable Japanese paper that is so soft that it can be used for handkerchiefs, so impenetrable that it can serve for umbrellas, so transparent that it can take the place of window glass, and furthermore, so strong it can be used to cover silk balls.



A house in Tokyo on the bank of an old fortress moat.

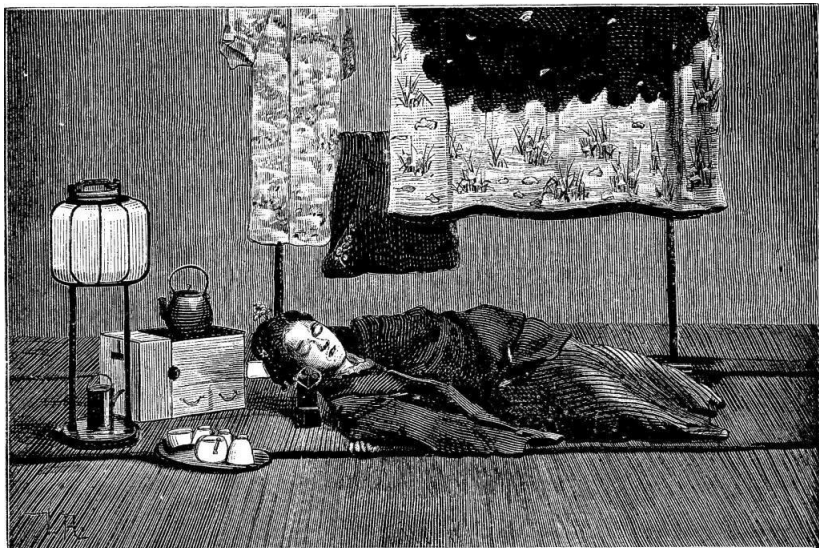
In the evening when everything is quiet, a many-colored lantern spreads a gentle light over the whole establishment, which itself resembles an enormous lantern. In the daytime the

paper walls are drawn aside and we get a good opportunity to study the home life. Everything is open to public view; the family at mealtimes and at work, even its various members' toilette. In Europe, one can live for years without having any notion of the ladies' more intimate activities, but here in Japan one can hardly cast a glance at a house without seeing a daughter of Eve occupied in washing herself or putting on make-up. They do not seem to be any the less given to vanity and desire to please than their European sisters – quite the contrary.



A Japanese lady at her toilette.

Setting up their hair takes up a lot of the Japanese ladies' time, but since they always need a helping hand with this lengthy process, it is rarely done more than once a week. At night they sleep with a block of wood covered with some layers of soft paper, but they do not rest their tired heads on this uninviting pillow; the hairdo must not be disturbed, so the fair ladies of Nippon place it under their necks. The other evening I tried to lie down with such a block, but five minutes was enough. I can still feel it in my neck.



She sleeps the sleep of the just with a wood block under her neck.

In Japanese houses they do not use any furniture. A person can "set up house" for 4 – 5 dollars; wish we could do that in Europe. There would not be so many governesses and female cashiers, not so much misery. Japanese luxury consists of the

rectangular two to three inch thick mats, which they sit and walk on for years without getting them dirty. The English say "cleanliness is next to godliness." Well, then the Japanese would have to be at least half-gods, but this I have not noticed to be the case, so there is perhaps an exception to the rule.

In the center of the house stands a large copper or brass tub full of glowing coals, and this comprises the whole cooking and frying apparatus for the common folk. Beside it stands the tobacco box and this is in almost constant use. We always see one or another in the family smoking a pipe, the head of which is so small that it must be refilled after a dozen puffs.

The Europeans were the first to bring tobacco to Japan and its use quickly spread throughout the population. As in Europe, that caused a lively discussion about the good and bad effects of smoking tobacco, and I will quote a Japanese author's opinion in the matter. He thought that the use of tobacco has the following

Advantages:

1. Digestion is improved and one feels better.
2. Smoking tobacco provides a convenient pretext for introducing oneself to other guests at a party.
3. A pipe of tobacco is good company when you are alone.
4. It gives one an opportunity to think before speaking, and thus gives a hot temper time to cool.

Disadvantages:

1. People have a tendency to hit each other over the head with their pipes when they get angry.

2. It happens now and then that someone uses his pipe to stir the coals in the brazier.
3. Many knock the glowing ash out of their pipes but forget to extinguish the fire and the ash thus often burns holes in floor mats and clothing.
4. Smokers often spit in the brazier, on the floor pillows, and in the spaces between the floor mats.
5. They forget to empty the ashtray, which is easily overturned and spills onto the floor mats.



Tobacco smokers.

The main shopping district in Tokyo is called the Ginza, and we drove there in the evening. Streetcars run to and fro, and on both sides of the street the throng of people is so dense that we must go with the flow. Occasionally we slip into one of the countless curio shops, which is one of the capital city's see-worthy attractions, but the shopkeepers do not get many dollars out of me tonight, since I do not have time to stand for half an hour haggling with the chaps before they will tell me the right price. I have made an appointment with Mr. van de Polder in *Roku-mei-kwan*, Tokyo's most fashionable club. The consul has very kindly offered to accompany me to The Maple Leaf Club for a Japanese dinner followed by a performance of dancing *geishas*.^{*} The Russian also came along, and the three of us drove off to the club. It was established by some high nobles and is intended to preserve Japanese customs and traditions; a kind of protest against the overtaking European influences.

Dance has always been the favorite form of entertainment in Japan. The palaces of wealthy nobles used to keep some young girls, who entertained the guests with their dances and also served as waiters, singers, comediennes, etc. Chastity

^{*}[The tourist, through the good offices of the legation, may secure an introduction to the Rokumeikwan, or Nobles' Club, at Tokyo, of which an imperial prince is the president, and which, as the name indicates, entertains the nobility, high officials, diplomats and the more prominent foreigners residing in the capital. Another prominent club, frequented by the most responsible merchants and bankers, is the Koyokwan, or Maple Leaf Club. It is situated in the most beautiful part of Tokyo, on the hill-side above Shiba.]

seems never to have been highly regarded in Nippon, and it not infrequently happened, and sometimes it still does, that a clever and vivacious *geisha* plays the role of Hagar in a gentleman's home.

In the Maple Club, there are about half a hundred young girls, who are accepted when they are about twelve years old and then well educated and trained as entertainers while *under very strict supervision*. Only club members and their guests are allowed to attend the dance performances. The club premises are fully Japanese; large rooms with mats on the floor and no furniture, only some pillows to sit on and the copper brazier with glowing coals in the middle of the floor. We had hardly entered before several cheerful young girls danced up to us, cheerily greeted my companions, who apparently were old acquaintances, and left to return with the dishes in lacquered bowls. All three of us were well accustomed to chopsticks, the wooden sticks that both Japanese and Chinese use instead of knife, fork, and spoon, so dish after dish could disappear without the least trouble. I cannot remember how many bowls were carried in and out, but here are some of the dishes.

First, several kinds of cakes and preserved fruits.

Fish soup.

Fried salmon	}	and rice.
Egg in sauce		
Wild pig cutlets		
Boiled fish		
Egg omelets	}	

and a lot of other more or less tasty stuff. Between the courses, we were served *sake*, Japan's national drink, in long-necked porcelain vases, such as Europeans sometimes use to set flowers in. *Saké* is drunk warm, tastes a little like sherry, and is rather intoxicating if one is not used to it.

All traces of the dinner are removed, cigarettes lit, and shortly thereafter two girls come in with three-stringed guitars called *samisen* and begin to play and sing some melancholy, emotive songs. While we are sitting on the mats lost in silent wonder, four magnificently dressed *geishas* quietly enter. The dance consists of graceful bows and movements, a kind of pantomime, wherein a fan is frequently used to express something or other. Each movement, each change in facial expression, each breath is performed simultaneously, and finally all four dancers let their fans fall to the floor. The whole performance is supposed to represent a maple leaf's creation, life, and when the fans fall it is all over, autumn has come, the leaf falls to the ground and dies.

The girls put so much emotion and warmth into their act that we are moved along and a melancholy thought fly by when the fans fall, but only momentarily because in the next moment the *geishas* whirl about in a merry dance to the soft tones of the *samisen*.

The Japanese patriots are right in their efforts to keep the European influence within certain boundaries. We would wish that the waves of reaction would also wash away the European ballet dancers if they should attempt to displace the graceful art of the *geishas*. — — — —

It took a long time before I went to sleep after I got back to the Imperial Hotel. I do not think I have ever experienced a more diverse and multi-colored day than this first day in Japan's capital, even though one gets used to sharply changing scenes when traveling in the East.

I dream I am wandering around in Shiba Park. Ancient *shōguns* in knightly armor stroll proudly by with beautiful *geishas* on their arms. Bowing, smooth-shaven priests beg for dimes. I search for my pocket, cannot find it, and become irritated when a priest repeats his entreaty. I open my eyes, and instead of the priest a smiling houseboy stands there and says, "Tea, Sir, please."

The sun is high in the sky, and I complete my toilette in a hurry to make up for lost time.

The Imperial Hotel is the largest and finest hotel in the East. It looks a lot like Victoria Terrace in Christiania, but the building appears more impressive among the low houses of Japanese architecture in the vicinity. Inside, the hotel gives us an impression of the greatest comfort possible combined with all imaginable luxury. The personnel are entirely Japanese with a nominal French manager to deal with the tourists. When princely personages come to Tokyo as the emperor's guests, they are housed in the Imperial, since his own palaces are not furnished to accommodate Europeans.

After breakfast, I engaged a rickshaw to drive me around the old moats and view the fortress walls that can bring even Egyptian and Assyrian tourists to ask with wonder how it could be possible for the small islanders to construct such immense fortifications? Enormous granite blocks, many up to

10 meters long, are laid on top of each other without grout. The walls have a wider base and slope slightly inward on both sides; thus the stones are held together by their own weight.

Iyeyasus' old fortress is surrounded by three ring-walls with a broad moat between each. These moats are supplied with water from Tonégawa, nine miles from the city, and so that the water will always be flowing, the moats have a slight slope toward the drains, which carry the effluent out into Yedo Bay.

Inside the first wall lies the old fortress that now is the *mikado's* home. In the space between the other two, some of the *daimyos'* abandoned *yashiki*, or palace estates can still be seen. No calls to arms can be heard now, no military parades, no poetry, only prose. The proud vassals' homes have been converted to storage barns, government offices, etc. Tokyo is the *new* Japan's capital city, and the old Yedo with its memories of the Tokugawa family's power and glory fades away year by year.

It is almost impossible to convey an impression of the size of the old feudal fortress. I will only mention that its walls enclose, in addition to the *mikado's* palace and gardens, all the government's office buildings, arsenals, parade grounds, the foreign embassies, and army barracks, besides the city quarter *Kjimachu*, which has about 100,000 inhabitants.

When we pass inside the second wall's iron reinforced gate, we can see a little of the roofs of the *mikado's* palace. A broad stone bridge with electric lights on both sides leads up to the innermost wall, but here we must stop and rely on the words of the editor of The Japan Mail, who is one of the few

mortals who has been inside the gate and has seen the emperor's new home. The editor gives the following account in his newspaper:

"The palace is constructed on the western fort's foundations. The main building looks Japanese, but the court officials and servant personnel live in a conventional European brick masonry building called *Kunaisho*. To get into the palace, one must pass through a long corridor that connects it to *Kunaisho* with massive gates at each end. When we go in through the last, we seem to see an endless row of crystal halls. This is because the *shoji*, or sliding doors, are made with plate glass, which is supposed to be a compromise between the desire to keep the architecture in Japanese style but to provide better lighting than given by the usual paper covering. For now it gives an impression of far too much transparency, since one can see in through all the rooms and the banquet hall at once, but later silk curtains in rich, matte colors will be hung up, and this will probably help a lot. —

We cannot but express our greatest admiration for the furnishings of the countless rooms. It hardly needs mentioning that all the wood varieties are chosen with great care and that the carpenters and cabinet makers have carried out their work with such skill as only Japanese artisans possess.

Each ceiling is a work of art. Brown, lacquered ribs divide these into sections, and each section is provided with beautiful designs in painted or inlaid work. The walls are covered with rich, tasteful brocades except in the corridors, where these are supplanted with a kind of colored paper that shows what accomplished work "The Imperial Color Press" can produce.

Among these carefully chosen colors, the massive, square wooden columns stand in milk-white purity. They are beautiful enough in their own way, but are hardly in harmony with the surroundings. These columns is the only element in here that reminds us of what we once called the true imperial aesthetic style, which was remarkable in its simplicity – white woodwork with neutral colors and matte gilding. The splendor of richly painted ceilings and brocade-clad walls was reserved for temples and the *shōguns'* mausoleums. However, in one part of the palace the old imperial style has been scrupulously followed. The six study rooms are just such tasteful, modest rooms that a man engaged in intellectual pursuits would wish for.

The banquet hall, with its 540 square meters, is an example in the other direction. The ceiling quite glows with gilding and colors, and the high walls are clad with the most expensive silk fabrics. The throne room is hardly less ostentatious, though it is a little smaller and less colorfully decorated. Every detail in these works show a very exact and artistic instinct.

However, let us add that none of this praise is due the European furniture, chairs, sideboards, and divans. We pass by these in merciful silence. —

The whole palace is lighted with electricity and most of the rooms are equipped with hot-water radiators." —

From the above we can get some idea of what the *mikado's* modest home looks like. The great annual festivities are held in either the palaces Akasaka, En-Rio Kuan, or in the Imperial Hotel.

Chapter Eleven

An afternoon in Asakusa, Tokyo's religious Tivoli.

The Temple of Kuanon – Similarities between Catholicism and Buddhism – The legend about the temple's founding – The entrance to Asakusa – Alpha and Omega – The believers' spitballs – The farm girls' preparations for devotions – Inside the temple hall – Will fear always drive all religious faith? – The most holy – 35 tableaux – A Buddhist library – The prayer wheel – A wrestling match – An evening meal in a teahouse – Courtship of the butterflies.

Asakusa is the most popular entertainment destination in Tokyo. It is a kind of religious Tivoli Gardens [in Copenhagen]; an excellent illustration of the connection the Chinese and Japanese think there ought to be between religion and enjoyment. Japan's largest temple for Kuanon, the goddess of mercy, stands in Asakusa, and on the large grounds, which always go with the Buddhist temples, one can, besides some religious buildings, find all that one's worldly flesh can desire in the form of theaters, restaurants, markets, dancehalls, circuses, teahouses, exhibitions, shooting galleries, etc. The Japanese do not see anything remarkable about the juxtaposition of temples and theaters. They pray, throw a coin

into the collection box, and then without further ado pass on to the most boisterous amusements.

In Chinese and Japanese temples we often see a figure that seems familiar – is it Mary with the Christ Child? Well, not quite. The Buddhist say it is Kuanon, the goddess of mercy, and like the Virgin Mary is the guiding spirit of whitewashed Buddhism – the Roman Church – Kuanon is Buddhism's major saint.

When the Catholic Fathers came to Japan, they did not need to bring materials for Madonna pictures, rosaries, altars, etc. The Indian prophet's apostles were way ahead of them. The Kuanon chapels along the highways could readily be taken into use for Maria worship without any changes. Buddha figurines of metal, wood, or stone, only needed a couple of cuts with a chisel to become Christ statuettes. Almost all Christian temples had earlier been Buddhist and became so again by the same process – squirting with "holy water" – when the cross had to yield to the "Wheel of Law" and the "Thunderbolt."* In short, every Catholic symbol was already there, and if they had behaved like good citizens and refrained from political intrigues, they would doubtlessly have brought Japan in under the yoke of the Roman Church.

Kuanon is as popular in East-Asia as the "Holy Mother" in southern Europe. The temples that pious souls have erected in her honor are almost without number, and the largest in Japan stands, as mentioned above, in Asakusa, the capital's "Tivoli." The foundations were laid more than a thousand years ago, so

* The lotus flower, the Wheel of Law, and the Thunderbolt are the primary Buddhist symbols.

it is old enough that the people have been able to weave a legend about it, and where it is possible, the Japanese will do so. Almost every piece of ground has its legend to tell.

It is said that in the thirty-sixth year of Emperor Suko's reign (628 A.D.) a strange light was seen on the surface of the Asakusa-gawa [Sumida River] in the night. Passersby were surprised to see the light on the river, even though the Queen of the Night had gone to her rest, and a rumor spread that the river's spirit had built a palace on the bottom, and the light seen only was the shine from the illumination when the spirit gave "dance parties."

One afternoon the fisherman Nakotomo and his sons, Hamanari and Takenari, rowed out on the river to fish. They cast the net time after time without catching anything. Finally, when dark was falling, they saw a glittering object in the net, and when they hauled it into the boat, the air was filled with a golden sheen. The frightened Nakotomo now examined his catch and found that it was gold statuette of Kuanon, no more than a couple of centimeters tall. He took it home with him, and since then no light was seen on the river's surface again. Nakotomo later built a chapel close by the place where he had found the goddess' image, and this became the origin of the present famous temple, to which all *shōguns*, from Yoritomo on, have shown special attention in the form of gifts.

We turn off the main thoroughfare that runs through all of Tokyo and onto the wide street that leads to H...., I mean Asakusa. There are restaurants on both sides, sing-along dives and dance halls, and farther up, a number of small doll stores, where even the worst spoiled crybaby can find something that

turn cries to laughter. The tackiest Nürnberger dreck, the most cannibal-like gods of lead, wood, or brass from Birmingham and Manchester is seen in brotherly concord with the Virgin Mary, Kuanon, Kaiser Wilhelm, French ballerinas, etc. The Babylonian confusion that rules her defies description. In Asakusa there is always jubilation, year in and year out. The shops reach right up to the entrance, where the more "worldly" sales objects are replaced with prayer books, altars, *joss* sticks,* wax tapers – in short – all such Catholic things as are sold outside *Nôtre Dame* in Paris.



The entrance to the Temple of Kuanon.

* Incense in the form of sticks. *Joss* is a common word for god in the East. It is derived from the Portuguese *Deos*.

An enormous red-painted gate stands in front of the temple. On each side we see a giant statue made of wood. Goliath would have looked like a little schoolboy next to these fellows. The fearsome scowls on their faces could frighten farmers and other innocent souls coming to Asakusa to celebrate "Christmas" out of their wits if they were not assured by seeing the giants safely contained within a strong iron grille.

The figures represent two *dewas*, or protecting spirits. One stands with his mouth open and represents *Alpha*; the beginning of all things, since, when a child is born, it announces its presence by opening its mouth. This *dewa* also stands for bidding all newborn babies welcome. The one with the closed mouth represents *Omega*; the end, or death. This explanation my guide gives me sounds well enough, but surely no one uninitiated would guess it from the sight of these hideous fellows.

And what are the spitballs about? Pilgrims keep coming up to the iron gratings with anxious mien, take a piece of chewed paper out of their mouths, and pitch it against a giant. Their skill in chucking these missiles surpass even our, when some years ago we sat at our school desk and furtively adorned the ceiling with paper wads dipped in ink. Well, they believe that they can find out whether a prayer will be granted by throwing a spitball against the god's effigy. If it sticks, his or her prayer will be answered, otherwise not – fortunate are those whose spit glands are large, for they will surely get what they pray for.

We pass by the giants and enter into the temples court. On the right there is a seven-story pagoda with an enormous corkscrew-shaped spire. In the middle stands a stone basin, large enough for a swimming pool. It is filled with "holy water" and around it a flock of farm girls has gathered, washing their hands while laughing and talking before they go into the temple to ask Kuanon for – well, what else can it be – a nice suitor, or that the Queen of Heaven will soften their callous parents hearts so that they can have money to buy shampoo, make-up, mirrors, or the pretty stick pins to set their thick, black hair with. We cannot see into their hearts, but they do not seem to be absorbed by any especially pious thoughts or feel particularly burdened by their sins.

I follow along with the happy group. Before us looms an enormous building with black tile roof. It looks just like every other temple in Japan; there is no variation except in size. The dark exterior seems to only be a wooden shell to hide the interior magnificence from vulgar eyes. We mount up the wide copper-clad entry steps. The girls and several faithful who join us cast small coins into some large chests and kneel down before the entrance. I must follow their example, but it is impossible for me to feel very reverent, since the constant clink of money brings me to think of human gullibility, and why have the American lords of humbug not thought of this kind of religious business? What were the proceeds from "the Contract for the Sins of the Germans," or how much does the reading of "Masses" still come to in the nineteenth century, against these colossal offering chests outside the Temple of

Kuanon? It is only 2 o'clock and the take here by the entrance amounts to *at least a half cubic meter of coins since sunrise.*

We have completed the devotions and step across the threshold. Before us lies a temple hall so colossal that we cannot see the end through the haze of incense-filled air. Masses of lanterns hang from the ceiling, several of them looks to be more than 10 meters high. Countless colorful paper strips with written prayers are stuck up around the walls. Some are large, others small. *X number of centimeters for a dollar.* In between there are large oil prints or painted pictures, most with maritime subjects. Fishing smacks about to go under, but saved at the last moment by some miracle. Steamships with bursting boilers – Asakusa's priests apparently keep up with the times – sailors floating on stumps of wreckage, etc. *Will fear always drive all religious all religious faith? Will all religion cease to exist when enlightenment makes fear of the unknown vanish as fog before the sun? Why has there never been a prophet who established his religion based on love for the creator of the universe? Why do Christian schools teach about a kind and merciful God, but at the same time about the torments of Hell, purgatory, and other terrors? — —*

Well, let us pass on through the hundreds of the worshipful. What is is the meaning of this? A bunch of people crowd together around an ugly, fat wood figure, old and worn, rub their noses up against the fellow and move on with contented faces. A rather eccentric pleasure, thinks the uninitiated. Well, the figure represents *Binzurn*, one of Buddha's major apostles. The faithful believe this chunk of wood possesses a wonderful power to cure sicknesses,

especially damaged limbs, and now the simpleminded wretches rub their damaged limbs against it, one after the other – and of course the collection box is right there. Obviously, many people contract incurable infectious diseases by their faith in the healing powers of the *Binzurn* figurine. The Japanese government, which in later years has often shown itself willing to go against harmful superstitions, ought to also step in here in the Temple of Kuanon, even if the income of the fat, smooth-shaven monks will diminish by a few thousand dollars.

We stand outside the holy of holies. A close-woven net of steel wire protects it from the devotees' spitballs. Ten cents to a priest and he bows and leads me inside. Here is the high altar, covered with gold embroidered silk and adorned with living flowers. On the altar stand several superb lamps and offering bowls of solid gold, protected by several gilded figures, which represent some saints, presumably disciples of Buddha. In the middle of this stands a small casket that contains the "most holy," *the thousand years old gold statuette of Kuanon, which the fisherman Nakotomo found in his net*. On both sides there are rows of gilded pictures in beautiful, lacquered reliquaries that lean up against the gilded wall, 33 altogether. They represent the goddess in as many earthly forms as she has appeared in. The whole tableau is magnificent, but gives an impression of being overdone with gold objects.

I wander around in the throng for a few more minutes, but finally get tired of some insistent old witches who absolutely want me to buy reliquaries, rosaries, Kuanon pictures, "holy

peas and beans" to feed the pigeons with, * and God knows what.

So out in the fresh air again; I am almost suffocated by all the incense, holiness, priestly sing-song, and human aroma that pervade the Temple of Kuanon.

Madame Tussaud's in London has a splendid collection of wax people, but she would get a serious rival if Asakusa by a miracle of Kuanon suddenly was moved over to the British Isles. Alongside the main temple there is a side business with 35 tableaux displaying miracles that Kuanon has performed. All the figures are life-size and of great artistic value. Everything is so lifelike portrayed that hardly any explanations are needed. Outside, there is a picture of the goddess, which is carried through the streets in the hope that she will be able to halt some epidemic contagion or other, and there is no doubt that the merciful Kuanon will fulfill her supplicants' prayers – if she can.

We will take the tableaux in order from the entrance on:

1. Kuanon appears in the form of a beautiful lady to award a priest, who sits avidly occupied with the holy books.
2. A woman prays to Kuanon for something and is heard.
3. The goddess has assumed the form of a beautiful farm girl and appears before one of the *mikado's* officials for some reason.
4. A girl is healed.
5. Kuanon helps a knight to bind an evil spirit.
6. A thief has broken into a temple. A painting beside the tableau vividly shows us where such fellows end up. A

* There are swarms of pigeons both inside and outside the temple.

- glowing wagon pulled by demons stand ready to transport the sinner to the place of "wailing and gnashing of teeth."
7. A woman sings a hymn in honor of Kuanon during a storm at sea and is saved from shipwreck.
 8. An old gentleman sits and writes, presumably a poem in honor of the beautiful goddess.
 9. A priest conversing with *Emma-ō*, the Prince of Hell.
 10. Depicts a good little girl, who never harmed any creature. On one occasion she saved a crab's life, and when the girl later was attacked by a snake, a whole regiment of crabs leaped to her rescue on Kuanon's command and bit it to death.
 11. A man prays to Kuanon and is granted power to kill a snake that has alarmed the village.
 12. An old gentleman sits by a table with some writing implements and passes out cookies to some little children.
 13. A woman falls off a ladder, but is not harmed.
 14. Kuanon ascends to Heaven with the picture of a boy in one hand. The original later becomes an abbot.
 15. Kuanon cures a man's headache.
 16. A pious farmer's child is attacked by a wolf. Kuanon sends strong rays of light down from the heavens, which frightens the predator away.
 17. A man saves a tortoise, later his son falls into the sea and would have drowned if Kuanon had not sent word to the tortoise, which swims to the scene of the accident, takes the child on its back, and brings it to shore.
 18. And so on,

are likewise examples of how the Buddhists' "Virgin Mary" holds her protective hand over the pious and good, and especially those who are kind to those lacking the faculty of speech. A "Society for Protection of Animals" is not needed in Japan, since the great Indian prophet has already taken care of that. *In that respect, the "heathen" Japan stands as a bright example for the Christian Europe, where the gospel of love and mercy soon will have been preached for two millennia.*

We press on. Outside the pagoda we see a large, red-lacquered wheel, somewhat like a waterwheel, with a stone foundation carved in the shape of a lotus blossom. Each "scoop" is filled with books. It is a *rinzo*, or "rotating library" that contains all the Buddhist texts. The wheel goes around with a single push, and it is almost always moving, since for a couple of pennies the librarian allows the faithful to turn the library around on its axle, and a tablet that hangs on the side, tells us *why* both in English and Japanese. Due to the number of texts – 6771 – it is impossible for an individual to read them all, but he can gain equal merit by letting the wheel spin 3 times around its axis, as the one who reads every book. In addition the wheel turner will be rewarded with a long life, riches, and escape all misfortune.

More can hardly be expected from just a couple of cents. *What was P.T. Barnum compared to the priests of Asakusa? Only a mere apprentice!*

Another "penny-catcher" of about the same caliber. Only a few steps from the library stands a small chapel. Boys and girls stand there lined up to get in. I join the queue, and here we have another wheel, and another, a row of them. They are

smaller than the *rinzo*, have vertical axles, and turn with the speed of a spinning wheel. One of these thingamajigs is called a *rembro* – "prayer wheel." If someone feels excessively burdened by his sins or has a wish, he prays to *Jizo*, a Buddhist saint, that he will remove the burden or grant the wish while he rotates the wheel – a symbol that *Jizo* will let his life go on without punishing him with sickness or other misfortunes. It hardly needs mentioning that the priest officiating as *Jizo's* representative collects a commensurate fee. I was advised at the hotel to fill my pockets with ten cent coins, and bless me if they were not half empty before I got away from Asakusa's "penny-catchers."

Up in the "Eiffel Tower," which is a small cousin of the French one. The elevator brings me up to an elevation of 200 feet. A brilliant view up here on the platform. All of Asakusa is seen from a bird's perspective. The thousands of visitors billow to and fro; they look like so many black spots. The air is fresh up here. A couple cups of tea wash down all the holy dust and infectious bacteria that I have inhaled in the Temple of Kuanon. The elevators go down. Time is short; less than an hour before sunset.

We go on past curio shops, a European circus, teahouses, shooting galleries, bronze and stone sculptures of Buddha, chapels and carousels, etc., and come to a place where a kind of amphitheater has been erected. The guide informs me that two famous wrestling champions will appear. Well, let us see how the Japanese do that sort of thing. The patrons courteously make way for this son of Japhet and I get a seat in the front row.

The contest has already started. These brown, naked giants seem to play cat and mouse with each other. Up and down, around the ring, and whoops – but no, it did not succeed. The cat suddenly made a leap, but the mouse was smooth, it side-stepped fast as lightning. Both breathe deeply, stamp on the ground, and loudly slap their hands against their thighs. Another jump. This time one of the contestants succeeds in throwing his arms around the other and now a desperate struggle ensues, a tense moment. Thousands of cents are at stake.* The spectators' eyes look ready to leap out of their small, slanted sockets . . . They fall to the ground. One comes out on top and frees himself from the other's grip. He is the victor.

"The air exploded in a single thunderous roll . . . " is it not thus that reporters describe the end of the fight between Slavin and Sullivan or other celebrities of that kind? But here, not a sound was heard, except from the European, who naively thought he was obliged to clap for the victor. I have never seen such a phlegmatic mob in all my days. Well, well, I thought as I got up to leave. All nations have their own customs.

It is beginning to grow dark, and all of Asakusa is like a sea of colored lanterns with occasional white electric lights between, and when we now and then pass by a flower display, we can almost believe we have been transplanted to a scene from 1001 Nights. The magnificent chrysanthemum flowers that for thousands of years have been the *mikado's* family symbol are seen everywhere.

* The spectators did not belong to a class that could afford to throw away so many dollars.

A ten cent coin, and the gardener leads us bowing in to see his treasures, which are displayed in several terraces. There are small, crippled tress in all kinds of shapes; horses, cats, tortoises, houses, humans, etc. The artist has slung chrysanthemum flowers between them and illuminated the whole with colored lanterns. Oh, how beautiful! And how the gardener's eyes beam when his gaze passes over these artificial plants! He has spent several years bending young branches to obtain the desired effects. We pass by a countless number of these displays. It is just in the chrysanthemum's flowering period, and all the gardeners in Tokyo have sent their best products to Asakusa. An enchanting sight! It is difficult to tear myself away.

I decide to spend the evening in this land of make believe. Dinner at the "Imperial" will go by the board, but I will need something for sustenance. My guide knows just where to go. Up into a large teahouse; on the second floor for a change! The charming little ladies brings in all one's heart may desire and more.

Behold these works of art:

First course: A fried cod, turned up at both ends to resemble a Viking ship. The mast is a chopstick^{*} stuck into the side of the fish.

No. 2: The dish is carried in on a large porcelain platter. A cliff of carrots, turnips, onions, etc., is almost hidden in a sea of egg whites. A couple of fishes are seen, and opened oysters lie around the edges. Mouthwatering perhaps, for a gourmand

^{*} An Anglo-Chinese word for the wooden pins used for eating instead of knife and fork.

who in his imagination may have followed along this tour of Asakusa, but up here they have even better things. Champagne from Rheims and the national drink *sake*^{*} are served in cut crystal glasses; they have apparently had European guests here before. This I can also sense from a certain lack of the formality and deference, which otherwise distinguish Japanese wait staff. But the dishes taste great, and I am in far from as critical a humor as now, when I am writing these lines. Several "works of art" disappear before my appetite is satisfied.

Several girls begin to trip back and forth in the far end of the room. A box and other paraphernalia are carried in. My guide informs me that some jugglers will give a *Nachspiel* as an *après* dinner entertainment. I have no objection, provided the honorarium is within reason. My mentor goes over and talks with them. One dollar. Well, less could hardly be charged. Same sliding doors are pushed aside and the performance begins.

A "professor" steps onto the stage and gives a long speech, which my guide translates in short as, "He will show how a pair of butterflies court each other." The artiste rolls a piece of paper between his hands and with his fingers forms a white butterfly. He then moves a fan slowly back and forth so that the air moves with it, and the butterfly flies around the stage so lifelike that I would have sworn it was real, if I had not seen it made.

The insect rises up and down with spread wings while the professor fans and follows its movements with intense care. He finally lets it settle on a flower vase on a table at the side.

* Drunk warm and resembles sherry in taste and color.



A wrestling match in Asakusa.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Then he picks up another piece of paper. The same process, and another butterfly. The one on the flower vase rise up with wave of the fan and follows its new partner. The artiste explains to us, with bows and smiles, that it is the male butterfly that circles his heart's desire. She is quite the coquette; sometimes the lady lands on the edge of the fan and allows her pursuer to come closer. He presumably whispers something agreeable into her ear, maybe too much so; she suddenly swings up into the air; the cavalier follows, and they dance a spirited waltz. The lady perhaps becomes tired and thinks the game now can be over. If it goes on too long, her knight may give up the chase – and she also wishes to be caught. Therefore she finally lands on a bouquet of flowers. The cavalier follows, and in this romantic environment everything becomes clear between them.

Shall we not let the curtain fall on the scene in here as well as out there?

Later in life we can dream about it – or perhaps really visit Asakusa once more to see more acts of Japanese folk life in the island empire's religious Tivoli.

Chapter Twelve

Between Tokyo and Yokohama

The cemetery at Sengkuji – The 47 *ronin* – A tragedy in the days of the *samurai* – Asano, Lord of Ako, is insulted by his instructor, Kira Kotsuke no Suke, and tries to kill him. He is allowed to commit *hara-kiri*. Asano's knights revenge him. Their tragic end – At Nichiren's grave in the village of Ikegami – The legend of Kishimojin, who had a thousand children, who lived on human flesh – Buddha hides one of her children – Kishimonjin's despair – She is converted by the prophet and is later worshipped as the protector of children – "The fair Spaniard" – The murder of Lennox Richardson – The good Samaritan woman.

With the morning train to Shinagawa, the first station out from Tokyo. A charming panorama out by Yedo Bay; there are pinewoods right down to the beach with temples and commemorative monuments peeking out from the openings. A row of forts that the French built for the *taikun* in the 1860s lie a little out from the shore and out in the bay some colossi with the sun flag on the stern. They lie at anchor, but it is lively enough onboard. The young Japan knows no rest. Probably "Clear ship for action!," since the noise reaches all the way in to land. Outside the powder smoke, steamships, fishing smacks, and other vessels sail peacefully by.

A short distance from the shore, quite hidden by venerable giant trees, stands a small temple called Sengakuji. It apparently attracts many visitors because we meet crowds of women, children, and grown men, who wander reverently about. The remains of forty-seven *ronin*,* whose tragic history is known by all Japanese, rest in the cemetery outside the temple.

A row of wooden statues portraying the heroes together with their lord, for whom they offered their lives, stand in a small side-chapel. Some are old, gray-haired men, others just youngsters.

We walk up on the temple rise, and there is their last resting place, surrounded by tall, old trees. We count 48 gravestones, and the history of the 48th gives one a good idea of the Japanese concept of *l'honneur*. In the middle there are a couple of monuments that rise up above all the others. Under these rests the *daimyo* Asano Takumi no Kami, who in the year 1702 was sentenced to have his life and property condemned because he dared to attack another nobleman inside the *shōgun's* palace. The story is long and interesting. Mitford included it in his *Tales of old Japan*, and I will summarize it here, since it throws a clear light over several traits in the national character.

Asano, lord of Ako, was one of the nobles the *shōgun* chose to receive an envoy from the *mikado's* court in Kyoto. Neither Asano nor the other *samurai* had a thorough knowledge of the ceremonies and etiquette demanded on such

* *Ronin* was the term for a *samurai* without a lord or master and no other property than his two swords.

occasions, and a wily courtier named Kira Kotsuke no Suke was ordered to give them some lessons.

This noble gentleman was known far and wide for his love of all that moth and rust doth corrupt, and since the two *samurai* did not bring him large enough gifts for his trouble, he treated his disciples in a far from knightly manner. Kira finally went so far that he commanded the lord of Ako to tie his stocking garter and made fun of him in the bargain. Asano could not restrain himself, drew his sword, and tried to cut the miscreant down on the spot. But Kira got away with a scratch, and Asano was overpowered by the intruding servants.

The law must be obeyed. It was a capital crime to draw cold steel in the palace, but the lord of Ako was permitted to commit *hara-kiri* as a kindness. His properties were confiscated, and there was nothing left for the now masterless *samurai* to do but survive as best they could and look for an opportunity to take revenge for their lord's death – a sacred duty for these Japanese knights. They all swore they would not rest until Kira Kotsuke no Suke was killed, and they kept their word.

It was, of course, a difficult matter, since Kira had a clear understanding of what was waiting for him and never showed himself without a strong escort. But the foremost of Asano's *samurai*, Oishi Kuranosuke, found a way. He resorted to guile; pretended to have given up all thought of vengeance, began to drink, divorced his faithful wife, and sought the company of loose women – in short – behaved as no *samurai* should.

He thus completely fooled Kira, who little by little became less careful as he heard about Oishi's behavior, and when a

year had passed without any attempt at revenge being made, he did not think any more about the matter.

But Asano's faithful friends were not sleeping. On a given signal the whole band gathered in the capital in a dark winter night, surrounded Kira's palace, overpowered the guard, and forced their way into the inner apartments. The cowardly courtier tried to escape his fate by hiding in a an outbuilding, but was found, dragged into a room, and called on to commit *hara-kiri* as befitted his high rank, but when he resisted, Oishi gave him a cut across the neck that separated his head from his body. The head was washed in a well, which is pointed out at the foot of the temple rise, and placed on Asano's grave. The attack and its outcome were then reported to the authorities in accordance with the law and tradition.

There was nothing for it. Though common opinion supported such action, even considered it a sacred duty, the law had to be upheld. They were sentenced to commit *hara-kiri*, and this they all did without flinching.

When the story of the *samurai's* deed and their tragic end became known, many people traveled to the graves in Sengakuji to pray. Among these was a nobleman, an acquaintance of Oishi Kuranosuke from an earlier time. He had happened to meet Oishi lying dead drunk in a street in Kyoto, and since he did not know the motives the *samurai* had for so contemptible behavior, he had spit in his face.

Now the nobleman came regretfully to the grave and said: "When I saw you lying drunk in the street, I did not know you intended to avenge your lord's death. I thought you were a faithless vassal and spit in your face. Now I come to beg your

forgiveness and pay for the insult with my life." The noble then knelt by the grave, drew his sword, cut open his stomach, and died. He was buried along with the others, and this is why there are 48 gravestones.

This is a gruesome story of wild heroism from the past days of knightly honor, but we cannot help admiring such pride. There are still thousands in Japan who remember the valiant, faithful vassals, and loving hands deck the graves with flowers and burn incense over them.

All their personal effects are preserved in a building at the side of the temple, and Japanese pilgrims view them with as much respect as the Catholics in Europe view the Holy Robe of Trier. The relics do not look like much for the uninitiated. Pieces of old armor, swords with blood rust, torn pieces of clothing, and similar objects.

*

*

*

We take a rickshaw and drive on to the village of Ikegami, where one of Buddhism's reformers in Japan, the saint Nichiren, is buried. I have written about this gentleman earlier, in the chapter "On Classic Ground."

A priest shows us a cylindrical tower on a foundation carved in the shape of lotus leaves. The tower itself is covered in shining red lacquer. Inside there is a large table shaped like a lotus flower that rests on the back of a tortoise; the whole thing carved from grey sandstone – and then the holy of holies – Nichiren's ashes and a tooth that once was his.

Around the tower, as far as the eye can see, there are monuments, temples, and caskets surrounded by venerable old trees; the whole as picturesque as possible. The setting is quite enchanting, and the little village that lies bathed in sunshine at the foot of the rise, looks so inviting that we go down and get a couple of eggs and a glass of milk, which will have to do for lunch today.

The largest of the temples is of course built in Nichiren's honor. Rather simple and tasteful with regard to the decorations; quite a contrast to Shiba and Asakusa's immoderate splendor, but then he also was a rather strict reformer; a Japanese Calvin.

Among other temples that the priest and my guide point out, is one dedicated to a woman in the Buddhist mythology named Kishimojin.

The legend says that this woman was the mother of a thousand children who all lived on human flesh. In order to bring food to her house, Kishimojin had to hunt other human children. One day, when she returned from the hunt, she discovered that one of her own children had disappeared. Full of anxiety and sorrow, Kishimojin searched in every corner, but without luck. The child was not to be found. She became almost mad with despair, cursed Heaven that had not watched over her child, and the earth that hid it somewhere. At last she lay down in the field, exhausted. While she lay there, Buddha appeared before her and asked: "Woman, why are you so sad?"

"How can a mother help being sad," replied Kishimojin, "When she has lost her dearest child? Lord, take pity on me and find my child, if it is in your power."

"It is possible your child has been killed by a demon," said Buddha, "and prepared for dinner."

"Oh, do not say that," said the anxious mother, "The thought almost kills me, but if it is a demon, it shall suffer my vengeance." She then stood up and would go on, but Buddha stopped her and asked: "Where are you going with your thoughts of vengeance?"

"Where? Of course to search for the demon who has killed my child."

"Wait," said the prophet, "I may be able to return your lost child to you."

"Oh, please do that in your boundless grace," begged the mother and began to cry.

"Before I return your child, let me ask you a question: Do you think that the mothers, whose children you kill to feed your devil's spawn, feel any less pain at losing their children than you do at this moment? You have a thousand children, but still the loss of just one makes you almost crazy with sorrow. The children that you kill may perhaps be their mother's only child. How much heavier must not their sorrow be? From your own grief you must understand how sinfully you have acted by killing other people's children in order to feed your own. Tell me, what do you think of this?"

Kishimojin stood silent for a while and wept. Then she kneeled by the prophet's feet and said: "Lord, you have convinced me of my sins. Your words have fallen like the

sun's rays on my black conscience. Oh, how I regret my previous behavior. Lord, take the burden of sin from me, for it is heavier than the sorrow over my child."

Buddha's face lightened up, and he said: "It gladdens me to see your regret; it will save thousands of human children that you might have killed later. Swear that you will never kill another child in the future."

"I will do so," replied the mother, "but my children have a taste for human flesh, and if I do not provide it they will turn against me and then go hunting for children themselves."

"I will give you a good substitute for the meat," said the child-loving prophet, and he took some flour cakes out of his bag and gave them to her saying: "Taste them and you will find that they taste like human flesh. Give your children flour cakes from now on."

Kishimojin tasted one and swore that she would never again kill anyone. Then Buddha took her child out of one of his sleeves and said: "Here is your child. I wanted to show you by a practical example what a great sin it is to kill a child, and therefore I hid one of yours while you were gone in order to put you in the same position as the other mothers, whose children you have killed. You have repented, and therefore I will return your child."

"Thank you, oh gracious lord and master," cried Kishimojin, "You have condescended to save even so wretched a sinner as I, who was lost in sin. Oh, my savior and returner of my child, I swear in your holy presence that I will always protect other mothers' children, and I hope my great

burden of sins may thereby be forgiven. I and my children shall be the faithful protectors of children."

Thus says the legend; one of thousands about the great Indian prophet's love for the small and oppressed in society. Kishimojin occupies a significant place in the Buddhist pantheon at Kuanon's side. Temples are built all over Japan in her honor, and the one in the village of Ikegami next to Nichiren's last resting place is one of the largest.

*

*

*

Onward with the railroad. We pass through clean little villages with gardens outside every house. All are cultivated as a Garden of Eden.

It is harvest time, and farmers of both sexes stand up to their knees in water, which is intentionally let in over the rice paddies in the summer. Occasionally there is a hillside, where trees have been allowed to grow; the dark evergreens in pleasant contrast with the lighter bamboo trees. This kind of scenery is repeated nearly everywhere in the lowlands of Japan. It is monotonous to watch in the long run.

Mr. van de Polder had told me an interesting story about an old woman, whom the Europeans called "The fair Spaniard," or "The black-eyed Susan." She owns a teahouse that lies by the Tokaido Main Line near Tsurumi, the second station from Yokohama, and I got off there.

A couple of minutes' walk, and we come to a attractive house with a garden that in beauty and artistic arrangement

surpass all the teahouse gardens I have seen. Charming, red-cheeked girls immediately appeared to bid us welcome and an older woman with a pair of fiery eyes brought us tea and cookies.

"This is 'The black-eyed Susan,'" whispered my guide, and I could easily understand why her fame has spread so widely around. In her younger days she must have been ravishing. No wonder that princes like lesser mortals have bid for her hand, even in this land so rich in feminine beauty. But "The black-eyed Susan" has chosen to remain single with her teahouse – and perhaps the memory of an unlucky youthful love.

A few years before the fall of the shogunate, the prince of Satsuma came to Yedo to pay the obligatory visit to his military overlord. This mighty prince of an eighth part of Japan did not undertake the journey to show his fealty to the Tokugawa family with overwhelming enthusiasm, since the prince could present a family tree as old as that of the great Iyeyasu's family and perhaps a little older. But so as to avoid disagreeable rifts with Japan's *Major Domus*, he set forth as demanded. At the same time the prince wished to humiliate the *taikun* after having yielded him the obligatory homage. He came to Yedo with such pomp and circumstance that even the glittering Japanese nobility thought it was a little over the top for a subject. He brought with him more than 2,000 great and lesser noblemen in his entourage. He had also just bought a large steamship in Yokohama and intended to return home by sea. But the *taikun* thought otherwise; he thought it best to cut such grandiosity down to size before it developed into

something more ominous, and ordered the prince to return home by the great *Tokaido*, as all vassals before him had done.

80,000 men now stood ready on a moment's notice from the military governor to bring the unruly gentleman to his senses, and there was nothing for it but to abandon the triumphal return by ship.

Satsuma and his entourage left Yedo in a very bad humor and, not very far from "The fair Spaniard's" teahouse, they met a company on horseback; two couples of European ladies and gentlemen. These did not know that it was customary to get off the road when one of the great princes passed by. It is also possible that Satsuma intended to get the *taikun* into difficulties with the Europeans, or he might just not have thought it through, but just found an opportunity to vent his anger.

Anyway, the Europeans did not get out of the way quickly enough, and some of the advance guard drew their swords. One couple got away, and one lady got her locks sheared, but the fourth fared worse. He got a mortal cut in his chest, but still managed to drag himself to the nearest teahouse, where the unfortunate man, his name was Lennox Richardson, had so often spent some hours with the charming owner of the house. Now he with feverish thirst drank the cool water she poured into him. She was bandaging the poor man's wound when some of the rear guard came by, pushed the Good Samaritan away and pulled the wretch out into the road, gave him his final fatal wound, and threw the body into the ditch. The brave woman ran after the murderers, pulled the corpse out of the water, and carried it home and hid it. She was just about to

bury the unfortunate man, when his friends found out where his body was and had it brought to Yokohama.

Lennox Richardson now rests safely in the European cemetery, and we, who today visit the quiet, peaceful island nation, can hardly believe that such dismal stories from the revolutionary times are anything but tall tales, but they regrettably are all too true. — — —

I asked the guide to ask her if she could remember that far back.

"Yes, I do" she said, with a sad smile.

— One more cup and then goodbye. The locomotive's whistle blows, and by seven o'clock I am back in the Imperial Hotel.

Chapter Thirteen

Do the Japanese stand lower in regard to morals than other civilized nations? A visit in Tokyo's Yoshiwara.

How can it be that the Japanese are accused of being the world's most immoral nation while at the same time the nation is said to have a bright future? – Different mores in different areas of the world – The free social conventions between the sexes – Yoshiwara, or the justification for the quarantine system – Vice under a flattering light in Japan – The *geisha* girls dance for us – The origin of the national dance – The sun goddess Amaterasu and her naughty brother – The goddess hides in a cave – She is lured out of it by Uzume's dance – Amaterasu sends her grandson down to earth and gives him the three imperial symbols.

It is not unusual to hear globetrotters and other superficial observers, state with the utmost assurance that *there is no trace of what we call morals or decency in Nippon's beautiful isles.*

This is an awful accusation against a whole nation, which at the same time is described by the same gentlemen as a

people with a brilliant future before them. How can this be? Those who have studied the cultures of the world from ancient times to the present know very well that *the future does not belong to the nations that stand low regards to morals and decency, and certainly not the lowest*. This is thus a clear contradiction, and the esteemed visitors' judgment cannot be relied on in this regard. It is no wonder that European people have got so many absurd notions about the two civilized nations of the Far East, when their wisdom is derived from such ladies and gentlemen, who have not bothered to study these peoples' histories, literature, and customs and traditions. Our own rules for proper behavior, for what is seemly and in accordance with our moral laws, cannot be set as a standard when characterizing another nation. We must remember that *the energy that flows through all human life brings forth different thoughts, ideas, and customs depending on conditions in the areas through which the current flows*.

Even the Japanese and the Chinese, whom we usually think of as the same people, have widely different ideas about many things, especially with regard to morality and decorum. Thus, in China men and women are sharply separated; in Japan the opposite was, and *where the Europeans have not intruded*, still is, the case. Even in the port cities, such as Nagasaki and Yokohama, men and women bathed together in the public baths without anyone taking notice of it. Then, a few years ago, it was prohibited in the port cities; not because it was found to be sinful, but because European notions began to take hold. A Japanese girl's behavior will

easily upset genteel European girls and nice, young men. She does not observe the same privacy at her toilette and shows her physical charms without blushing, which ladies with more horizontal eyes would not do. A Japanese miss knows nothing of the European ladies' calculated rules for display or scientific evaluation of the cut of their dresses. A couple of centimeters excessive economy in coverage often has a stronger effect than a fully naked bosom displayed without the European ladies' main intent: *to catch attention from the opposite sex*. It is primarily at the sight of the freer social atmosphere that the globetrotters have based their judgment of Japanese morality.

Nowhere else in Asia have women's standing been as high as in Japan. The sagas of the island empire are full of examples of the most loving mothers, the best wives, and their abilities to perform the great and heroic acts that in Europe were reserved solely for men right up into this century. With regard to the respect and esteem that the masters of creation show women, the Western nations will hardly measure up.

On the other hand it must be admitted *that sexual intercourse outside marriage is not viewed as being as deplorable as it is in the West*. Our ideas on that subject are quite different from the Japanese. The globetrotters are right about that, but it can have its reasons, which are not seen by people who only look at the surface.

The main principle in the social order in Japan as well as in China is: *the children's absolute respect for and obedience to their parents*. While many good things result from this

principle, much evil is also been due to it being driven to excess. In China it goes so far that a son will gladly suffer the death penalty to atone for his father's crime. In Japan it goes still farther. There a girl, pure as newly fallen snow, will on her father's order sell her body without demurral. She willingly goes to a life she abhors, a life that will bring her disease and an early grave. Thousands of novels, romances, and stage plays are about a girl who hates life in the houses of joy and would rather commit suicide, but refrains from it because the money she makes go to *paying off her father's debts or to support her parents in their old age.*

For this treason and many others, the Japanese do not view these poor creatures with our "Christian" eyes. It is not rare for a young, ambitious man of the bourgeoisie, who wants an intelligent wife who can help him rise on the social ladder, chooses *her* from the many beautiful, witty, and well mannered girls in a *yūkaku* – the Japanese name for the red light districts. They usually become both tender mothers and loving spouses and society forgives and forgets their sordid past.

In that regard we can have much to learn, *we Christians, who so often make the road as difficult as possible for the fallen who would redeem themselves.*

However, we must not think that the nation as a whole find prostitution justified, far from it; they also view it as a social evil, but treat its victims with more consideration than we do.

Every nation has tried to solve the problem as best they could; so also the Japanese. Like several other nations they

have tried to control prostitution with strict laws and policing. The *yūkaku* was always restricted to an outskirt of the city. *It is a delimited moral quarantine system*, which I believe is the best way to handle it.

In Japan it became absolutely necessary to introduce this system after the Europeans arrived in the country. When a new port was opened for trade and shipping, the first houses the Japanese built for the Europeans were a customs office and - a *yūkaku*. The islanders did not have an overly high opinion of the foreigners' conduct and morals after observing their behavior in Nagasaki earlier. In order to protect themselves from the venereal diseases the foreigners brought with them, they established these quarantine areas, which surely have prevented much destitution and misery.

In Tokyo the *yūkaku* is called Yoshiwara and lies in the outskirts of the city within the Asakusa district and close to Ueno Park. I drove there together with a couple of acquaintances about nine o'clock. Yoshiwara is one of Tokyo's most impressive districts. The houses in the long, narrow streets that go all the way through, look like palaces relative to the common people's homes. The gardens and parkways as well as the buildings are pleasantly illuminated by countless colored lanterns that cast their mild, flattering light over the whole scene. A lot of people stroll back and forth – mostly young people. But there is no rowdiness, nothing that offends the eye as in European large cities. Only muted, lively conversation, and through the open windows we can see in to the colorful ladies of the evening enjoying candies or other delicacies. Some sing to the accompaniment of the

samisen. The soft, clear tones sound delightfully in the palmy evening air and make us think ourselves transported to the Moorish palace Alhambra.

We enter one of the grandest houses. The host, who remarkably enough was *not* a European, which he usually is in the port cities Nagasaki, Yokohama, etc., came out to greet us. The shoes of course had to come off, and one of my acquaintances, who knew the host, gave assurances for our decorous behavior – that is to say no spitting on the mats, no spilling of cigar ashes, or other social *faux pas* that Europeans are wont to commit.

A number of the unfortunate creatures were present. Some waited on a few older gentlemen who were "out on the town," possibly to escape whining children and Xanthippe-like spouses, which surely are also found in the beautiful Nippon. Other girls are invited to take part in a celebration held by some of the capital city's dandies, and here the mood is livelier. No wonder, for it looks like they have learned from the Europeans to drink champagne; several empty bottles stand nearby on the floor.

We go farther in through the connecting rooms, some gliding doors are pulled out, and here we sit by ourselves in a pleasant little room. Tea and cigarettes are brought in, and since we wish to see some of the *houris* perform a national dance for us, a request is passed to the host.

After a few minutes one after the other comes tripping in, a whole dozen laughing young girls dressed in the most splendid silk costumes, rather heavily made up, with red lips and gilded teeth. They split up into two groups. The music

starts up and the dance begins. It is very lively. Something like the fiery Italian and Spanish folk dances with vigorous arm movements. Intermittently one of the dancers throws another dancer a witticism, which is answered just as quickly. Then one sings a line of a verse, which is picked up by the next lady, and so on around the circle. My acquaintances speak Japanese like natives, and even I, a very serious young man, must laugh when they translate the dancers' quips. Wilder and wilder goes the dance. They apparently get warm; loosen their robes little by little – the curtain falls. — — — —

According to legend, this ancient national dance was invented by the goddess Uzume, patron saint of dance. The story is rather amusing.

The sun goddess Amaterasu had a brother, and like brothers usually are, he was rather mean to his sister. Thus he one day threw the wet hide of a horse he had skinned over the loom where the virtuous goddess sat. This was too much for her. In her wrath over her brother's insolence, she accidentally wounded herself with the shuttle, and the next day she retreated into a cave and blocked the entrance with a large rock. The sky and the whole universe were cloaked in darkness. There was no difference between night and day, and some malevolent gods made use of the confusion to cause all kinds of trouble. This could not go on, and the gods came together on a plain in Heaven to discuss means to get the sun goddess out of the cave again. They agreed on taking advantage of feminine vanity and inquisitiveness.

On an appointed day the whole family of gods assembled outside the cave for a festival featuring musical concerts and dancing. One of the loveliest goddesses, Uzume, was assigned to lead the dance. Bonfires were lit, and a large orchestra of singers and harp and *samisen* players performed. As the festive mood increased, Uzume became quite impassioned, sang one verse after the other, threw witticisms right and left, and finally she loosened her robe, exposed her charms, and sang:

"GODS! from the cavern's gloom
Comes she majestic!
Shall not our hearts rejoice?
Mine is the victory!
Who can resist my charms?
Hail, Ever-Shining One!"

The legend says that the merry gods laughed so hard that Heaven shook. The sun goddess, who could not understand what all the jollity could be about now that all was dark and somber, got curious and went toward cave entrance, where she heard one of the young gods singing her praises. Driven further by curiosity, she moved the rock blocking the entrance aside a little and inquired why the dancing and laughter? Uzume answered that it was because they had found a goddess that surpassed Amaterasu in loveliness, and at the same time another god showed her an enormous round mirror they had made for the purpose. The sun goddess, who thus for the first time saw her own loveliness, came closer,

and the strongest god grabbed Amaterasu by the arm and pulled her out from the cave.

She now could only submit to the triumphant gods and goddesses. She was conducted to a splendid palace built for her while she hid in the cave, a strong guard was set around it, and so there were light and sunshine as before.

The bad brother was sentenced to have all the hair on his head pulled out as a warning to others. As mentioned earlier, Amaterasu sent her grandson Ninigi-no Mikoto down to the earth (Japan) to rule over it. His son was Jimmu Tenno, with whom Japan's history begins.

When Ninigi went down to the earth, the sun goddess gave him the mirror the gods had made to lure her out of the cave, and a sword and a jewel.

These 3 imperial symbols have been inherited from one generation of the sun goddess' family to the next. The mirror symbolizes justice, the sword power, and the jewel virtue. They were first kept in the imperial palace and were later moved to a temple at Isé.* One maiden in each generation of the *mikado's* family is chosen to guard the treasures and officiate as priestess.

All of Japan's provinces have a reproduction of the mirror preserved in dedicated temple, and almost all Japanese homes have a similar mirror in miniature, which the islands' lovely daughters use for their toilette.

A Japanese author writes: "When the emperor looks in the mirror, he sees his own imperial persona, which is descended in unbroken line from the empire's first ruler, and

* Near Lake Biwa.

that reminds him of his ancestors' great command: *to love the people like his own family.*"

When the people look in the mirror, they see themselves; descendants of loyal ancestors, who lived under the good emperors' patriarchal rule, and it also reminds them to love their homeland and their emperor. *The mirror likewise lets them see and know themselves, and that is the first principle of practical philosophy.*"

Chapter Fourteen

In the City of Temples.

From Tokyo to Nikko – The red bridge – A regiment of Buddhas – The patron saint of Nikko – Iyeyasu's funeral – The high priest who became a cavalry officer – A visit to Iyeyasu's mausoleum – Sleep well, oh Shining Light of the East.

The Japanese have a proverb "*Nikko wo minai uchi va, 'Kekko' to iu na !*" which translated means: "Do not use the word magnificent till after you have seen *Nikko!*"

The Italians say: "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori!*" – "See Napoli and die!" but anyone, who has visited both places, will find that the natural beauty of the city by the foot of Vesuvius compares to Japan's pride as starlight to sunshine.

All that history, nature, and art could contribute to create an earthly paradise have come together at Nikko.

This place that Iyeyasu chose for his last resting place lies 80 miles north of Tokyo between snow-topped mountains and evergreen, somber forests. A river runs through it; bordered by



Japanese mountain landscape.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

flower decked banks. Here I stood in the afternoon of the next day after a six hours journey on the railroad through Japan's most beautiful mountain landscapes.

The sun is just going down behind the high mountain ranges and gilds some light clouds before it says its final goodbye. Oh, how wonderfully lovely and quiet! It is a moment in life never to be forgotten; a foretaste of paradise in the next world.

Dusk falls and as on a magic sign the air resounds with solemn, clear bell tones from the countless temples that are seen in all directions; half hidden behind flower gardens and trees.

The famous red-lacquered bridge, about 300 years old now, leads across the river. It is a little rundown, but still beautiful in its scarlet coat; a picturesque contrast to the dark green groves of Japanese cedar and the rushing, foaming river below.

The bridge is supported by solid stone piers resting on bedrock. It had not needed any repairs until 1890, but when it then was rumored that the Russian *tsarevitch* would visit Japan, Nikko prepared to receive him in a proper manner, which of course included giving the famous bridge an overhaul.

However, the attack on the prince in Otsu near the old capital Kyoto cut short his travels in the northern provinces, and apparently also the bridge restoration, since it now stands there half done.

I walk further along the bank and come to a seething maelstrom fed by a large waterfall. There is a very spindly

suspension bridge, which almost touches the water. The most interesting feature of the place is a couple of hundred Buddha figures carved in stone and placed in close ranks on a footpath along the riverbank. They look rather the worse for wear as they sit there half grown over by moss with clasped hands looking out over the river.

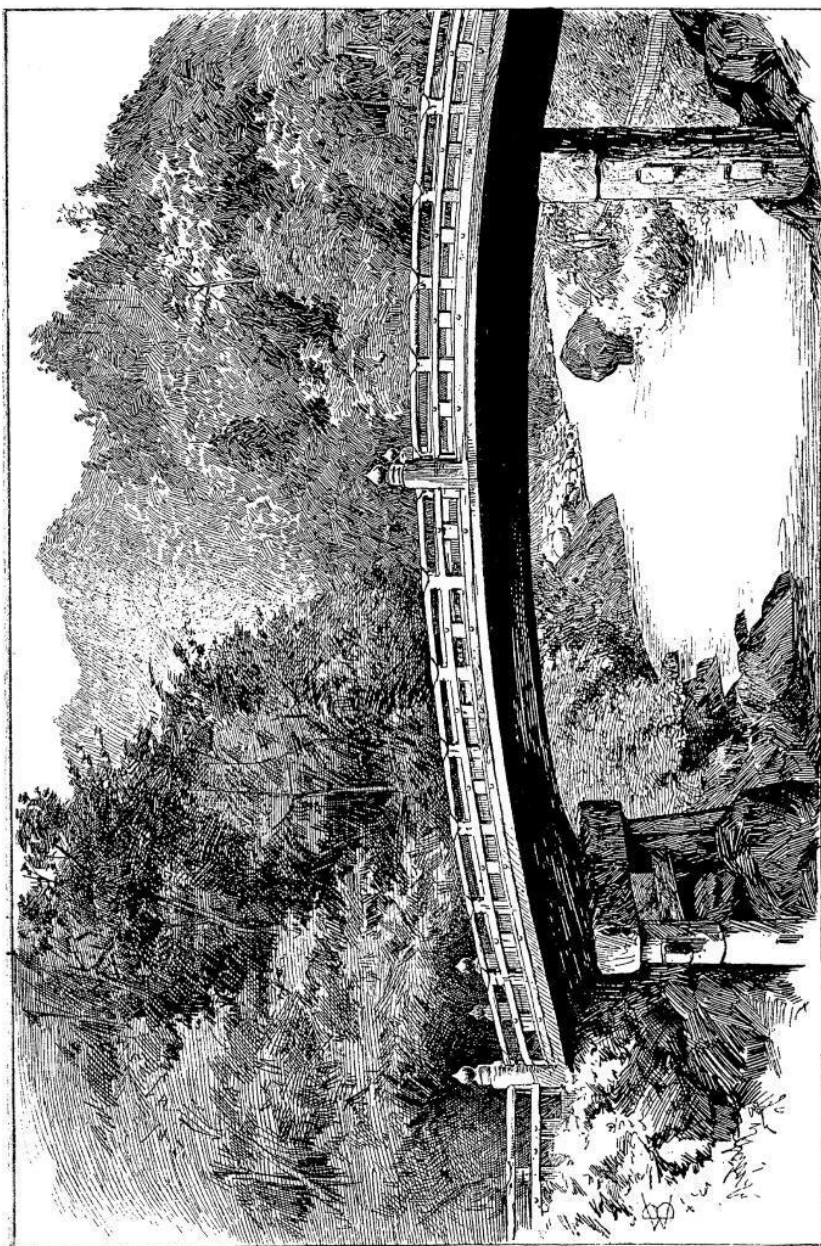
The row begins at a curious grotto and goes down to a cliff on which is carved the Sanskrit word *Ham-mon*. These stone figures represent the judges that the departed's spirits must pass by, and therefore their relatives have stuck up pieces of paper with pleas for mercy for the members of the family who may possibly have deserved a less than gentle treatment after they left this vale of tears.

I pass by this solemn jury in the twilight. Each member has a different facial expression, but still looks so unfeeling and unshakable that the surviving relatives almost must see by a glance that all their efforts will be to no avail. *Everyone will be judged in accordance with the life that he or she has lived.*

It is becoming too dark, and I must return to the hotel; one of the many that in later years have been construct in half European style to serve the hundreds of tourists who annually visit the place.

Before we take a tour of the city of temples, it is best to hear a little about Nikko's history.

The first Buddhist temple was built by the Japanese saint Shodo Shonin in the eighth century. Later, several of the Indian prophet's apostles settled in the same place, and one temple after the other shot up among the luxuriant foliage



The Red Bridge.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

However, Shodo Shonin is the one who is most responsible for Nikko Valley's reputation for holiness, so we will briefly recapitulate a biography one of his disciples wrote some years after the saint died.

Shodo Shonin was born in 735 A.D. His parents had long wished for a son, and Kuanon finally heard their fervent prayers. Several natural phenomena accompanied the boy's birth; thunder rolled, a peculiar cloud appeared over the house, flowers fell from the sky and filled the air with their fragrance, etc., etc.

Even in his childhood, the saint gave himself to religious pursuits and amused himself with building small pagodas and temples from clay and stones. He was therefore called "The temple builder," by his playmates. In his twentieth year he secretly left home and took up residence in a cave that was consecrated to Kuanon.

After having spent three years in prayer and holy meditation, he dreamt that a three feet long sword lay on the top of a high mountain north of the cave. When Shodo Shonin awakened, he rose up and set off to find the sword. The deep snow seemed to put insurmountable obstacles in his way, but the saint swore that he would rather risk his life than give up his quest. Persistence conquers all. He reached the top and saw the sword that he had dreamt about.*

Up here, there also was a cave, where the holy man took up residence, occupied in penitential exercises and living on delicious fruits that a supernatural being brought him.

* The biography does not inform us what the pious saint was going to use the sword for.

After three years had passed, he again took up wandering and came to a monastery where he met some Chinese monks who accepted him as a novice. Shodo Shonin stayed here a few years, but then he saw four miraculous clouds of different colors in the northern sky and immediately set off again to see the lands they rested over. When he got close to the area, he found that his way was blocked by a large river, whose waters ran down among large rocks and made it impossible for the saint to pass across in a boat.

Shodo Shonin fell down on his knees and prayed. A divine form of enormous size immediately appeared on the opposite bank. It wore a long, black gown and had a chain of human skulls slung around its neck. The being called over to Shodo Shonin that it would help him cross the river and threw a couple of green snakes over to his side of it. These then immediately changed into a bow-shaped bridge, but as soon as the holy man had crossed over, the entity and the snake bridge both disappeared.

Shodo Shonin, who still saw the four clouds rest over the place he had come to, built himself a hut and continued his religious observances. Later, when a lot of disciples began to gather around him, he had several temples constructed and died in 817 A.D. at the height of his fame.

One of the monasteries he founded still survives. A bridge was later constructed at the place where Shodo Shonin passed over the river in such a miraculous way, and this was replaced with the famous red-lacquered bridge in the seventeenth century.

In 1616 Iyeyasu, the great founder of the Tokugawa family, died. He had expressed a wish to be buried in the lovely Nikko Valley, and his son Hidetada fulfilled his wish in the following year. Never has Japan displayed a greater splendor than on this occasion – *but then it was its greatest son in history who would be shown his last honors.*

The coffin was received on its arrival in Nikko by the *mikado's* representative and Hidetada leading the great princes and the flower of the chivalry. Iyeyasu's remains were provisionally placed in a magnificent grave chamber after the *mikado's* emissary had read aloud a decree from the emperor's own hand, wherein the *mikado* in his capacity as Heaven's vice-regent on earth canonized the late *shōgun* under the name of Tōshō Daigongen, the "Great Gongen, Light in the East." A funeral fête was then held for three days, while Buddhist priests sang a mass 10,000 times. Later, a decree was issued that the high priest in Nikko always should be a member of the *mikado's* family with the title of *Rinnoji-no-miya*, or Prince Bishop.

This arrangement stood in force until 1868, but under the confusion during the revolution some malcontents took advantage of this tradition, took possession of the underage prince bishop's person, and tried to set him up as an anti-emperor. The plan did not succeed and did not have any consequences other than that the young high priest was sent to Germany to be trained as an officer. Here he was shot by Cupid's arrow and was therefore recalled on graduation, since a connection between the *mikado's* near relative and the commoner-born beauty was not considered acceptable.

Prince Kitashirakawa Yoshihisa, the young cavalry officer, was later declared heir to the throne, since the *mikado* was then childless, but the following year the *mikado* got a son with a concubine, and Prince Kitashirakawa had to withdraw.

I saw him the other day in Tokyo on horseback. A vigorous, cheerful fellow, judging by appearances; seems to not at all take his life's many vicissitudes to heart, and hardly wishes to go back to being *rinnoji-no-miya*, even in so lovely a place as Nikko.

Early in the morning I leave the hotel together with a guide who speaks fluent English. I can see he is old in the business because his mouth runs incessantly like a pepper grinder and is all that disturbs the silence that reigns over paradise. Our goal is Tosho-gu, the Japanese name for Iyeyasu's mausoleum.

The road goes up some stone stairs overshadowed by rows of colossal Japanese cedars with moss-clad trunks until we come to a *torii** made of granite. On the left we see a grave memorial consisting of a pagoda and stone lanterns; on the right there is a nicely decorated temple with a large bell outside at the top of a moss-grown stair.

A stone-paved path leads from the *torii* up to a colossal gate of the same kind as at the entrance to Asakusa in Tokyo, but without the two *dewas* in iron cages at the sides. Instead they have let a couple of monstrous gilded beasts into the cages. Even the guide does not know to what point in the Japanese mythology these animals, also unknown to the zoological world, refer to, not that it matters.

* A *torii* is found by the entrance to most Japanese temples. It looks like a gallows and is constructed with long blocks of granite or iron cylinders.



A grave memorial in a Japanese temple yard.

The whole gate is decorated with strange fantastic animals, one of which is pointed out for me as a *taku-jin* that is said to be able to speak like a man and only shows itself on this sinful earth when a virtuous sovereign occupies the throne. It should then appear soon, since a better emperor than the present can Japan hardly ever have had.

Inside the gate we see three beautiful buildings in a zigzag row, covered from top to bottom with artful decorations and paintings. These buildings serve as a kind of storehouses, where the priests store all the sacred objects that are brought out for religious ceremonies honoring Iyeyasu's memory and also some household articles that "The Great Light in the East" has owned.

Outside one of the buildings there is a giant tree, which is said to be the same that the *shōgun* used to set into his sedan chair when it still was small enough to fit in a flowerpot.

By the side of the tree, we see a sumptuously furnished stall for a small, white pony that is dedicated to some god or other. It is facing outward in the stall instead of inward as with us. The Europeans say China and Japan belong to the wrong way world, and they say the same about us.

Under the roof there is an artistically carved tableau of monkeys that is called *San goku no saru*, or "The monkeys from the three countries" (China, Japan, and India). The one with the long arms presumably is from India, but the nationality of the others cannot be determined without assistance.

One of the monkeys shows that it is blind by covering its eyes with its hands, another that it is deaf by sticking its fingers in its ears, and the third shows it is mute by covering its mouth. This symbolizes that "one should never see, hear, or speak anything ill about one's fellow humans."

Next to the pony stall, there is a holy water cistern, a gift from the Prince of Echizen, ancestor of the present Marquis Nabeshima. The basin is carved from a single granite block

and is protected under a roof resting on twelve granite columns. The block is positioned so accurately that the water, which is supplied from a nearby waterfall through a bamboo pipe, flows off equally all around so that the whole looks like a solid "block of water."

In a beautifully decorated building next to the holy water a complete collection of Buddhist texts are kept in an eight-sided millwheel similar to the one in Asakusa, but here in Nikko I did not see a sign promising the wheel-turner everything good here on earth and beyond for 3 cents. Nor were the priests so greedy; everything had a more respectable character. The secret probably is that *the riff-raff of American and European tourist hordes do not come here to Nikko.*

In the center of the temple grounds there is a large *torii* of bronze with the Tokugawa family's arms in gold. We go up a stone stairs and enter yet another temple yard. Two lions that Iyeyasu's grandson Iyemitsu donated to the temple stand just outside. On the right there is a very artistically carved and decorated bell tower, a bronze lantern from the king of the Ryukyus,* and a large bell with a long inscription from the ruler of Korea. The Dutch have also added their mite to Iyeyasu's memorial in the form of a splendid bronze lantern.

A few more paces, and we walk in under a grand colonnade. The columns are painted white, and on one of them the decorative carvings intentionally go from the bottom up

* The Ryukyu Islands have for centuries been a bone of contention between China and Japan. In order to stay friendly with both powers, the kings sent tributes to the rulers of both countries. The islands are now completely absorbed into the Japanese empire.

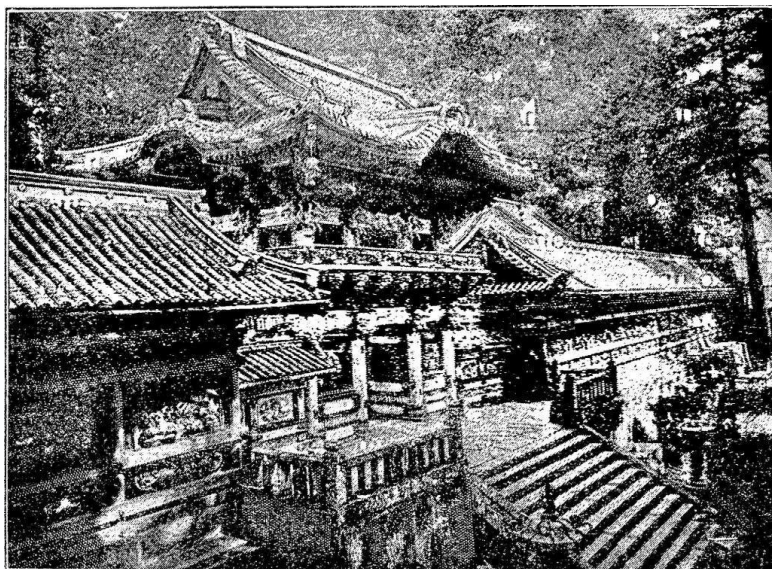
because the builder feared that, if everything was perfect, something bad could befall the Tokugawa family. It must have helped, since the historian will find very few of this world's powerful who have enjoyed as worry-free an existence among a grateful people.

The colonnade forms a single chain of superb examples of Japanese sculpture and graphic arts. A description will relate to the sight as the moon to the sun, so we will just pass further on through a gate to the innermost temple ground. Here there is a building that houses the carriages used in processions memorializing the canonized *shōguns* Yoritomo, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu.

In the middle of the yard, we see a gilded openwork fence, inside of which there is a prayer chamber and a small chapel. We take off our shoes and are allowed to enter. The doors to the prayer chamber are adorned with flower arabesques and over the doors and windows we see a lot of carved birds. The hall is partitioned into a long room with a quiet room on each side, all of it as beautifully decorated as possible.

We are not admitted to the chapel, since it contains the decree canonizing Iyeyasu and a silk banner that the *mikado* donated to the temple when he visited Nikko in 1876. My profane European eyes must not view these sacred objects, and so we return to an open hall where three gilded pictures of Buddha with crossed feet are displayed on a pedestal carved like a lotus flower, and also a statue of Nikko's patron saint Shodo Shonin. The Buddhas depict "Kuanon with the 1,000 arms," "Kuanon with the horse's head," and *Amida Nyorai*.

Kuanon No. 1 actually has only 40 arms, which hold several of Buddhism's emblems such as The Law Wheel, a lotus flower, a pagoda, an axe, etc.



Iyeyasu's temple in Nikko.

Kuanon with the horse's head has four pairs of arms and three heads. The middle has a horse's head engraved on the forehead, which gives the picture its name. One pair of arms is folded before the breast. The second holds the Axe and the Wheel, symbols of the elimination of all earthly sorrows. A third pair of arms holds two different kinds of clubs with which to crush all enemies of the Buddhist faith, and finally the fourth pair carries in one hand a rope to bind the godless with and the other is open and outstretched – the symbol of an alms giver.

Amida Nyorai has his hands – only two – in his lap with the thumbs touching. The hole in the forehead symbolizes the wisdom that has, and still does, stream out from his brain, and the naked spot in his hair is a sign of humility.

From the hall we continue on through a monastery courtyard until we come to a gate that leads out to the holiest of the holy. A masterpiece by the famous Japanese sculptor Hidari stands over the entrance. It depicts a sleeping cat, and the work is a credit to the artist.

Outside, a couple of hundred stone steps lead up to a mound, where Iyeyasu rests. Quiet, quiet, not a sound is heard, while we walk up the moss-clad steps overshadowed on both sides by majestic trees. A small chapel stands on the platform and behind it lies the grave. Like the graves of the other *shōguns* in Shiba Park in Tokyo, it is as simply furnished as possible; a stone monument with a bronze urn on top – a magnificent depiction of the end of earthly splendor. In front of the grave there is a low stone bench supporting a colossal bronze stork with a candlestick in its mouth. The whole is surrounded by a stone wall with a bronze door.

So here rests Japan's greatest son, the victor at Sekigahara. Great Iyeyasu, you, who understood that the greedy vultures from the West would suck the heart-blood out of your people; sleep soundly up here in the solitude on your mound among the mountains of Nikko. The vultures have returned, but they did not find carrion; they found a nation, which by the long peace you provided for it, was able to prepare itself for a new assault. Instead of finding spoils in your lovely island empire, they stopped in wonder and cried: "Can a nation be

born again?" The representative of the new era, the mikado, has been here to thank you, you Great Light of the East, because you by unrelenting work for your people's welfare gave it the strength for a new birth. Sleep soundly, Iyeyasu. You will receive your reward on the great day.

*

*

*

It is regrettable that I must leave the fabulous Nikko after lunch, but perhaps the memory is that much more vibrant. The Japanese can truly say without exaggeration: "*Nikko wo minai uchi va, 'Kekko' to iu na!*"

"I hope I can visit it once more someday," I think while the railroad takes me back to Tokyo. Tomorrow, the 3^d of November, is the *mikado's* birthday, and he then is to review his faithful army. It won't do to miss such an occasion, and I therefore must leave Paradise.

It is a long and boring journey. I sleep in the compartment and dream about the majestic rows of Japanese cedars, moss-grown stone stairs, and the solemn rows of bronze lanterns, which are to light the way of Iyeyasu's ghost back to the mound up there when it has been out on a ramble. Then strange looking birds and monstrous dragons pass by until they all vanish when the courteous conductor comes by and calls: "Tokyo, Sir!"

Chapter Fifteen

The *mikado's* review.

I opened the glass door that led out from one of the "Imperial Hotel's" lavishly furnished bedrooms to the veranda. Celebration was in the air. A veritable sea of flags, pennants, lanterns, and flower decorations as far as the eye can see. Tokyo has dressed up in its Sunday best, and that is understandable, since the inhabitants also will celebrate their beloved *mikado's* birthday.

At the breakfast table, there were several military officers in full dress uniforms with sashes and stars of the orders of "The Chrysantemum," "The Rising Sun," and "The Sacred Treasure." Truly, His Divine Majesty will review the flower of the new army at half past eight o'clock.

The smartly turned out *Vicomte* de Lebray sits in one corner of the room together with some young officers. He is the last of the instructors that the new Japan had to hire from Europe and is presumably just adding the finishing touches to his work before he gets notice that his services are no longer required. Most of the Europeans in other branches of the administration got that last year. The Japanese are a proud

nation and do not like having foreign teachers longer than absolutely necessary.

But time passes, only three quarters of an hour to go. "*Allons enfants*," the *vicomte* cries laughing, as he claps one of the young gentlemen familiarly on the shoulder, and the gold embroidered heroes hastily depart out the door followed by their compatriots' admiring looks.

Our amiable legation secretary, Mr. van de Polder, had given me the necessary information, so that I could hire a rickshaw and drive up to the Avogava parade grounds at once.

Several thousand loyal subjects surround the place. It is very difficult to move ahead, but the courteous military police with the inevitable chrysanthemum cockade in their caps make way for the European, and I land safely in the ambassadors' tent, where a number of "the select" have been given permission to stand during the review.

It is interesting to see a score of nationalities gathered inside a few square meters. Not a trace of the formality which one might expect among such high-ranking diplomats. Even the German envoy has got the spirit and is engaged in a lively conversation with the French consul.

It is remarkable how the restraints between nationalities vanish when thousands of miles lie between the representatives and their respective home countries. They feel more like brothers and sisters of a single, large society. One's vision clears and one's horizon widens. The artificially made ice between nations that at home may look like impassable glaciers melt by nearer acquaintance and the warm feelings of friendship. — — —

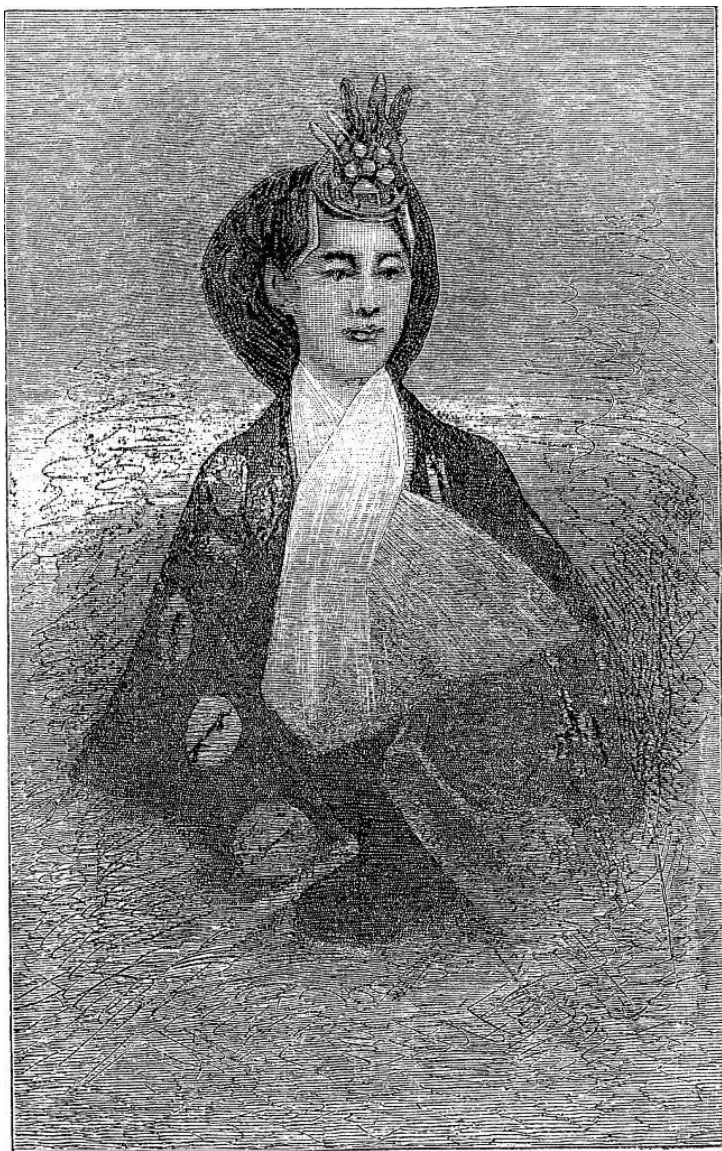
An infantry regiment is drawn up in the front with its music corps in the middle. Dark masses of all kinds of weaponry are seen in the background. Staff officers in dazzling uniforms run to and fro; they are having a busy day. The critical eyes of many nations will soon be directed at the pride of Japan – the army's elite corps. Wonderful weather, cool clear air.

The music corps strikes up. It is the old national anthem, indicating that the *mikado* is near. The avant-garde gallops by the tent, a state coach follows. Is this *Dai Nippon's* ruler? No, it is only his uncle, Prince Arisugawa, the army's commanding general. One more coach with gold-embroidered lackeys in Louis XV style. It is another prince, "the high priest," Kita.

But then finally an outrider appears, carrying the imperial standard – red with a chrysanthemum flower in the middle. Here we have His Divine Majesty with a 2½ thousand year family tree, and Count Itō, the prime minister. Hats and caps off! Bowing and scraping – but not a single cry of hurrah, no *vive l'empereur!* or *Hoch für den Kaiser!* It is odd that the Japanese have not imitated the Europeans in this too. Maybe it is the deep veneration felt for the throne that prevents it. Anyway, an oppressive silence rules overall. Only the solemn tones of the music are heard while the *mikado* descends from the carriage and enter the tent to greet the ambassadors.

Mutsuhito, in a French generals' uniform with the reddish-violet ribbon of the chrysanthemum order across his breast, frankly does not does not present an attractive appearance. One would think that his descent from 121 *mikados* – and from the Sun God – would give him an aristocratic air and a white skin

(This page intentionally left blank.)



Haruko Fujiwara
Empress of Japan.

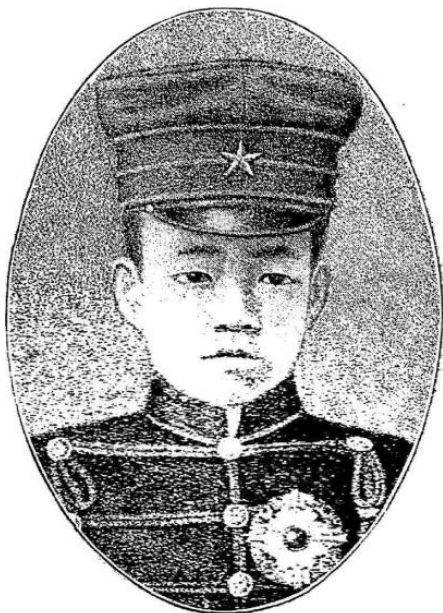


Mutsuhito
The 122nd *mikado* of Japan.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

color. But no, truth to tell, few of his subjects looks less prepossessing than Japan's holy *mikado*.

A gentleman of the diplomatic corps, who sat by my side, remarked that the emperor had quite a resemblance to certain animals that will climb up in the trees when you clap your hands. Those who do not know Japan's history would surely have left the country with little enthusiasm for the island empire's ruler. But the truth is that this grim sovereign with the melancholy expression in his beautiful brown eyes is regarded as one of the wisest and best



Yoshihito, Japan's crownprince.

mikados that have ever directed the fate of Japan. This is his 41st birthday, but he looks at least 10 years older. — —

The *mikado* mounts a horse followed by *Vicomte de Lebray* and several high Japanese dignitaries, among them the above mentioned Prince Arisugawa, who is a stark contrast to his uncle in form and posture. He looks like one of the handsome French cavalry officers, tanned under the sun of Algiers, that one might meet on the boulevards of Paris.

They trot slowly around the whole parade ground – solemn and quiet as before. When the *mikado* comes back again, he

gives an order to one of the adjutants, and shortly thereafter we see large masses of infantry, cavalry, and artillery form up in columns. The outrider with the imperial standard positions himself a little outside the tent. Mutsuhito and the little twelve year old crown prince ride up alongside of him. The music strikes up a march, and then the parade files by. First comes the infantry, then the cavalry, and finally the artillery. It is an imposing display, and the European instructors can be proud of their work.

The Japanese are a warlike nation, and a soldier stand as high in the people's esteem as he is scorned by the erudite sons of China. I looked over at the Chinese legation secretaries in their national mandarins' dress from time to time. Thought that might possibly feel a little uncomfortable in their long gowns among the Europeanized Japanese. But no; the cold, supercilious diplomatic smiles are fixed on their faces as usual.

On the other hand, the Korean minister seems to follow the military display with eager enthusiasm. His nation has much Japanese blood in their veins. At home, when we hear something about a Korean, we imagine something half wild, not much better than the black "Protestants" and "Catholics" of Uganda. I could wish that you could see the imposing Korean in his high hat and national costume, who today represent his country at the *mikado's* court, and you would get a different view of the nation. I think the Koreans are the handsomest nation in the East, even if they are not as literate as the Chinese or as enterprising as the Japanese.

After the review, the *mikado* with ministers and generals dismounted from their horses and entered the tent, where a

number of eminent Japanese dignitaries and foreign consuls had the great honor of shaking His Majesty's hand, and the millionaire Vanderbilt's as well. This American Republican looked very happy and cast a triumphant glance at a group of less favored compatriots.

The state coaches drive up, and the *mikado* and the nation's great men depart the Avogava parade ground under the solemn tones of the national anthem and the people's respectful, silent salutation.

Chapter Sixteen

From Tokyo to Yumoto and onward.

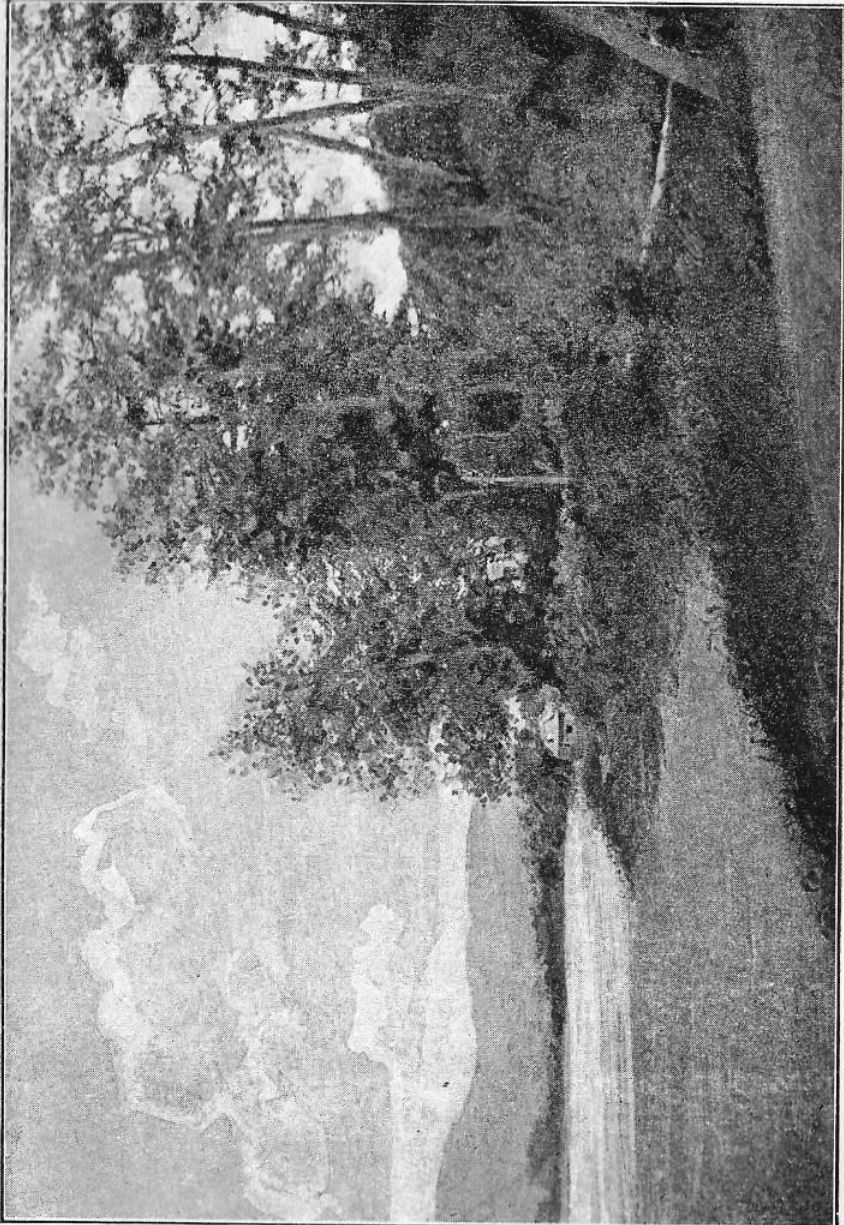
A trip in the moonshine by trolley car – Electric lighting in the village of Yumoto – A bath in paradisiacal innocence – My hotel bill – Arrival at Lake Hakoné.

After the review I drove over to the Dutch embassy, which a couple of days previously had sent me an invitation to a "better" *tiffin*. Regrettably, I had to leave my genial hosts already by three o'clock with a promise to return on the 10th of November for the *mikado's* chrysanthemum festival.

The ambassador had arranged it so that I would receive an invitation in a couple of days. It would have been very interesting, but my longing for my motherland and all my loved ones at home had lately returned with renewed strength.

I could possibly be home by Christmas if I left with the German "Mail,"* but the French left only a week later, and week more or less could not matter so much. Well, I had not

* Common designation for a mail-ship.



On the road from Koze Station.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

made out a travel route, but I knew that if I left with the German liner, I would only have 5 – 6 days left, and those I wanted to make the most of.

So goodbye to Tokyo and the agreeable companions I had come to know there. My course now goes to Lake Hakoné at the foot of Fujiyama and Japan's fashionable spa Miyanoshita.

A couple of hours' travel brings me to Kozu, about 30 miles from Yokohama. The railroad does not go any farther in that direction, but there is a horse drawn trolley on tracks that runs into the mountains to Yumoto, where I had decided to stay overnight.

Some passengers stood there waiting for the trolley car, which had not yet arrived, and I went into the teahouse next to the station and ordered a cup of tea from the amiable hostesses. I may have found the place relaxing, since I did not hear the trolley's whistle. However, the driver courteously came up to the teahouse to warn that it was time to leave. The car was full, so I chose to stand outside with the conductor in the clear moonlight and view the pleasant scenery we passed through; almost a continuous forest of giant trees, now and then interrupted by a village.

We stopped for 5 minutes in Odawara. It is said to be a very interesting town of considerable historical interest. In the past, Odawara was Japan's third largest city and for a short time the residence of the Hōjō family. Now the old castle lies in ruins and the moats are almost full of debris.

On the outside of the railcar station we can see what the inhabitants of the town find to do in our times. Not swordplay and tournaments as in the old days, but with something that

may be almost as dangerous. Some of the natives must have been to America, since they now are heavily into the manufacture of patent medicines that cure all diseases known to man. At least, that is what is promised on the large red posters, in both English and Japanese.

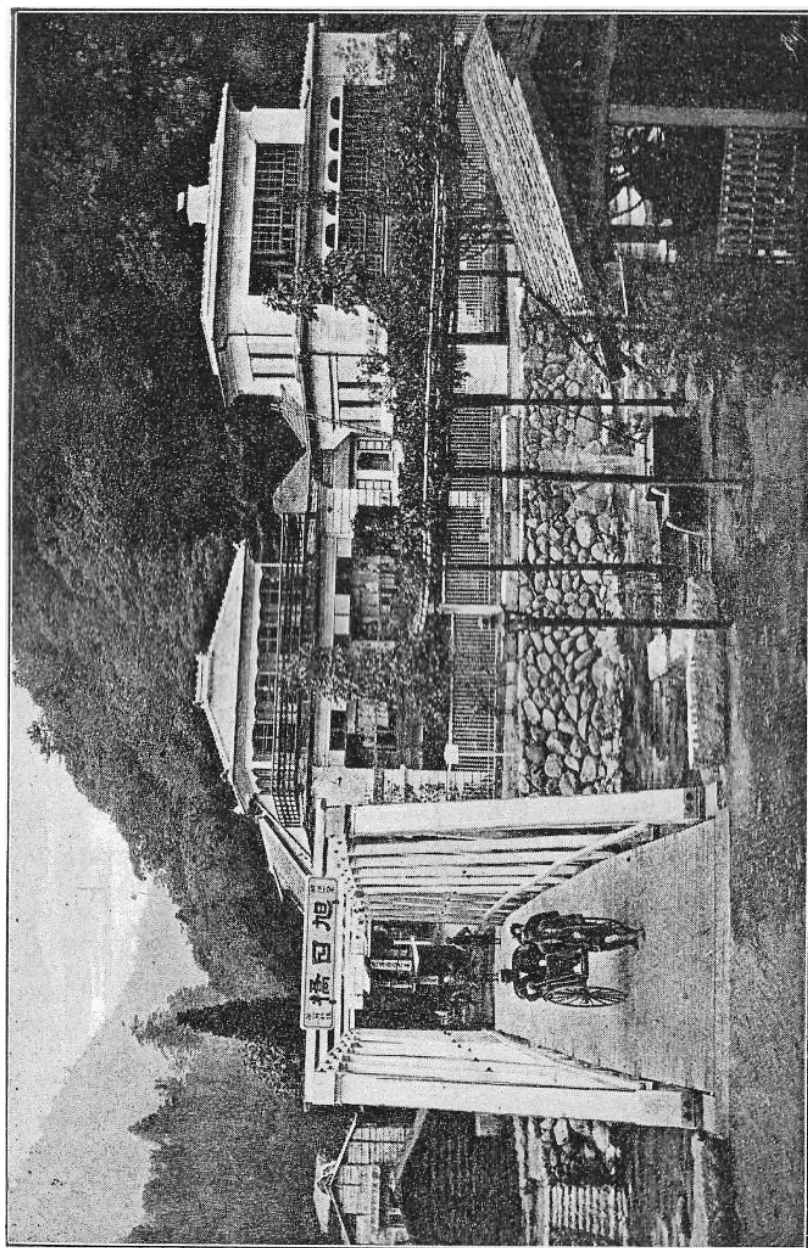
The trolley gets underway again. It is beautiful weather, and I now and then get a glimpse of Fujiyama between the mountains. I could easily have stood out on the trolley's platform until dawn without tiring of the shifting panorama, but the poor horses must work hard pulling us up the hills, and they have nothing against a rest when we arrive in Yumoto.

Well, is it really *electric incandescent lamps* that make the whole village look like a sea of lights? I had seen several places that the Japanese have gotten far ahead of us Norwegians in developing natural resources such as water power, but I never thought I would see a small village up here in the mountains with electric lights while the larger towns in my homeland still boast of their gas lighting.

All of Yumoto make a very solid impression with large – by Japanese standards – trim two-story houses, and some are even painted white.* I walk up to one that is lit up inside and out by incandescent lights; one might almost think that a gala celebration was being held in there.

But that was not the case, for the proprietor and the whole servant staff sat quietly by the entrance chatting. "*Hitob-an tomete kudasai*" ("I wish to spend the night here, please"), I stuttered out. I had learned this phrase and hoped that they

* Japanese houses, ships – in short, all woodwork – is usually not painted.



The village of Yumoto.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

would answer: "*Yoku irasshai mashita. Douzo oogari kudasai*" ("You are welcome, please come in."), which I had also memorized.

But the host said something different, and there I stood and looked at them all – especially the pretty young girls – with such a helpless expression that the host smiled and the ladies broke out laughing as they almost always do in Japan.

"*You understand English, Sir?*" I heard a young man say. Saved! He explained to me in a sort of half-English that they as a rule did not take in European guests, but since the host hoped, judging from my appearance, that I would conduct myself as gentleman, he had no objection to my sleeping there that night, if I would be content with Japanese food and amenities.

Of course I have nothing against this for a change, quite the contrary. One of the young girls pulls my boots off and the host leads me upstairs to a small room so clean that I am almost afraid my socks might muss up the mats, and then he goes below again and leaves me to my own thoughts.

Not bad at all, could well live here for a few years. If I only had a little taller table; this one is not higher than a footstool, and I could use a chair too. I still have not learned to sit on my knees with a pillow underneath. The indispensable brazier filled with glowing charcoal stands in the middle of the floor, but I do not have a pipe nor any tobacco.

Well, the host probably can furnish that; he is knocking. Would I like a bath before supper? is written on a piece of paper that he hands me. The young man who knew a little English has probably looked up these words in a phrasebook. I

nod and smile while pointing at the paper, and the host points down the stairs, presumably indicating that the artist can be found below. The Japanese, who is courtesy incarnated, helps me get undressed and attired in a nice bathrobe and pair of straw sandals and we go downstairs to the bath together.

But my word! Daughters of Eve sit uncovered as in the Garden of Eden at the edge of the bath and chatting unconcernedly; they are the little girls I met at the entrance and they look at me and smile without a trace of bashfulness while out in the water a couple of pink water nymphs splash about with laughter and hubbub.



A Japanese family bath.

Was the innocence of Paradise then real and not just a legend? It must have been, since I see it with my own eyes, but I freely admit my consternation when being so unexpectedly confronted with it. Certainly I knew that it was a traditional custom in Japan for both sexes to bathe together, but I had not imagined that this custom could have been maintained after modern civilization in the form of electricity and foreign tourists had reached Yumoto.

However, the host had told me that he did not cater to Europeans, and that I can believe, since, having observed the conduct of these gentlemen in the treaty ports, there is no way the host would have allowed me to share in his own family's evening bath if many sons of Japhet had found lodging here.

I managed to snap out of it and with an effort pulled myself together and with unflinching courage went into the water. It was delightful, but scalding hot as the Japanese like it.

In Yumoto there are a large number of hot mineral water springs. The water is carried through bamboo tubes into a large wooden basin, several square meters in area. There is room enough, and I can keep my distance from the lovely daughters of Eve, except that they wish to show their friendliness to the stranger from the West and approach me with a soft scrub and want to help. No, thanks, I say with a deflecting gesture, I will manage that myself. *Sang froid* is needed here – *and where there's a will, there's a way*.

Up out of the bath, and here come two of the young beauties who sat at the edge of the basin with a little paper

towel, but I hurry up to my room to general astonishment, but I am only human and can only take so much at once.

Then it is time for supper. It is already nine o'clock, but the bath has given me a voracious appetite despite the "better" lunch in the Dutch embassy. The "Englishman" has finished his bath and comes up with the host to enquire what I would like. He has with him an English-Japanese phrasebook, and I also get mine.

The man explains that he can read and write a little English, which he has taught himself from textbooks, but has difficulty speaking the language, since he so seldom has opportunity to converse with English speakers. I pointed at the electric lamps and asked where had they got them?

In Yokohama; he thought their light was pretty, and so he and his brother (the host) decided to acquire such apparatuses for their hotel for the native travelers. He bought batteries, lamps, and wiring and had done the installation himself. It cost only 50 cents per night on average.

Had he read a little about electricity? He nodded and said some words to his brother, who ran off and came back with an American text on electric lighting. I leafed through it and thought that it was not written in a very lucid way; certainly not for beginners. The installations, on the other hand, were quite clearly shown with drawings, but I still could not but express my astonishment and admiration for his work.

"Oh, it was nothing," he said, "four other house owners here in Yumoto have done the same after we got electric lights in our establishment. But tell me, Sir, which Eastern nation do you consider to be the most civilized?"

I was quite flabbergasted by this unexpected question, but he looked at me with such a serious and anxious gaze that I could not let it pass with a polite phrase like: your nation, without a doubt. I explained as well as I could what I thought about it with some spoken words, some written, and some use of the phrasebook. The Japanese certainly had gone the farthest in the direction of Western civilization, but there *could* possibly be a question if everything was to the nation's benefit. There is much to admire in the old civilization, much good, that may not be replaced by the new, and so on.

He listened very attentively to what I had to say, but finally broke in with: "But have we Japanese not absorbed more of your inventions than other Asian nation?"

"Yes," I could reply with the warmth of conviction, "and I admire your industriousness."

My acquaintances from the bath then came in bearing our evening meal: Rice, eggs, fish, and cookies. The "Englishman" had seen how Europeans sat at table in Yokohama and tried to arrange something similar. Two polished wooden cases were placed on top of the footstool and two at the sides, so here we had quite serviceable table and chairs. He could not provide me with a fork and knife, but nor was that needed; I could do quite well with chopsticks to the great amazement of the mirthful young boys and girls, and I had to explain I that had not spent two years in China for nothing. — — —

Could he lend me a pipe? I had forgotten to bring along cigars. Yes, a great honor, if I would accept his own.

The Japanese have an odd way of smoking tobacco. They carry their pipes like a sheathed knife by their left side in a

leather case together with a tobacco pouch. The head of the pipe is not larger than half of a small hazelnut. Only a couple of puffs – and it is exhausted. No wonder that Japan uses so many matches, but neither these nor the ashes must be wasted on the floor. This is considered extremely rude, and even the most unsophisticated rube in Japan will avoid committing a *faux pas* that happens not so seldom with us "barbarians."

In 3^d class railroad compartments – I still have the [Norwegian] Jæren Railway in fresh memory – one sees a good illustration of the Japanese people's almost neurotic sense of orderliness. All smokers carry a small container in their pockets and empty the ashes into that, if it is too cold to open a window. And, of course, spitting on the floor, like the Chinese do, is an absolute no-no.

The little waitresses and the host followed the content of my first pipe with some anxiety; they had probably heard about what some barbarians might do to clean floor mats, but no, it went neatly into the ashtray provided. They all looked at the European with a friendly smile that possibly indicated relief that these people from the West maybe are not all as rude as rumor has it.

I hear a bustle in the next room and shortly afterward the decorated paper doors are pulled open. The "Englishman" has told the girls about how the Europeans in Yokohama sleep, and now they proudly displayed their ingenious work. The hard mat with a wood block under the neck would not do for the foreign guest, but they had found a way. Clean, blue comforters that the inhabitants of the house use to cover themselves in the winter have been taken out of storage and

stacked on top of each other – a meter high – and will perhaps be soft enough.

A thousand thanks for the thoughtfulness and on that bed I slept soundly until far into the morning without being disturbed by dreams of bathing water nymphs.

A heartfelt farewell with my delightful host and hostesses. How much for the bother? The "Englishman" had the bill ready. *Uff da!* How long it is! The tourists must have strewn gold here too, but I had to smile upon taking a closer look.

(Evening)	Bath	cost 2	Sen
	Fish	" 3	"
	Rice	" 1	"
	3 eggs	" 2	"
	Tobacco	" ½	"
	Bed	" 2	"
(Morning)	2 eggs	" 1½	"
	Fish	" 2	"
	<u>Rice</u>	<u>" 1</u>	<u>"</u>
	Total	15	Sen = 10 cents.

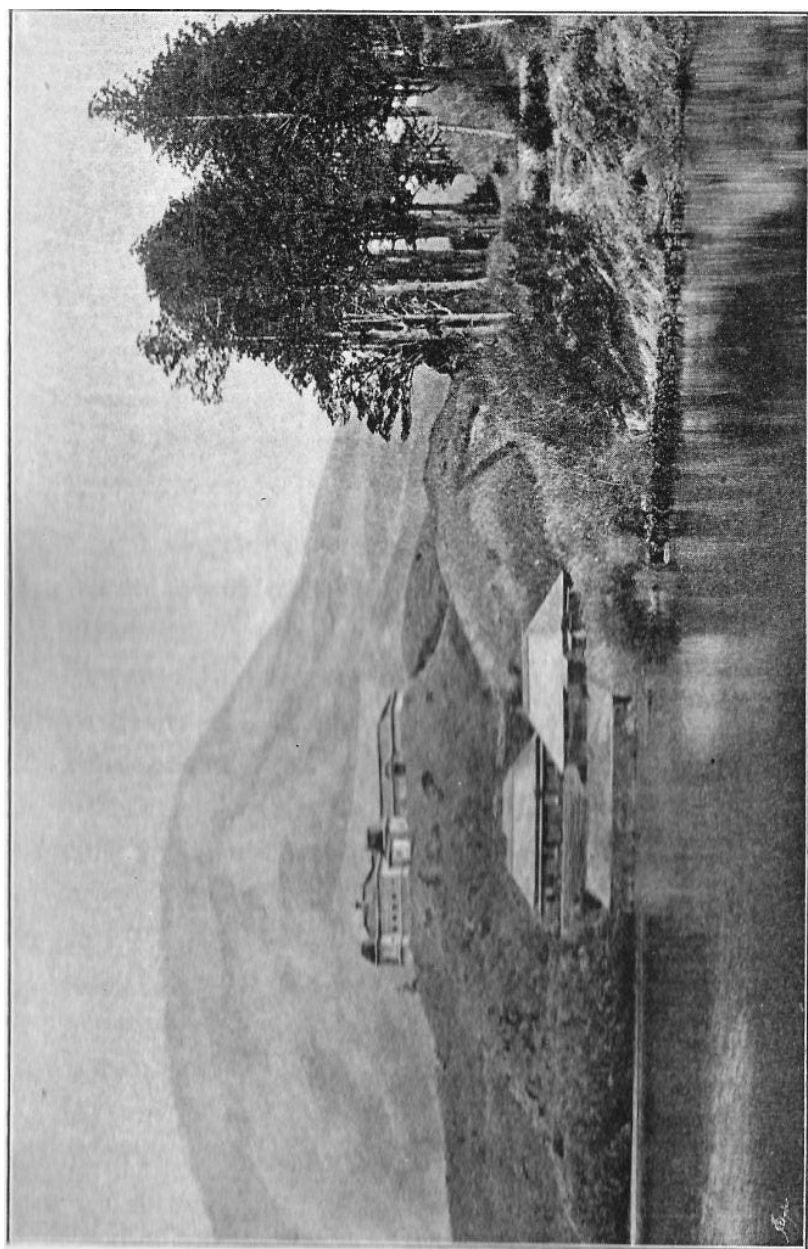
Though written with inch-high letters the bill could not have been less, and I believe I have never tipped the host* ten times as much with more pleasure.

* In Japan it is customary to give the tip to the host, who then distributes the sum among the servants after the guest has left.

It is rare to meet modest hoteliers in this sinful world, so this encounter remains vivid in my memory. It contrasts sharply with my experience in Tokyo the other day, when I had to pay ca. \$2.50 for a couple of cups of tea and some indigestible cookies in a teahouse, since I did not want to bother with notifying the police, who usually deal rather harshly with price gougers.

Another *sayonara* with wishes of an early return and so off to Hakoné in a rickshaw. We follow the main highway, the *Tokaido* (East Sea Road), almost all the way, across a small river and up to the top of a mountain.

Behind us there is a foaming, spraying waterfall and directly ahead a large lake between high and wild mountains and extinct volcanoes shrouded in light clouds of fog and towering high above all and everything Fujiyama, Japan's holy mountain, with its snow-white crown. — — — —



The *mikado's* palace at Hakoné.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Chapter Seventeen

At the foot of Fujiyama.

In the teahouse Kashwaya, November 4, in the evening.

Are these days a dream or reality? Will they ever return?

Who are you to say that life gives hope only to disappoint?
Who are you to dare to doubt that life is worth living?

Come to Hakoné by the foot of Fujiyama. You will find that life is rich; you will feel renewed courage streaming through your veins, if only you can understand to interpret the lovely poem that emanates from Hakoné's flower bedecked banks.

No wonder that Japan's mighty ruler has built himself a palace on a forest-clad tongue of land that sticks out from the shore.

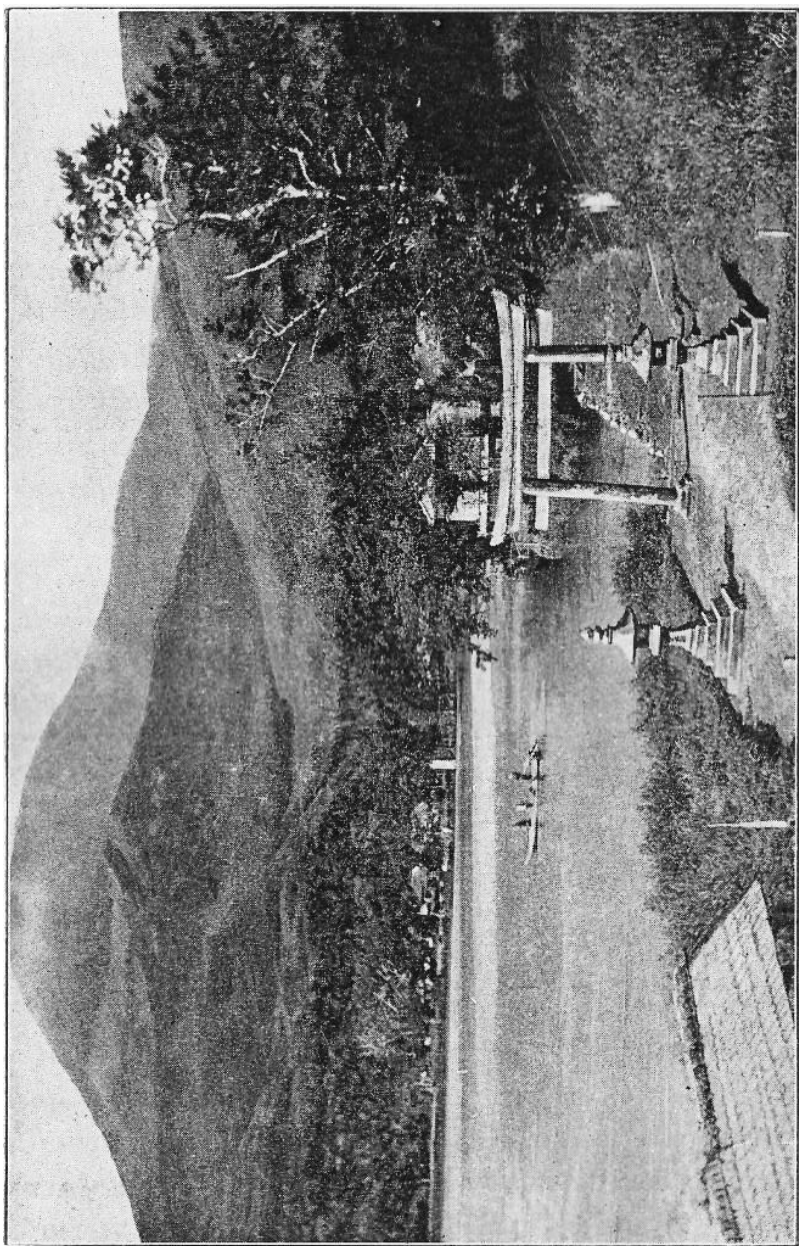
I saw the *mikado* yesterday at the army review in Tokyo; only 41 years old, but already so weary and bowed down by the weight of the throne. Still, his governance has been an unbroken row of triumphs. I will never forget the tired and sad, but friendly glance with which he returned our greeting. Here, by the banks of Hakoné, he would find rest from the

court etiquette's iron yoke; here His Majesty can again slip into in the attractive and comfortable national costume and throw the French generals' uniform away in a corner. Here, it is not appropriate; here everything breathes peace and freedom. — — —

I can hardly believe that I really am where I am. I had heard many words of praise for the wonderful beauty of Japan, but a scene as beautiful, as enchanting as that which I enjoy to the fullest today – no, that I would not have been able to imagine.

A little before sunset we – that is three of the charming *houris* from the garden up on the hill and I – took a trip out on the lake. It is thought to be an extinct volcanic crater that thousands of years ago, was an enormous pit of fire, but now has filled up with water. This is reasonable, since wherever we turn our eyes, we see volcanic mounts and in several places small, white clouds over the sulfuric hot springs, and high in the air, towering above all other mountain tops, we have Fujiyama, Japan's symbolic landmark, mirrored in Lake Hakoné's glossy, sunlit surface.

Oh, how magnificent! Oh, how beautiful is the enormous pyramid-shaped extinct volcano with its snow-covered peak! It is no wonder that Fujiyama is replicated *en miniature* in public as well as private garden designs. We see the pride of Japan everywhere, painted on silk, paper, and wood, as motifs on scrolls and folding screens, reproduced by the millions on copper and steel engravings. Verily, in hut as in castle you will find a reproduction of the white-crowned king of mountains.



A boat trip on Lake Hakoné.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

It has become a habit to look up into the clouds for a glimpse of the snowy peak. It is often hidden by fog, which is probably why the Japanese have cloaked their idol in a divine mystery, in so much poetry and romance.

Thousands of pilgrims annually trudge up to the rim of the crater, and I would have joined their number, if time had allowed.

There are nine stations before one reaches the top, with temples and teahouses at each. This mountain climb is not difficult for the young, but for some of the old and sick that I have met on the path it must be an arduous undertaking.

Perhaps belief in the merit from their pilgrimage will cause their old blood to flow faster through their veins? Perhaps the white peak will appear as one of the white-robed angels in the dark moment of death and light his or her path home to God, whom they have loved through His work of Creation?

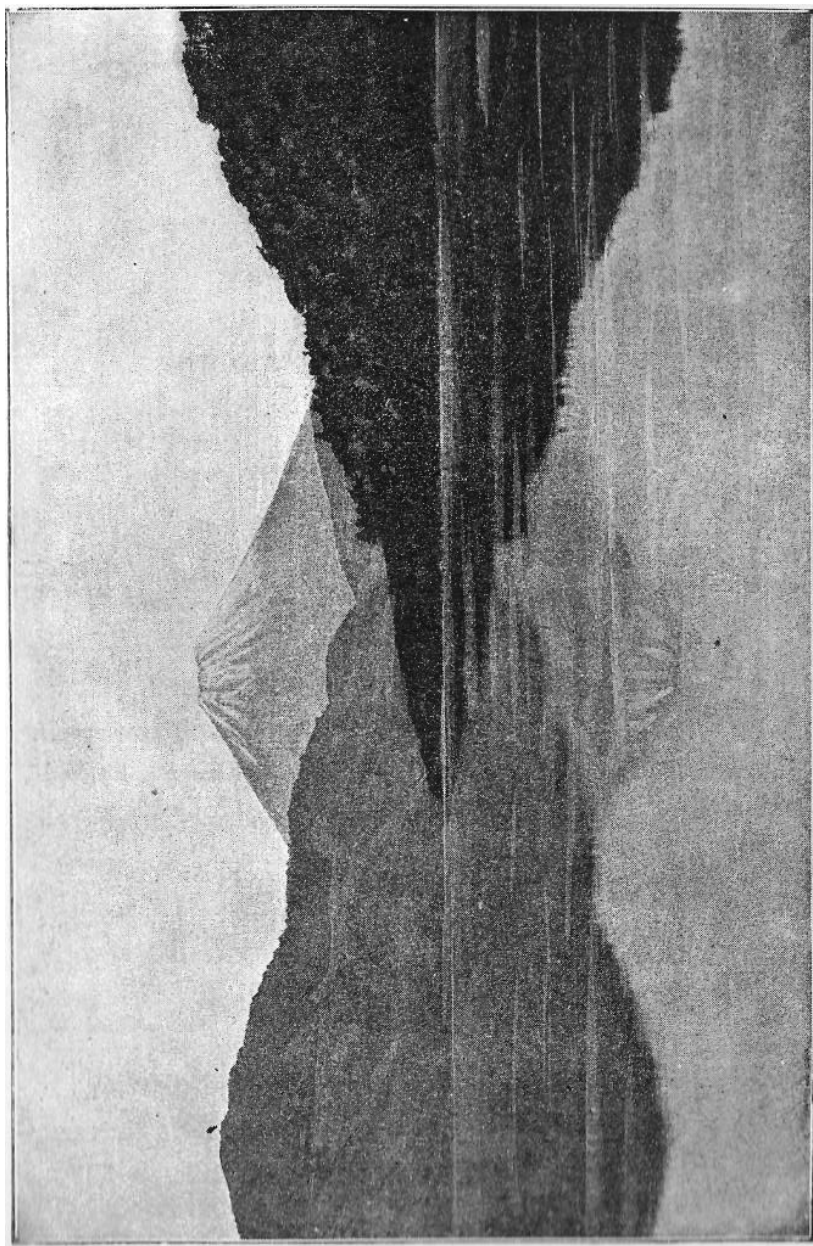
But now the Queen of the Day says her last farewell. Her rays fall on Fuji's top. Oh, how beautiful! A Japanese sunset in all its glory! The holy mountain is bathed in a golden, red light with a background of clouds in all the colors of the rainbow. The sight reveals where Japanese painters get their marvelous color compositions. They simply copy them from nature.

Goodbye Fujiyama! Later in life I will think back to this wonderful moment together with these charming daughters of Japan, who have throughout the trip played national songs accompanied by *samisen*.

The soft, clear tones cause the soul's softest strings to vibrate. My thoughts from time to time fly home to all my loved ones, to my own beautiful homeland that today

celebrates Union Day. May Norway's future be as bright as I feel life is in this moment by Lake Hakoné's forest and flower bedecked shores.





Lake Hakoné at the foot of Fujiyama.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Chapter Eighteen

From Hakoné to Kyoto.

A reunion – The princess and the cripple – Ascent of "The Big Hell" – The spa at Miyanoshita – Taking leave of my traveling companions and returning to Kyoto.

No bathing in paradisaal innocence in Kashwaya – hundreds of European tourists visit Hakoné annually. — — —

A welcome surprise when I was leaving in the morning. The pretty American miss and a couple of other female passengers I had been together with on the trip from Shanghai to Nagasaki and Kobe, were heading in the same direction.

Lord B— had apparently got tired of vegetating in the Grand Hotel in Yokohama because he also had joined the tourist ladies' excursion and taken on the role of leader and protector.

La caravane se mit en route with laughter and chatter with a couple of guides in the lead. The ladies in *kagos** and we two gentlemen walking alongside.

* A kind of hammock carried by 2 coolies on a bamboo rod. A very common means of travel in Japan.

There are many beggars along the road. Cripples displaying the most gruesomely deformed body-parts, halt, blind, and lame. The wretches well know that the foreign tourists, born in the lap of luxury, will open their purses though they be ever so hardhearted and deaf to the plight of their fellow humans. Such graphic displays of the difference in circumstances cause the coin to burn in their pockets – and many of the stepchildren by the shores of Lake Hakoné will be happy today.

A number of cripples that are not capable of moving themselves along the road sit in small carts or wheelbarrows, and we observe that some of the natives who pass by take a turn at pulling these conveyances a piece forward and then go on. Even our guides stop to do this.

One of them, who speaks English fluently, explains why. There are several mineral baths in the vicinity, and the cripples are trying to get to these Pools of Bethesda. It is tradition for all travelers on the roads to help them move a little toward their destination, and the guide tells us an old legend while we rest outside such a Bethesda.

There once was a daughter of a *samurai* so beautiful and so rich that hundreds of suitors swarmed around her like bees around nectar. Only two could claim to be preferred over the others; an old, extremely rich prince and a poor young *samurai's* apprentice who had often distinguished himself in battle.

The beautiful young maiden finally gave in to her father's wishes and married the prince. She became unspeakably miserable in her marriage and soon realized that riches and

pomp could not substitute for youthful love. Her husband fortunately fell off his horse and died after a couple of years, and the princess, who still shone in the full radiance of her beauty, decided to make along pilgrimage on foot to atone for having given the *samurai's* apprentice the air.

Whenever she met a poor cripple, she took the sufferer by the arm, led him to the nearest bath, and gave him a gold coin on parting.

One day she saw such a wretched person lying by the side of the road almost half-dead from hunger and with wild, dilated eyes. The merciful lady caught the sick man carefully up in her arms, laid him on a cart, and drove him to a nearby therapeutic bath. Here he also got something to eat, and when he arose from the bath, the wild expression in his eyes had disappeared. The princess gave a cry of joy because she now recognized the *samurai's* apprentice, who had lost his mind and run away – no one knew where – when she married the old prince.

Kuanon, the merciful Queen of Heaven, had observed the young lady's acts of compassion with a kind eye. As a reward, the goddess led her to her faithful lover and cured him while he was in the bath. Shortly thereafter, the princess married her poor *samurai* and invited all cripples to the wedding feast. Since then, all healthy and strong travelers are encouraged to follow the princess' example. — — —

Now the landscape becomes wilder and wilder. The steep, rocky mountain path goes in zigzags up through scrub forest that soon becomes so dense that the ladies must step down and

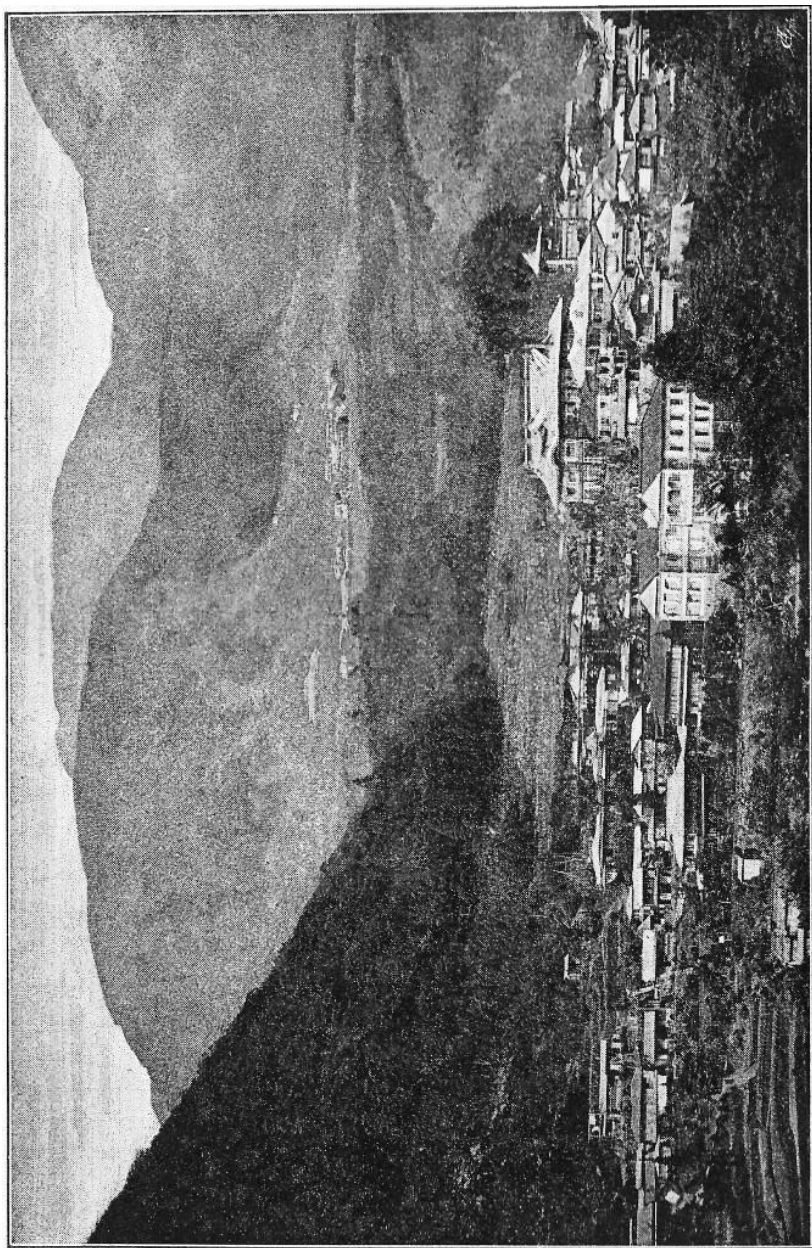
walk. Little by little all vegetation disappears and we only see naked, sharp mountain peaks half shrouded in sulfur vapors that rise from the hot springs nearby. The air is filled with the stench of hydrogen sulfide.

The guides walk ahead and carefully probe the ground with long bamboo poles. The solid surface continually changes in these volcanic areas, and the whole company risks falling into a gaping abyss if we are not careful to first make sure we are not walking onto a thin, treacherous crust of ground. We must clamber up the path in single file and keep a distance apart, since otherwise our combined weight may become too great in some particular place.

Folk, who have just passed by, have placed rocks where we can walk safely, but it still now and then happens that the guides thrust their long sticks deep into the soil next to the rocks and steam gushes forth from the opening. Occasionally we hear a growling sound as from distant thunder when we pass a crack in the earth; it is the subterranean small rivers that run down into the valleys and supply the curative sulfur springs.

We finally reach our destination, the highest peak of "The Great Hell" (*Ojigoku*). We are approximately 5,000 feet above sea level and 1,500 feet above Lake Hakoné.

A few hundred feet away, it looks like the ruler of Hell has opened the vent on his largest steam kettle. It is interesting, but not much fun to stand up here. A cloud of steam occasionally stream toward us, and we hurry to cover our noses with our handkerchiefs.



The village of Miyanoshita.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Uff, nei, let's turn around, we have had enough of *Ojigoku*, and so we go back down, still very cautiously, and both the ladies and we brave men are glad to have escaped unscathed from this little insight into the mysteries of Hell.

We turn off to the left. The air becomes clearer, and the barren volcanic landscape is relieved by luxuriant vegetation and large green forests. The caravan stops at the mountain pass Otomitoge for here there is a splendid view of Lake Hakoné with the forest clad shores that form such a striking contrast with Fujiyama's enormous barren mountain slopes.

Is it not the ocean we see out there as a thin, dark blue stripe on the horizon? Yes, it is the Pacific Ocean.

"Beautiful, beautiful," cries the American miss with a rapt expression on her lovely face.

"Yes," I agree, and will not easily forget it. — —

There is still a long way to go; past a large waterfall, and we enter the pass that leads down to the health resort Miyanoshita. It is quite dark by the time we arrive at *Fujiya Hotel* that shines in a sea of electric lights. Everything is European here, except the staff. No family bath either.

First a bath in the invigorating and refreshing mineral water – needed after such physical exertions – and then a better dinner spiced by the whole company's brilliant mood, even the stiff Englishman forgets his formal demeanor and enjoys himself.

Our eyes become small and tired, and so on.

Good night.

*

*

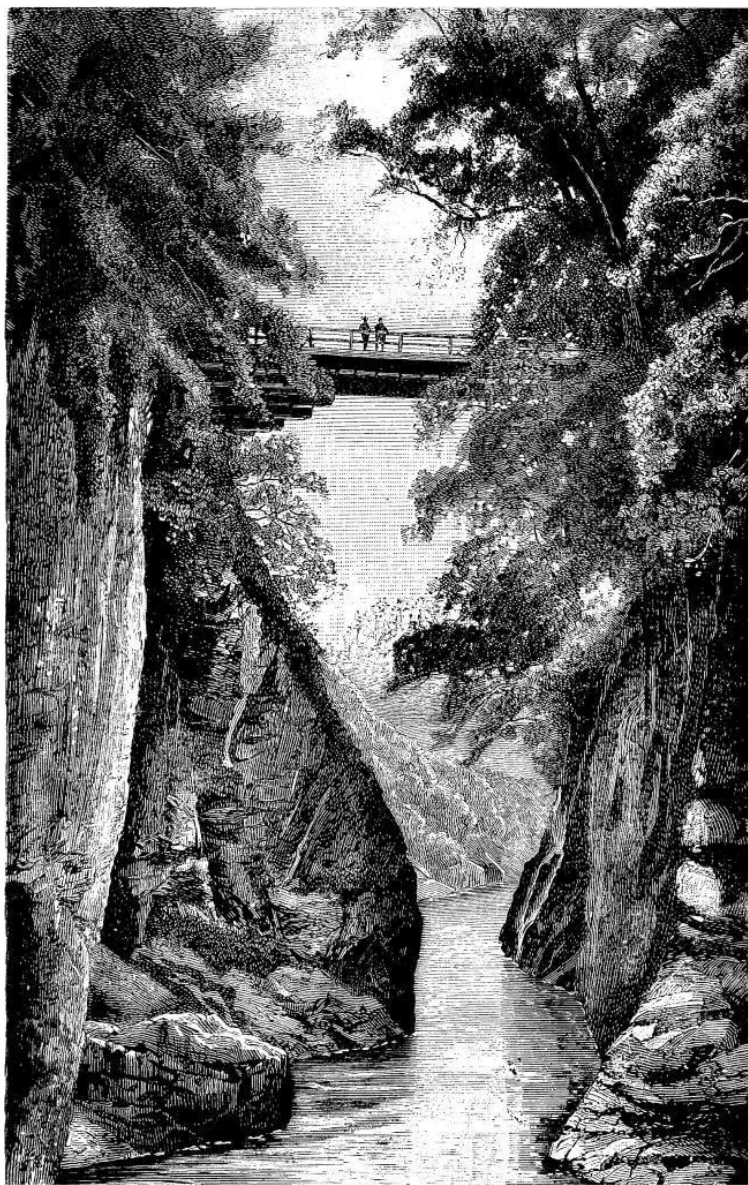
*

The village of Miyanoshita is an enchanting place and fully deserves its reputation as one of the fashionable world's most favored places to stay in the summers. It lies wedged in between two steep mountain ridges; a real pearl in a magnificent setting. The main street is one long stone stairway, and the buildings, which as far as the hotels are concerned look like Swiss chalets, almost seem to be set up against each other on terraces, so steep are the slopes the village is built on.

After breakfast we all went out to see a little of the vicinity and walked up the same road we came down the evening before. This area must have seen much of old aristocracy's grandeur in earlier times. I counted no less than five colossal moss-grown stone foundation walls where proud castles once had towered. Tearing them down would probably have cost more money than the farmers could spare, and therefore they have wisely left the walls alone and now grow grain in what once were the basements of the mighty fortresses. *Sic transit*, and so on.

We cross over a decrepit bridge with a dizzying chasm below, where a small mountain creek noisily makes its way. A great subject for a painter and a grey-clad tourist of the latest patent model must also think so, since he has set up his camera over by the curve in the road and takes the picture just as we pass across the bridge.

In such a tourist haven there are of course countless teahouses advertised with the most enticing names in English and Japanese. On all the peaks, there are lookouts where pretty waitresses offer cakes, tea, and *beer*, for a change. They must



Across a decrepit bridge with a dizzying chasm below.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

have found out that Europeans sometimes want something stronger than the national drink. We can also see that the girls must have been in contact with Western civilization from their attempts to imitate European dress, but I must say that this has a far from pleasing effect, and we must hope that there will still be some years before the Japanese women exchange their comfortable, graceful national dress for Western fashion crazes.

Like everywhere in Japan, almost all the houses in the village are surrounded by gardens with artful grottoes, trees, and fountains, everything small, neat, and very pretty. Some of the roofs are covered with turf at the top, and there we also have gardens in Lilliputian style, full of small, blue Japanese lilies from which they press a kind of oil that the empire's daughters use in setting their large, black hairdos.

Planting lilies on the roof is an old custom. A Japanese author tells us the origin.

The *mikado* once issued a decree as follows:

"The sun goddess gave us the earth so that we should cultivate the plants intended to nourish women and our warriors, who fight in the name of honor, or to decorate our homes. You should therefore only plant useful flowers. As for lilies, these emblems of feminine luxury, the goddess forbids you to cultivate these vain plants on the sacred earth, but plant them up the roofs of your houses, which cannot be used for anything else, and there they will form a living crown on your family home and at the same time serve to beautify your daughters' hair."

Well, I doubt the people think of their sacred earth in such economic terms, but it is a nice custom anyway.

The inhabitants of the village do a brisk business with carved wooden artifacts. Every other house has a sales booth. However, I must let the tempting object be, since my tourist's backpack was already full of gods and other holy knick-knacks I had bought in the teahouse in Hakoné. On the other hand, I bought half a hundred photographs of Japanese scenery. They were remarkably cheap, ca. 1¼ cent a piece.

There is not a country in the world that can produce as many and generally good photographs as Japan. Even the priests in the temples have acquired cameras and photographs the visitors. It has become quite a craze like the ski sport at home. The first agent for cheap photographic apparatuses must have made a fortune.

Regrettably, I am obliged to leave my agreeable company and Miyanoshita after *tiffin*. It was with difficulty that I tore myself loose from this enthralling place. I will try to return later in life, but can then hardly expect to meet another American miss with such sparkling good humor – and such beautiful eyes. — — — —

I ask the rickshaw coolie to drive slowly down the steep road cut into the steep slopes of the valley sides so that I can enjoy still one more view of this scenery that has made Miyanoshita so famous.



Western civilization and the farm girls in Miyanoshita.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

There is one foaming waterfall after the other half hidden by bamboo groves, camellias and azaleas a couple of hundred meters below in the abyss. Quite dizzying, a misstep by the coolie can bring my bones to rest down there in these magnificently picturesque settings – but I have no yearning for that at the moment, and the rickshaw boy is as surefooted as one of our Fjord horses.

After an hour's drive we arrive in Yumoto. The trolley car is not leaving for some minutes yet, so I drink another cup of tea with my delightful hosts, who absolutely want me to spend another night with them, but I cannot, as tempting as it may be, for the German packet that I have decided to travel with leaves tomorrow from Yokohama, and I must get my luggage onboard. Then I can travel overland on the railroad and meet it again in Kobe. — — — —

When I arrived in Yokohama in the evening, I was told that the ship was late and would not leave for another two days. Hurrah! One more reprieve. I arrange with the hotel staff to ship my luggage, and then take the railroad to Kyoto, Japan's old capital. — — — —

Chapter Nineteen

In Kyoto

History of the city – A visit to the *mikado's* old palace – Porcelain shops – Nishi Otani – Cherry blossoms – Kojima and Emperor Go-Daigo – A theater performance – The ear tomb – A modernized hotel bill.

In the center of the island empire, on the narrowest part of Honshu, between the Sea of Japan and the Pacific Ocean, lies Kyoto, Japan's old capital, which for about 700 years has been the *mikados'* residence.

The delight in the small, slanted eyes of the Japanese when Kyoto is mentioned, testifies to the place that this city of temples and palaces *par excellence* occupies in the nation's heart.

This place, whose wealth of holy and venerable memorials is scarcely exceeded by the region's natural beauty, lies in a valley surrounded on all sides by evergreen low mountain ridges and is bisected by the crystal clear waters of the Kamo River.

The monotony of the broad streets' rectangular pattern is constantly broken by flower gardens, grottoes, chapels,

cemeteries, monasteries, and low doll's palaces. Kyoto makes an agreeable impression on the whole, but is not magnificent by European standards.

In the history of ancient Japan, we find that the military chiefs of the conquerors did not have any fixed residences for several centuries after the birth of Christ, but followed along with the movements of their armies.

When most of the native tribes had been subdued, the 50th emperor of Jimmu Tenno's dynasty, Kwan-mu Tenno, decided it might be time to build a permanent capital.

Several high officials were sent out to find the most suitable place, and the choice fell on an old town called Heianjo, not far from Lake Biwa.

The Japanese words for capital city are *Miako* and the Old Chinese *Kioto*. Heianjo and Miako both went out of use and Kyoto became the city's final name. Only poets still sing the praises of Heianjo and Miako.

The capital city grew rapidly after the *mikado* and his court had settled there, and if we are to believe Japanese historians, Kyoto already in the days of St. Olav had almost a million houses and two million inhabitants, including twenty thousand priests serving in ca. 400 temples. We shall not fail to mention that the same authority estimates the number of pleasure girls to be about half as many as the priests.

At present Kyoto has sunk to a city of the second rank, and Tokyo, capital of the new Japan, has taken its place.

The first place I visited after my arrival with the railroad from Yokohama was the place of the old *mikados*, *Omuro Goshō*. This imperial Capua covers an enormous area and is

surrounded by a high wall. Here the descendants of the sun goddess lived for centuries, closed off from the outer world accompanied by a host of nobles, priests, poets, artists – and hundreds of concubines, who robbed the rulers of their last vestiges of physical and intellectual powers, while their military vassals in Kamakura and Yedo governed the country with their swords.

The uniformed gate guards made no difficulties when I presented my passport at the entrance to the palace, which fifty years ago was as completely a *terra incognita* as "The Forbidden City" in Peking. However, as a matter of form I had to write my name in a gold-lacquered book before I was allowed to pass inside.

The buildings are, like all others in Japan, divided by means of movable walls into a mass of rooms without a trace of furniture. I was first shown into "The Clean and Cool Hall." Here the guide pointed to a concrete paved square in one corner of the room and explained that in earlier times earth was spread on it so that the *mikado* in accordance with an old law could pray to his ancestors' spirits while kneeling on the bare earth without leaving his room.

From here we went into the throne room, where the Son of Heaven each day gave audience, while the eighteen classes of rank that the court officials were divided into stood lined up in ranks on eighteen stair steps that lead up to the throne. This is now screened off behind white silk curtains and is only preserved as a memento of a past time.

We pass through the *mikado's* study room, several dance-halls, and finally come into a number of small rooms that

surround the emperors' bed chamber so that the ruler could sleep undisturbed by unwelcome intruders. However, this must have been a very boring existence that the Sons of Heaven led in these dark, austere rooms, and the present *mikado* can count himself lucky to have escaped this gilded prison.

On the other hand, the rooms that the emperor now stays in when he visits Kyoto are furnished with great luxury, but here I was only allowed to cast a glance inside from the door, since one of the princes was staying there for a short visit.

Away we go again through the clean streets. The guide insists that I must absolutely see some of Kyoto's temples. I am tired of gawking at these for the variations are very few, but I give in to my mentor and we first come to *Sanjusangendo*, a Buddhist temple built in honor of Kuanon. Here there is an eighty feet high statue of the goddess and 3,333 gilded statues of other deities, which give the temple its name.* As in Tokyo there are all kinds of amusement places in the temple's large gardens, but my time is too short for a closer inspection. Nearby I also see a twin brother of Dai Butsu in Kamakura. The colossus sits inside a temple; the head reaches all the way

* [Not really. The temple name literally means *Hall with thirty three spaces between columns*, describing the architecture of the long main hall of the temple. The temple also contains one thousand life-size statues of the Thousand Armed Kannon which stand on both the right and left sides of the main statue in 10 rows and 50 columns. The statues are made of Japanese cypress clad in gold leaf. Around the 1000 Kannon statues stand 28 statues of guardian deities. There are also two famous statues of [Fūjin](#) and [Raijin](#). Wikipedia]

up to the ceiling, and it is so dark that we can hardly see anything but a mass of bronze.

From here we drove to the Kiomizu area of the town, where the world's most beautiful porcelain and cloisonné wares are sold for outrageous prices to tourists who have more of worldly mammon than they really need.

The tiny shops and workshops are often connected. These Lilliputian factories are usually owned by families that generation after generation have engaged in this craft, or rather art, and Japanese porcelain is generally recognized to be superior to any European factory's work. It compares to Sèvres porcelain as an original painting to a good oil print – but then it is also priced accordingly.

One lacquered ornamental case after the other comes out of cabinets and down from shelves. The owner carefully removes the packing and proudly shows us his treasures while he lovingly caresses their delicate, shining surfaces. A charming young girl brings an enlarging glass so that I can study the fine lines of the artwork. Yes, the large vases for \$100-125 and the similarly priced tea services are superb, but I content myself with a few small items for souvenirs of the old capital, while I marvel that such large assets can hide inside such unpretentious facades.

Nishi Otani is one of the most beautiful places in Kyoto. We stopped there for half an hour. It is an old cemetery with countless monuments for several of the island empire's most famous statesmen and warriors. A more ideal resting place among evergreen trees, pagodas, and flowers can hardly be imagined.



An old cemetery in Kyoto.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

From here a tree-lined path leads to an elegant bridge spanning across a large pond filled with white swans and lotus plants. The banks are completely surrounded by cherry trees, and as they are in full bloom it is easy to see why the Japanese feel such affection for them.

It is almost impossible to see a work of art, be it a painting, a wall hanging, a tea service, or lacquered works without cherry blossoms being depicted on them. It ranks just after the chrysanthemum in the hearts of flower lovers. An old saying from the days of aristocracy conveys how highly this modest flower is esteemed: *Hite wa bushi, hana wa sakuragi* – Like the *samurai* is the first among men, the cherry blossom is the first among flowers.

One of Japan's greatest poets, Motori Norinaga, also took the flower as his subject for one of the most beautiful poems in praise of nature. It begins thus:

*"Shikishima no
Yamato-gokoro o
Hito towaba
Asahi ni niou
Yamasakura-ban."*

Which may be translated as:

*"If someone inquires
about the Japanese soul
of these Blessed Isles,
say mountain cherry blossoms,
fragrant in the morning sun."*

The natives' fondness for the flower is significantly connected to the various historical memories tied to them, and one of these was refreshed by the revolution in 1868.

In the fourteenth century the then *mikado*, Go-Daigo, tried to free himself from the Hōjō family's guardianship, but failed and was transported to the island Oki in a sedan chair guarded by a strong force. On the way to the place of exile, a young noble named Kojima Takanori attempted to free the captive prince. He gathered his friends and rode to the mountain pass Tunasoka, hoping to ambush the prisoner's guard. Unfortunately, the soldiers with the captive former *mikado* took another path through the mountains, and Kojima and his followers did not find this out until it was too late.

The other *samurai* turned dejectedly home again, only their leader remained and set out after the prisoner transport to see if he possibly could whisper an encouraging word into Go-Daigo's ear. He tried to approach the sedan chair when the train stopped in the evening, but in vain; the soldiers kept a good watch, and the faithful vassal had to give up all hope of speaking to the prisoner. However, he found a way.

On a dark night Kojima sneaked into the garden of the inn where the procession had stopped for the night. Here he stripped some bark from a large cherry tree, took out writing implements, which most *samurai* carried in a case next to their swords, and wrote a poem on the trunk in Chinese characters:

*Ten Kōsen wo munashū suru koto nakare,
toki ni Hanrei naki ni shi mo arazu.*

Which may be translated as:

"Oh heaven, don't destroy Kosen whilst Hanrei lives".

In the morning, the soldiers were greatly disturbed when they discovered the newly written words on the cherry tree. Since none of them could read the inscription, they asked their prisoner to interpret it for them. Go-Daigo, who was well versed in classical literature, immediately understood what Kojima had written.

It was the first lines from a poem about a Chinese ruler named Kosen, who was driven from the throne by rebels, but was later reinstated by the loyalty and bravery of one of his generals, Hanrei. Go-Daigo then knew that he was not forgotten by his old friends.

Kojima later assembled an army, but unfortunately fell in the field before he could break the power of the Hōjō family. This was left to another faithful vassal, Nitta Yoshisada, of whom I have written before (see Japan's history). With his help the *mikado* was restored to the throne.

Kyoto is not lacking in places of entertainment. The most blasé tourist could stay there for weeks and every day find something to kill a few hours in a pleasant manner.

If he is tired to death of visiting temples, pagodas, tea-houses, and the lovely dances of the geisha's do not interest him any longer, the doors of the theatres stand open all day from early in the morning to late at night.

I found myself in such a place of dramatic entertainment the next morning. The first we Europeans notice, when we enter a Japanese theater, is the form of the stage. It is usually located in the middle and equipped with rollers so that scene

changes can be achieved by turning the whole platform with actors and all the paraphernalia like a locomotive on a turntable.

No secrets are kept from the audience. For example, I saw one of the actors without the least bashfulness standing and applying make-up in a corner before going on stage to perform the role of the lover.

The main floor of the theater is divided into small squares, like a chess board, with four seats to a square. The dividing walls have narrow gangways on top, which old crones and young boys walk to and fro on while selling candies and fruits to the audience.

"The music" sits behind the stage platform, but regrettably my European ears are much too uncultured to appreciate the "delightful" tones the Japanese take pleasure in. I think they are just awful, to put it mildly.

The gallery is reserved for the "better" clientele and is divided into a lot of private boxes that are only separated from each other by tall partition walls. Each of these loges are furnished with a porcelain casket or a four-sided brazier of shining copper filled with coals which the ladies and gentlemen can use to light their tobacco pipes with heads as large as a thimble. These they continually puff upon during the whole performance while they from time to time take a sip from the teacups that their servants bring.

The spectators seem to be privileged to express their criticisms volubly; there is a hubbub of voices, as if from a beehive, and this intrusion is aggravated by playgoers constantly going and coming.

The same nonchalance rules on the stage. It can hardly be a first class theater I have come to, but my guide insists that it is truly Japanese and with that assurance I settle down to watch while a prompter unabashedly goes behind the actor and reads from the book, since his memorization presumably is very poor.

Some armed men enter the scene and naturally the lover, who had applied make-up in view of the audience, is cut through by many swords. We see the murderers draw their bloody blades out of his body while the heroine cries hysterically. She will not survive her beloved, draws a dagger from her bosom, stabs it into her heart, and her blood spurts across the stage – *all in realistic American style*.

The Americans would presumably let the curtain fall now and revive the dead actors in their dressing rooms, but that is not how they do it in Japan. Nothing shall be hidden from the spectators. A couple of boys just enter upon the stage and hold a piece of black cloth in front of the loving couple, while they rearrange their costumes and hide the spots of cow or pig's blood with another piece of clothing.

The audience seems to be completely satisfied. They howl and yell and call out the names of the actors, or rather the comedians; this is how the Japanese express their approval in the theater.

Of course, it is not fair to form an opinion about the state of the theatrical arts in Japan from the few times I have had an opportunity to view a performance, but the old European residents I spoke with also seemed to think it stood very low by European standards. The Japanese theater seems to stand in

the same relationship to ours as the European ballet to the enchanting dance of the *geishas*.

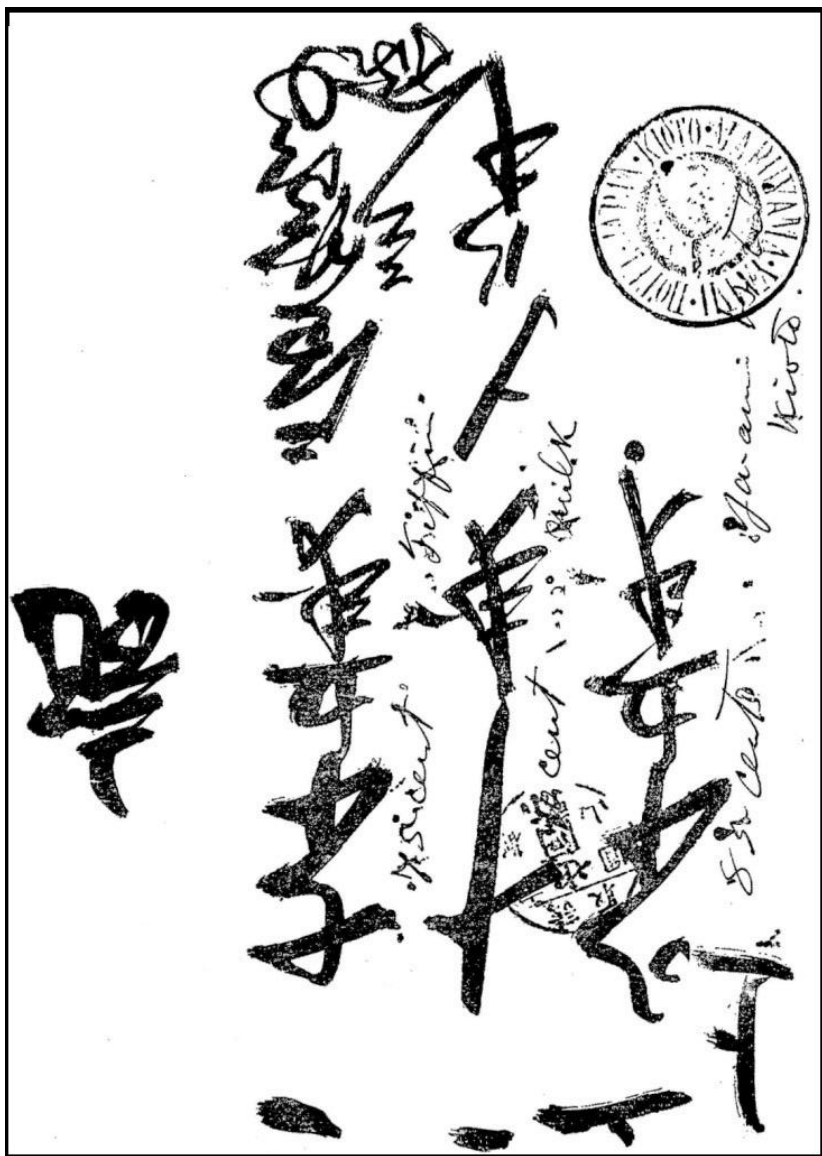
I had intended to leave Kyoto after the visit to the theater, but it was only eleven o'clock and the next train did not leave until one thirty. So I had a little time and used it to drive around a little in the narrow, neat streets to see a little of ordinary life.

We came by a monument that my guide asked me to stop and look at. It consisted of a ball resting on a cubical granite block. On top of the ball there is another square block shaped like a temple roof and then two smaller balls with a little crest on the top one. The whole monument is about 4 meters tall and stands on top of a large mound, maybe three hundred meters in circumference and nearly thirty meters high.*

One would think some famous warrior would rest under this monument, but no. *Ears* rest under it; *thousands of human ears brought from Korea's peaceful peninsula by the island empire's old warlike sons*.

We remember Hideyoshi, the famous war leader, who had raised himself from simple soldier to become Japan's military overlord in the 16th century. I have also related how "the crowned monkey" in the last years of his life planned the conquest of Korea and China. An army of ca. 200,000 men sailed over to the peninsula under the generals Kato Kiyomasa and the friend of the Jesuits, Konishi Yukimaga.

* [The monument today is surrounded by a residential area, and the area of the mound has been cut back to an eight-sided stone wall enclosure, about 6 ft. high and 75 ft. across between the parallel sides. The height from the street pavement to the base of the stone monument is about 25 feet.]



An Anglo-Japanese hotel bill.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

According to Japanese custom, the victors were supposed to bring the heads of the vanquished home with them, but the Koreans let themselves be slaughtered like cattle, since they were in no way prepared for war, and there were so many heads the Japanese could not spare that much room on their ships. So instead they cut the ears off their victims and brought them to Kyoto as their trophies when the armies returned on Hideyoshi's death. And this is the monument's deplorable history.

In recent years the cry, "To Korea!" has often been heard from the island empire's warlike sons. Some Japanese would like to try out their new fleet on the Korean coast, but fortunately the country's levelheaded leaders so far have been able to resist such demands. Though, if it should happen that "To Korea!" should become reality, we can rely on it that the newborn Japanese nation will not bring back another shipload of Korean ears. — — —

One hour before the train leaves, and I used it to drive up to the tourist hotel *Ya-ami* that lies up on a forested rise with a view over all of Kyoto and is surrounded by an impressive Chinese garden. The hotel itself is built in European style with fine, luxurious rooms.

The dining room was filled with guests from all the corners of the world when I entered, and I barely found a seat for myself. *Tiffin* was expeditiously put away and when I left I took with me the Anglo-Japanese bill as another memento of my visit to Japan's old capital.

Chapter Twenty

Venice of the East.

Osaka's commercial importance – The old Fortress – Nobunaga and the priesthood – The arms factory – Departure to Kobe.

Osaka is Japan's largest commercial city, and there I arrived about three o'clock. Long before the train neared the place, we could see the smoke that poured out of the countless factory chimneys in the East's Birmingham. Thousands of cotton cloths are laid out to bleach on the large plains in the vicinity and close by the railroad station there is a colossal brick building with a large sign with meter tall letters tell the world that this is Osaka's Beer Brewery.

It was not difficult to understand that I now had arrived in a more prosaic and tumultuous world. What a difference between the quiet, poetic Kyoto and this noisy factory town, Japan's commercial artery!

Osaka to a large extent owes its present greatness to Hideyoshi. I mentioned in my outline of Japan's history that he

did much good for his country by his energetic efforts to develop its commerce and industry.

Among the many projects that Iyeyasu's great predecessor initiated, was the dredging of the Yodo River, which connects Osaka with both Kyoto and the ocean. He also had several hundred canals dug through the district to improve transportation of goods. It became an Eastern Venice, whose different parts today are connected by more than 1,000 bridges.

I stood on one of them for a long while to observe the teeming masses of people that passed by below and on top. Countless boats go in all directions while their skippers shout and yell warnings. Every moment threatens collision, but they are skilled men, these sunburned, half-naked boatmen; all goes well, and they dodge the other boats that suddenly appear behind the corners of the river's snake bends, though there often is only a hand's breadth between them.

An endless stream of people crosses over the bridge. Presumably, it is some holy day or other, since priests and dolled up ladies seem to form a decided majority. I especially take note of the latter. Osaka has always been known for its beautiful women, especially dancers. They dress with more taste and set their hair up in such an enchanting way that it is said it can make Tokyo's young ladies go green with envy.

It is not impossible; there are many of the charming, red-cheeked daughters of Eve that pass by me today, who could easily compete in the West's beauty contests, and that is about to happen. Japan will send 50 of its most beautiful daughters

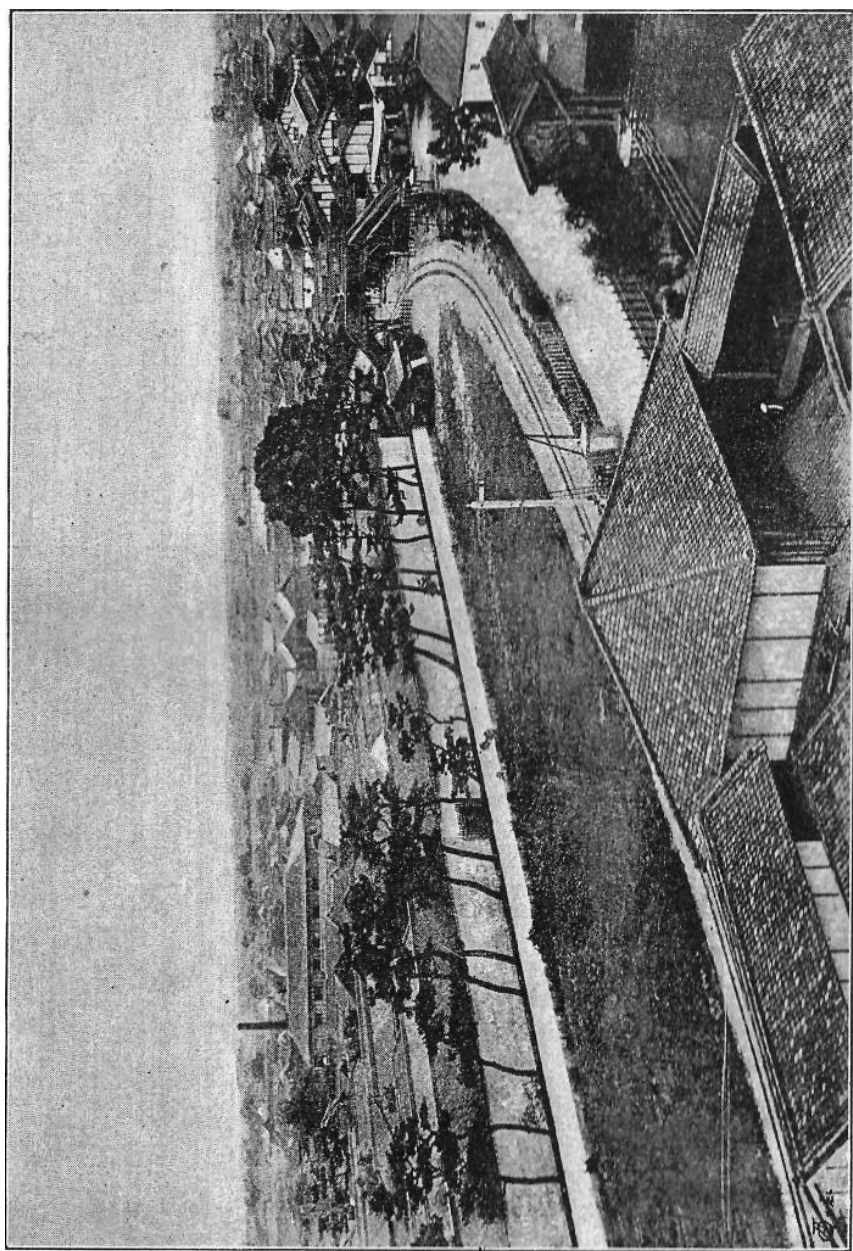
to the World's Fair in Chicago, and Osaka will in all probability furnish the larger part of the delegation.

The time is much too short for me to become better acquainted with Japan's most lively city; I must restrict myself to just seeing the most interesting – and that is the old fortress. This enormous fort, which in the past was one of the country's most magnificent edifices, also partially owes its creation to Hideyoshi.

An old fortified monastery that belonged to the empire's wealthiest Buddhist sect stood on the site under his predecessor, Nobunaga. As I have related earlier, Nobunaga during his whole time in power carried on a violent fight with the debauched, dissolute priesthood, whose power had grown to an unbelievable extent under the Ashikaga family's wretched government. In his youth, he himself lived among the priests, and this presumably extinguished his last spark of respect for these holy men.

The superstitious soldiers were reluctant to attack the robber monasteries, but their leader always knew how to show them with convincing clarity how necessary it was for the security of the entire people and for their daughters' honor that these dens of vice should be leveled with the ground.

The Osaka monastery had for several years been a common refuge for Nobunaga's enemies and the priesthood became even more hostile to him since he favored the Jesuits in every way. To fill the cup to the rim, the monastery's abbot refused to surrender several men who had foully murdered some of the powerful *daimyo's* best friends.



Osaka.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Nobunaga lost his patience and the army was ordered to level the criminals' refuge to the ground. However, this was easier said than done, since the monastery was surrounded by massive stone walls with moats outside and was well stocked with weapons and ammunition. The only thing that could be done was to surround the city and cut off all supplies of food and, since there were thousands of women and children inside the walls, the hunger of the besieged soon became so severe that many of them decided to leave the monastery.

A dark and stormy night was chosen for the attempt, but it was unsuccessful, and every soul was cut down. The victors even were so gruesome as to load a boat with ears and noses of the fallen and let it drift down the canal that runs by the monastery.

Several other attempts were made to escape, but with the same result. The besieging army moved closer and closer to the walls, and when nearly twenty thousand of the garrison had been killed all hope seemed to have been lost. But then a savior came in no less a person than the *mikado* himself. He sent messages to both Nobunaga and the monastery's abbot to reconcile in order to prevent further bloodshed. His message was heard, and the monastery was transferred to Nobunaga in return for sparing the lives of the priests and the garrison.

When Hideyoshi came to power, he soon decided that the old monastery, which for months had resisted a large besieging force, must be a site well suited as a center for his military power, and thousands of laborers were set to work constructing colossal fortifications, expanding out from the old monastery walls.

When we tourists visit this place today, we cannot but be astonished by such a giant work executed by the diminutive islanders. Several of the stone blocks measure 15 meters in length and 3 in height, and these colossi must have been brought from a place many miles away, since Osaka's vicinity consists only of low-lying plains.

The construction was completed in only two years, and Hideyoshi established his permanent residence inside the walls from then on.

On his deathbed he strongly advised his followers to further fortify the place, and this was soon needed, since the other *daimyo* would not acknowledge his underage son Hideyori as their leader. As mentioned earlier, the battle at Sekigahara determined Japan's fate for many years, and the great Iyeyasu Tokugawa became the country's military overlord. However, Hideyori kept the Osaka fortress and the surrounding district as a fief since he was engaged to the victor's grand-daughter, but later their relations became more strained, and when the young lord openly took the part of Iyeyasu's political enemies, his fate was sealed.

This short campaign, which is elaborately described in *Histoire de la Religion Chrétienne*, is said to have cost 100,000 lives. It ended with Hideyori's defeat and the fall of the fortress in 1615. An author remarks that this event, which ended Catholicism in Japan, occurred at the same time as some Puritan refugees landed at Plymouth Rock and laid the foundation for a great Protestant empire.

The Osaka fortress now disappeared from history for two and a half centuries. The garrison could occupy itself with

peaceful pursuits under Iyeyasu's descendants, but during the revolution in 1868 the fortress once more played a role when the Tokugawa family's defeated adherents slipped inside its strong walls. Unfortunately the walls were badly deteriorated in several places, and the *mikado's* modern artillery obliged the shogunate's last champions to leave Osaka so as not to be completely cut off. Before they left, they set fire to all the woodwork, and when the *mikado's* troops moved in, only the bare walls remained. These will probably stand until the Day of Judgment as a historical monument, since there is hardly anyone who will enter onto as useless a work of Hercules as removing the stone blocks.

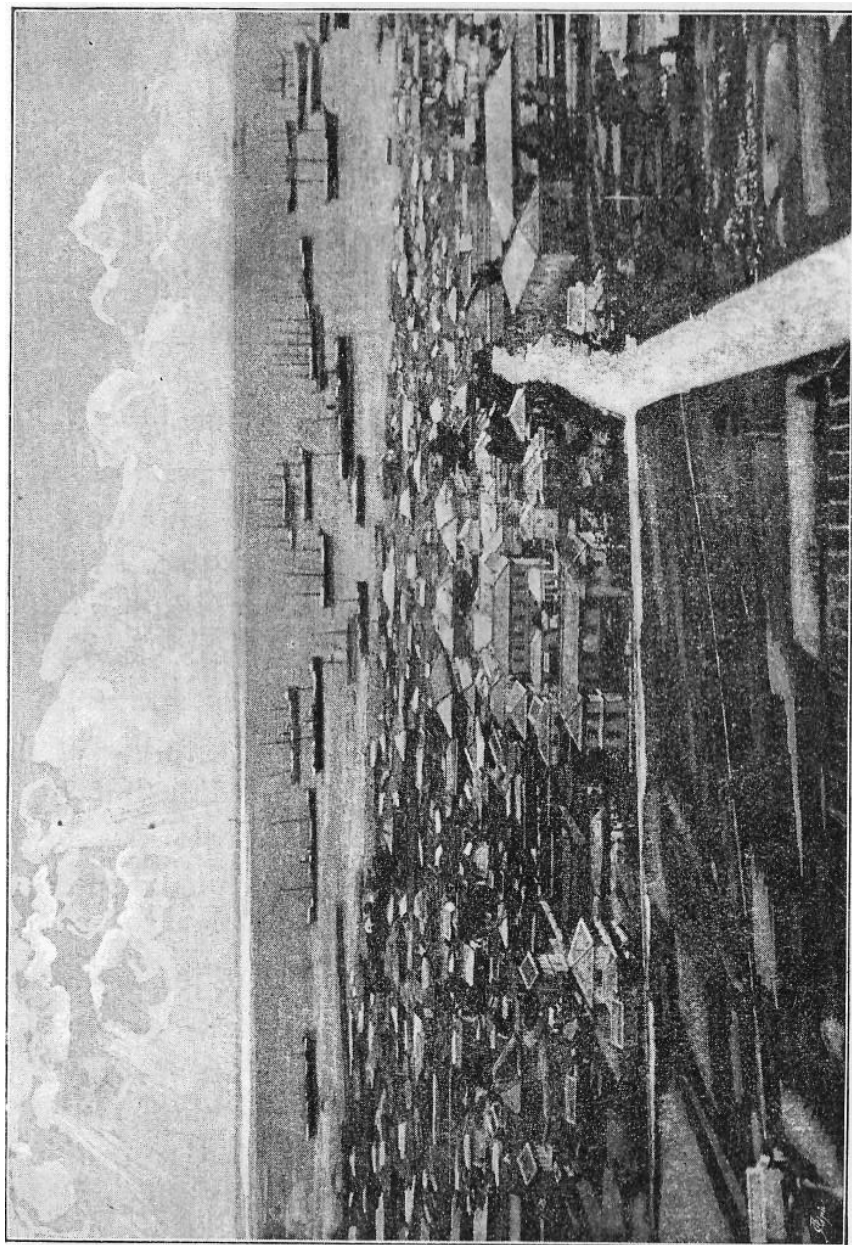
Today the fortress houses the army's headquarters, and neat military barracks now covers the blood soaked ground. From the walls there is a wonderful view over all of Osaka, and there I stood quite still for several minutes, while an English speaking artillery officer, whom the commandant had courteously sent along to escort me, expounded the historical panorama.

I only got to pay a short visit to the nearby great arsenal, but that was enough to give me more evidence of the Japanese people's astonishing talent for picking up new skills and ideas. Here large cannon of the newest designs were fabricated as well as rifles and revolvers without supervision by European instructors, who had all been dismissed.

I would have liked to spend weeks in Osaka, but instead I now had to count the minutes. The city's numerous factories would surely have given me many good ideas, especially for

efficient operation, since in this area the Japanese easily surpass their teachers.

I reluctantly leave the city with the last train in the evening, and soon arrive in Kobe, where I will go onboard the steamship for my long journey home.



The treaty port Kobe.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Chapter Twenty-one

Kobe – "Clearance sale" of Buddhist gods – An immorality quarantine station – In Japan's inside passage – The sea-battle at Shimonoseki – Goodbye to Japan, but not for ever.

Kobe, Heaven's Gate, or *Hyogo*, as the Japanese part of the city is called, is the island empire's largest treaty port after Yokohama. When I came out on the hotel's veranda in the morning, scores of steamships lay in the harbor; English, Japanese, and French warships, large *junks*, which bring Osaka's products to the oceangoing ships, and countless fishing smacks and steam sloops that circle around their larger sisters as bees around nectar – the latter in the form of a lot of dollars for carrying loads of tourists in to Kobe for some sight-seeing while the steamship takes on cargo.

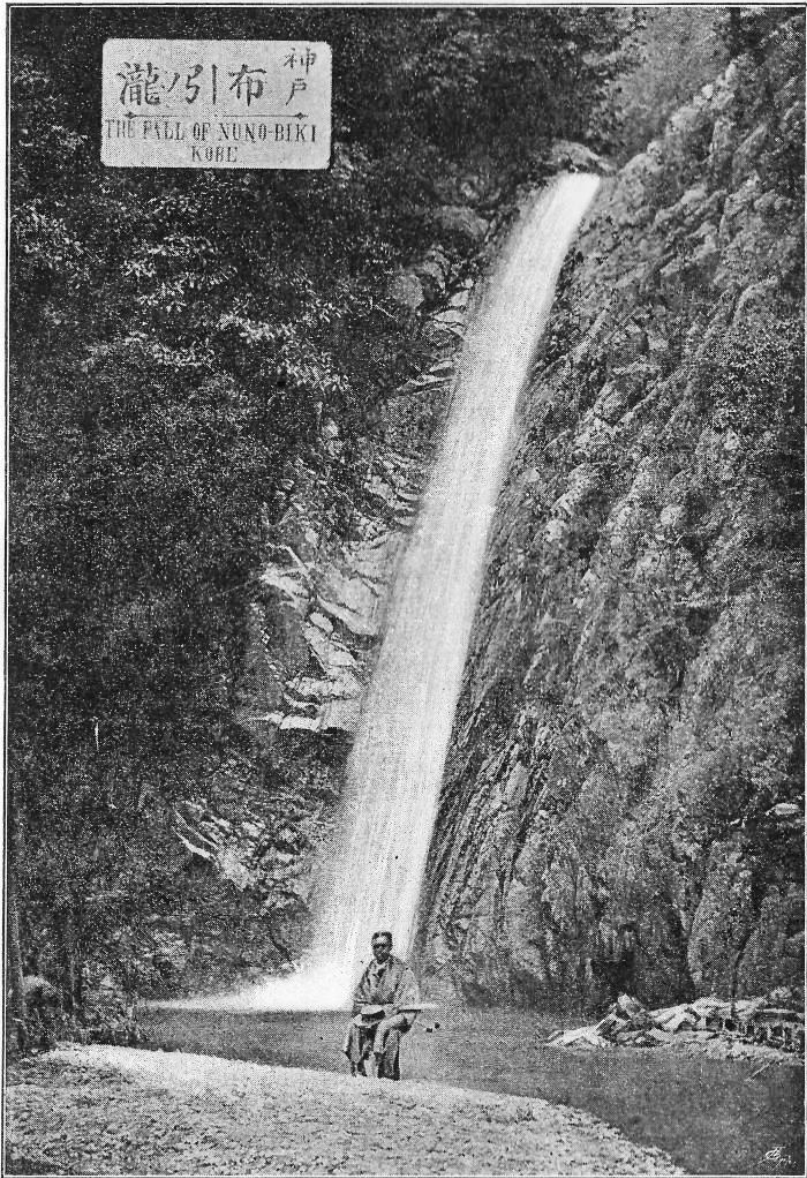
By means of binoculars I also find "*Nürnberg*," which is to carry me to Hong Kong, and the host informs me that the ship will depart at 5 o'clock this afternoon. So not much time, but nor is that needed, since the city is much too European to be interesting.

Although there are hardly a thousand foreigners here, Kobe is the only treaty port in Japan where Europeans run the local government, but it is said that here, as everywhere else in the East, the Chinese dominate in commercial matters.

After breakfast I set off in a rickshaw to buy some curios that I had promised to get for my friends in Shanghai, since Kobe is quite an El Dorado for curio buyers.

Any tourist interested in acquiring a collection of Buddhist gods should wait until he comes to Kobe for here there seems to always be "clearance sales" of this kind of knick-knacks. "*Gar keine Konkurrenz*," as one German said, from imitations from Manchester and Birmingham. Certainly the Japanese turn away from the stupid, gilded wooden statuettes as the level of enlightenment rises, but a larger store of imported Christ figurines and Catholic saints is not to be found in the commercial world.

The old city of Hyogo, which means "Arsenal," does not have much to offer itinerant tourists. Most of the stone blocks in the fortresses in Tokyo and Kyoto were brought from here. The city's name presumably comes from that a thousand years ago, it was the military seat of the Taira family (see Jap. Hist.) The rickshaw coolie showed me the famous Kiyomori's grave and he also wanted to take me into a large entertainment complex that occupies the ground where the Taira family's palace once stood, but that I lost my fancy for when a dozen heavily painted *demimondes* came to meet me at the entrance – it seems this was the treaty port's immorality quarantine station.



Waterfall near Kobe.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Away, to a fresher and more agreeable environment, and this I found at Nunobiki Falls – Kobe's most beautiful nature spot. Two parallel streams of water make their way down the forest-clad mountain ridge and at the foot form a couple of splendid, almost vertical, waterfalls. Here I sat down on a bench, closed my eyes, and let the shifting scenes from the last few days pass slowly through my mind.

*

*

*

Farewell to Kobe; the anchor is raised, and "*Nürnberg*" steers out through Japan's inside passage. The Inland Sea is the most common name among foreigners as well as the natives for this seaway that stretches from northeast to southwest through the Japanese archipelago. Its width is very variable so that the ship may cruise through open areas up to 50 kilometers wide, but then in places barely has room to pass through a narrow sound. From the ship, the passage thus comes to look like a row of lakes surrounded by mountain tops that rise up into the sky along the coasts of the main islands.

There is a countless number of smaller islands and all of them seem to have different shapes; some are round and look like sugar loaves, others rectangular and from a distance can hardly be distinguished from the numerous barges filled with grain that are passed by the steamer, or rather, the steamers, for we are sailing in a convoy.

A more variable scenery than that of the Inland Sea can hardly be imagined. Charming landscapes, cozy small towns

in bays surrounded by green-clad ridges. There are whole fleets of clumsy *junks* under full sails, tacking their way through the tight waters.

But something is missing to make these nature scenes ideals of earthly beauty and that is the majestic and melancholic air that some of Norway's majestic fjord landscapes can present.

Although the waters in Japan's Inland Sea are so tight and filled with islands, it is rare to hear of shipwrecks, since all the dangerous shallows and skerries are surveyed and mapped. In addition, the pilots enjoy an excellent lighthouse system laid out by English engineers. If a ship should be hindered by fog, there are excellent anchorages available in almost every bay.

For these reasons, and not least because all tourist would like to see the famous Inland Sea, most ships follow the inside passage to Nagasaki. Even the largest ocean liners like "*The Empress of China*" make their way through.

In the afternoon of the following day, "*Nürnberg*" steams in through the strait by Shimonoseki, or *Hayato no seto* as the Japanese call it. The channel is about 10 kilometers long and the width varies from 700 to 2,000 meters. Hayato no seto lies at the end of the Inland Sea and is also called Japan's Gibraltar, since colossal fortifications have been constructed on both sides of the strait to guard against hostile intrusions.

While the steamship is anchored in the harbor outside the town of Shimonoseki to take on a couple of hundred tons of coal, we will take a look across at the bay on the other side of the strait. It is nothing out of the ordinary. Only a single

fishing smack that under full sails tries to make way against the strong current and on the shore a few isolated farms.

But if we imagine the scene seven centuries back in time, the pages of history will conjure up a less attractive picture in these pleasant surroundings. In this bay one of the deadliest dramas known to history was played out.

We may remember the struggle between the powerful clans of Taira and Minamoto for military supremacy. In 1181 it came to an end when the adherents of the Taira family had to find shelter with their ships after Yoritomi's brother, Yoshitsuné, had stormed their last fortress.

A fleet of around 500 *junks* was gathered together at Hyogo and the remainder of the Taira clan went onboard with all their belongings. Over half were old men, women, and children. Among the latter were Kiyomori's widow, his daughter, the empress dowager, with her seven years old son, the ex-emperor Antoku, and a number of the court's highest ranking ladies.

Everything was done so quietly that Yoshitsuné did not hear of the embarkation until the fleet had set sails, but he then made every effort to put an end to the terrible civil war. All the merchant ships available were commandeered and he soon had a fleet of seven hundred *junks* on which he went onboard with all the soldiers his brother could spare and set out after the enemy.

The fleets met for a final decision in the Bay of Shimonoseki on a clear morning in May, and since this battle, which the historians have described in much detail, has much

in common with Battle of Svolder,^{*} I will briefly recapitulate it here.

The battle began with the Taira ships under full sails bearing down on the enemy to break their line and thus throw the Minamoto fleet into disorder. This maneuver succeeded, and for a moment it almost looked like the pursuers would become the pursued, but Yoshitsuné called on his warriors to exert themselves to the utmost, and the attack was beaten back.

There now was a pause with the fleets lying close by each other. Wada, the Minamoto clan's Einar Tambarskjelve, shot an arrow against a mail-clad Taira noble, who stood in the bow of his ship and taunted the enemy with insults. The arrow did not hit him, since he just then bent down behind the bulwark to draw his bow. Wada's arrow buried itself in the woodwork on the other side, and the noble pulled it out, laid it on his bow, and the returning arrow grazed one Minamoto's helmet and killed another. Yoshitsuné called angrily to Wada that he should shoot the same arrow once more, but the famous archer unruffled said, "It is weak and short," and pulled a longer arrow out of his quiver. He aimed for the heart of the Taira noble, and there it sat a moment later to great applause from the Minamoto warriors, who considered this a good omen and renewed the battle with redoubled fury.

Victory was still uncertain, since the Taira clan fought for all they held dear here on earth, but unfortunately they had a traitor in their midst. It was a friend of Yoshitsuné who, disguised as a fisherman, had come onboard with them

^{*} [Famous battle in Norwegian history where Olav Tryggvason was killed.]

without anyone suspecting he was anything other than what he pretended to be. The spy was to make an agreed signal to the Minamotos to indicate the ship that had the highest ranking Taira nobles and the ex-emperor onboard.

Yoshitsuné spotted the signal and surrounded the marked vessel with several of his largest ships. As the Minamoto leader laid his ship alongside, one of the Taira nobles leaped across to Yoshitsuné's ship to run him through with his sword, but Wada saw the danger his beloved leader was in, and cut the noble down before he could carry out his intention.

The disparity in fighting forces was too great. The flower of Taira knighthood fell one by one, and when Kiyumori's widow saw that the battle was lost, she seized the unlucky child-emperor in her arms and leaped overboard. His mother tried to stop her, but fell into the water herself, and all three drowned.

The battle continued. None of the Taira clan would fall voluntarily into the hands of the victor. Life has lost its enticements; better to die an honorable death. Arrows whistle through the air, swords clang against armor, the ships crash into each other. The air resounds with the roar of battle. *Junk* after *junk* is boarded and all living creatures find their last resting place beneath the bloodied waters. No one is spared; not the old man with snow-white hair, nor the babe at its mother's breast.

By evening it was over. Almost all of the powerful clan, who so recently had governed the whole nation, had disappeared into the waves. Only a few *samurai* had escaped the bloodbath and fled beyond the reach of the victors.

The women that were captured got an even worse fate. They were given over for the soldiers to enjoy, and it is said there are still descendants of these unfortunates living in the bordellos of Shimonoseki.

This mass murder naturally made a strong impression on the superstitious coastal population. For several centuries after the battle the farmers thought they could see the spirits of the dead wafting in the air without finding rest.

A legend formed around the young emperor Antoku like that around Olav Tryggvason. According to this, he did not drown in the battle, but was saved by some courtiers, who brought him safely to the island Kikaijima, where he lived out his days in peace and quiet. There is still a monument that the islanders believe was raised over the unfortunate emperor's grave.

The priests have built a temple nearby, where they sell amulets that are said to possess astonishing powers, such as being an excellent means to find drowned people. An amulet is tied to a paper inscribed with prayers and thrown into the water near the scene of the misfortune. The paper with the amulet will then drift over to the place where the drowned person lies. The amulets also are said to heal burn wounds. If pregnant women wear one on a string around the neck, they will have an easy birth, and so on. In this way, the little child emperor's memory has been preserved right up to the present among the superstitious farmers and fishermen in Japan's outlying islands.

Shimonoseki has also gained a mournful reputation in this century. In 1864 there was another bloody battle, but this time it was not brother against brother.

On the 5th of September a joint task force of English, French, Dutch, and American warships appeared in front of the town. The Japanese were to be forced to open the Inland Sea to the hostile intruders, and when the islanders resisted their pretty scheme, the whole town was laid in ashes. And that was not all. The gallant victors demanded reparations in the amount of 6 million dollars.

It is difficult to fathom the brutal acts of violence perpetrated by the so-called Christian nations in this period. These ruthless extortions and acts of war against a weak nation already torn by domestic social upheaval are among the darkest pages of Western civilization's history. No wonder that a Japanese author has used plots from Shimonoseki and other bombarded towns to write with biting irony about Christianity, *which always seems to be on the side of the heaviest artillery*.

With regard to the many millions that the West has squeezed out of Japan in these difficult times, we are obliged to mention that in 1885 America most magnanimously returned the loot it had previously extorted.

"*Nürnberg*" continues on its way, and the next day we arrive in Nagasaki. A few hours there, and then we leave the Land of the Rising Sun. Some of the most pleasant memories of my life will always be connected to this name.

Japan! Goodbye – but not forever.

All the passengers seem to be gripped by the same melancholy feeling. They look and look towards *Dai Nippon* until the last mountaintop of the coast sinks below the horizon.

Chapter Twenty-two

Arrival in Hong Kong – Visit to Maçao – A procession in honor of St. Sebastian – de Camões' grotto.

"*Nürnberg*" sailed across the East China Sea in the most clement sunshine weather, passed through the Strait of Formosa, and in the evening of the 5th day tied up along Kowloon's extensive piers.*

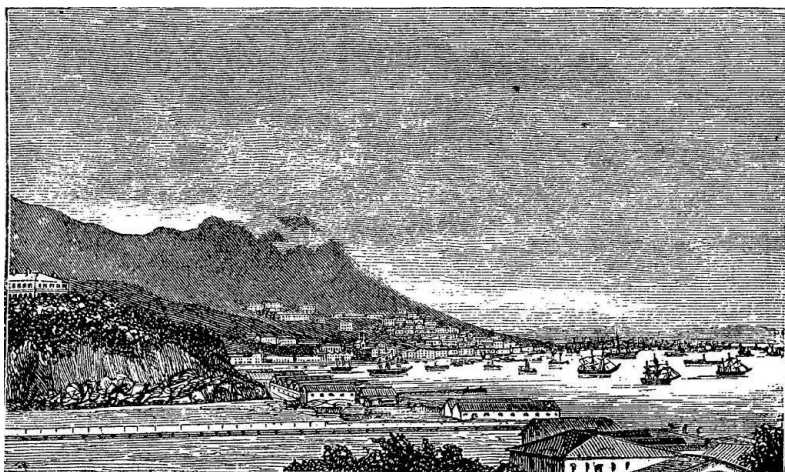
We have arrived in Hong Kong, this English colony that in the course of 50 years has grown into the world's third largest port.†

Though the sky is cloudy and dark, we can look across the bay from the ship and clearly make out the boundaries of the city that lies so snugly – too snugly, alas – by the foot of the island's highest point, Victoria Peak, since the electric street lights and the thousands of lanterns hanging outside the Chinese residents' homes create a sea of light contrasting with the dark, uninhabited environment.

* Kowloon lies on a small peninsula that sticks out from the mainland just opposite the island. The port's docks and warehouses are located here.

† In 1892, ca. 14 million tons declared import and export tonnage.

Naturally, all the passengers want to go ashore and stretch their legs after the long journey at sea. Only I remain behind, since a full half year of my stay in China was spent here, cruising around this island from anchorage to anchorage until I was truly tired both of shore trips and the island's uncomfortable climate that even now, in November, feels damp and depressing.



Hong Kong's harbor.

We would change ships in Hong Kong. Norddeutscher Lloyd's mainline only goes to Shanghai, and a subsidiary line connects the traffic to and from Japan at Hong Kong.

"*Sachsen*" had already arrived from Shanghai, but was not due to depart for Europe until at least 2 days hence, so I decided to take a trip to Maçao with a local steamer, and this I did the following morning.

*

"*Sic transit gloria mundi*" might well come into one's mind when contemplating Portugal's position today compared to three centuries ago.

A proud, warlike nation, Queen of the East, Vasco da Gama's motherland! What is the cause of your steep fall, so deep that the new Japan dares to kick you out unpunished? Was it the loss of freedom of thought from your breast? Or the iron yoke of ignorance and superstition that Rome laid on your shoulders? Who is to blame for the sons of Lusitania having become a byword in the East? Go to Maçao, once "*The Pearl of the Orient*" – *now the symbol and answer to all questions about Portugal's stature in the East.*

Maçao designates a small spit of land that sticks out from the island of Heangshan west of Canton. At high tide the sea sometimes wash over the little isthmus that connects it to the main island. Geographical descriptions therefore often refer to Maçao as an island.

The Portuguese were allowed to establish a settlement here in 1557 as a reward for helping the Chinese government rid the coast of pirates. The Portuguese merchants were to pay a small annual tribute, and this they complied with until 1848.

At that time China was, as we know, threatened both by war with the Western powers and domestic revolutionary movements. The Portuguese governor da Amaral therefore thought that the moment now had come to omit sending the tribute (ca. \$500). The government did not have time to bother with such trifles as the little spit of land in the Canton River estuary, but the Chinese part of Maçao's population took the law into their own hands, and da Amaral was murdered the

following year. However, China has been obliged to acknowledge Portugal's sovereignty in Maçao since that day. This just does not seem to have benefitted the little peninsula, since it has gone steadily downward ever since for the once so wealthy and thriving colony. *Hong Kong, three hours away by steamship from Maçao, populated by the enterprising, free sons of Albion, has drunk the last drop of blood from the heart of Lusitania in the East.*

In short, Maçao today is only a dying reminder of past glories. It is a gathering place for the rabble of the East, and a home for the vices and the superstition that have brought the great seafaring nation so low.

Shortly after arrival, I took a trip through Maçao's streets, or rather, alleys. It was not very pleasant, especially when having just come from Japan, but with a strong cigar in my mouth, I survived.

Wherever one looks, one sees gaming houses, taverns, and bordellos; ragged, dirty children, and fat monks.

Uff, nei da! Let us rather take a stroll along the shore. Here is *Praya Grande* with fresh air and beautiful North- European buildings. Here one feels civilization again and a "better" lunch in Hinkee's Hotel restores the spirits.

Later, I went out again and saw a large religious procession – the only thing Maçao now is known for, except the gambling dens.* It is not a rare event since "The Pearl of the Orient" has more patron saints than there are days in the year.

* Maçao is the East's Monte Carlo.

The colony's authorities seem to concern themselves more with these stupid religious processions than with means to help the population out of its wretched conditions or getting the harbor dredged, so that shipping perhaps might revive to again be what it was a couple of centuries ago.

These processions and regular church attendance are the bright spots for the people, who otherwise live an empty and uninteresting existence in abject poverty.

Today it was St. Sebastian who was to be honored by having his effigy carried through the dirty streets. I did not find out exactly what the connection was between the inhabitants of Maçao and this saint, but he must surely at some point in time have served as a guardian angel for the descendants of the proud warriors from the plains of Algarve and the mountains of Beira.

I was told that the triumphal march would begin at the cathedral by four o'clock, and I made sure to arrive in good time, since it otherwise would have been difficult to find a good vantage point; the whole population was in attendance.

Already a large mass of people had gathered outside the unimpressive church. The fair sex was especially well represented. Almost all of them wore the ugly, black shawl – a pathetic imitation of the graceful Spanish *mantilla*.

An honor guard of the colony's military police force stood "at ease" waiting for the performance to begin. These young people did not look at all bad. Certainly better than the peculiar collection of all colors known far and wide under its proud name, "The National Battalion."*

* Maçao's voluntary militia.

A little stir among the crowd and the strains of the Portuguese national anthem indicate that men of consequence are approaching. Right enough, here comes His Excellence, the governor, in dress uniform and a chest full of medals. Then his *aide de camp* and several other high officers arrive, among them the white-haired, venerable Admiral da Silva. Thereafter the town's civilian dignitaries with white sashes inscribed with the word "*Vereador*."* Of course, they are all carried in sedan chairs; walking would be below their dignity. A flock of young men, apparently much too weak to carry their large banners follow behind. And then we finally have the holy Sebastian carried on a litter by four boys.

Oh, how wonderful this gentleman must have been when alive! He would surely have melted the hearts of all Maçao's young ladies, just like the sun now tries to melt his wax figure in return. Choir singers, the pupils of St Joseph's School, padres and professors follow immediately behind the saint. Then a boy comes swinging a censer with incense before the holy Hostia, which lies on a velvet pillow on an open litter, and it goes without saying that all believers kneel while St. Sebastian and the Hostia pass by accompanied by the solemn tones of the band music. The procession then ends with the usual urchins and vagabonds following it.

It goes down a long street, up a narrow one, and then back to the cathedral. The whole pageant lasts about an hour.

Let us not ridicule anyone's religious faith, but let us remember that "the children of the only true Church" for centuries have been ruled by pious monks. It is still a wonder

* [Alderman.]

that men and women with good sense and not unacquainted with this world we live in can participate in such spectacles. It is a pity to see Admiral da Silva, Colonel Garcia, and many others who have distinguished themselves in the service of the motherland and have been awarded numerous medals and honors; it is remarkable to see these outstanding men, who perhaps could have become world famous if they have lived under something other than Portugal's setting sun; it is amazing to see these people assist and support the monkish parades in Maçao.

After the procession, I took a trip to "de Camões' Garden and Grotto" where the exiled poet lived for several years. De Camões wrote most his famous work, "The Lusiads,"* here. He could hardly have chosen a more fortunate place. Here are peace and quiet; just the place to be alone with one's thoughts.

Outside the grotto hang some tablets inscribed with poems in many tongues praising de Camões, but those I could decipher were much too trite for me to repeat here. — — —

Ad Déos Maçao! You must hope for the future. Perhaps the light of civilization will once more shine on your green-clad mountains and drive away the clouds of superstition that have thickened the blood in your veins.

* The famous poet Luis Vaz de Camões was born in Lisbon in 1524. He was exiled to Goa for wounding a noble while defending a friend. After completing his exile in Goa, he was given an office in Maçao. Camões later was allowed to return to Portugal, where he died in great poverty in 1579. His most famous work is "The Lusiads," which describes the great and wonderful deeds of the Portuguese in East-Asia, is translated into most European languages.

Chapter Twenty-three

Homesickness – Singapore – Sir Stamford Raffles in Java – The founding of Singapore – The island's great commercial significance – The climate.

In the afternoon of the following day "*Sachsen*" glided out of Hong Kong's harbor.

We have a long journey before us. Four weeks on the same ship that is to plow more than 10,000 nautical miles of "blue water" before it reaches northern Europe.

Night and day we will hear the monotonous rhythm of the engine. It will lull us to sleep or keep us company in the quiet hours of the night if our thoughts keep us awake. None of the passengers will be bothered by the turns of the screw, since each of them bring us a little closer to the homeland that many of us may not have seen since they were children.

There is nothing in the world that can bring us to realize how much we love our native country like a long absence. One may think it tawdry, poor, and confining when leaving, but little by little this image is lost and the old, beloved country rise before us in our imagination, bathed in sunshine and beautiful like no other. A warm, loving feeling fills the

heart when thinking of home – and now we will see it again – the focus of our longings for so many years.

Then we may feel that the material welfare in foreign land hardly was worth the long separation from all that was dear. We become willing to sacrifice all – even our lives – for the land where the innocence of childhood was lost, if only He, who rules in Heaven, will give us still some time – preferably a long time – on the way to the unknown coast of eternity.

Our first port of call was the island Singapore on the southern point of the Malayan peninsula – 1½ degree from the equator. The honors for realizing the commercial potential of this island's specific location belongs to the Englishman Sir Stamford Raffles.

This gentleman was sent to British Java as governor during Napoleon's war with Great Britain. Here he was able to within a short time by rare administrative talents bring order into the chaos the Dutch had left behind them, but unfortunately this lovely island was returned to Holland when Napoleon was defeated, and the result was – well, as to that we can get some insight by reading the newspapers, but best by reading T.H. Perelaers' interesting book, *Baboe Dalima*, or "The Opium Fiend."* An unending string of disturbances, which will not end *before the English flag and another Sir Stamford Raffles return and govern Java with a different system than that which the Dutch and the Portuguese seem to prefer in their colonies.*

* Perelaer was a Dutch official in Java for many years, but was forced to retire due to intrigues.

The principle of reciprocity is the key to intelligent colonial administration and the key to the English government's luck with its colonies; reciprocal duties and reciprocal benefits. Monetary profits have been the goal for Dutch policies in Java to such an extent that the West should be ashamed on behalf of this nation. The Dutch have neglected their responsibilities to the native population and instead poisoned them with opium and gin. — — —

During his stay in Java, Raffles had sent several small expeditions to search for harbors in Malaya and the Sunda Strait that might be suitable as a port of call for the ships of the East India Company on their way to and from China and the Philippines.

The choice fell on the island Singapore, or *Sinhapura* (Lion Island), as the natives called it, and when Raffles left his post on Java to the great regret of its people, the company chose him to establish a colony on the island.

The Sultan of Johore, who owned Singapore, relinquished this worthless possession with a population of ca. 150 to the English without difficulty in return for a sum of money, and Raffles immediately proceeded to establish the colony.

His countrymen have reason to bless Sir Stamford's foresight, for what is Singapore today? *Only one of the world's largest sea ports with splendid docks and wharves, and a center of commerce that last year bought and sold wares for ca. 125 million dollars.*

The population has increased on the same scale. It has grown from 150 to 150,000. Of these, 3,000 are Europeans

and 100,000 Chinese. The rest belong to almost every known nationality on earth.

This cosmopolitan gathering gives the whole island a picturesque character, and a tour through the city of Singapore's streets will interest the most blasé tourist. Here one can find Mohammedan mosques, Christian churches, Jewish synagogues, and Chinese and Hindu Buddhist temples in brotherly neighborliness, and among the swarming multitudes of people, every nuance and shade of coloring.

The climate is, as might be imagined, not very healthy, especially for Europeans. Birth relate to deaths as 1 to 4, but this gloomy fact probably is in large part due to women being a small minority in the population, since the Singapore climate is said to be much better than most places so near the equator. This is probably in large part due to the so-called Java winds that blow constantly across the island in May, June, and July.

Wealthy Europeans, Arabs, and Chinese have only their offices in the city. At the end of the day they drive out to their neat villas, which usually are surrounded by beautiful botanical gardens, and here, in the cool evenings in the shade under the splendidly leafy trees, they may regain the good humor that might have been lost down in the city's stuffy, warm air.

The Norwegian-Swedish consul, Mr. Cuthbertson, also has his residence out here, and there I spent a very agreeable evening.

The consul and his wife had just returned from a trip to Japan, where most Europeans in East-Asia who can afford it usually spend the hottest part of the year.

It goes without saying that the conversation turned to the consulate question in Norway, and Mr. Cuthbertson seemed to favor the establishment of a salaried consulate, which in his opinion would be of great benefit to our shipping and trade in these waters. Due to his extensive business interests, he could not give as much attention to our consular matters as would be desirable himself.

Chapter Twenty-four

A visit with Arabi Pasha – New temptations – Aden – Through the Suez Canal – Port Said – Norway, Norway!

The moorings are cast loose, and "*Sachsen*" steers out through the Strait of Malacca, past Sumatra's westernmost point, and into the Indian Ocean. Some days later we cast anchor again in Colombo's harbor. The ship would only stop for a few hours here, and those I would use to pay a visit to the state prisoner of England, Arabi Pasha – if it was possible.

In our youth, while our minds still are receptive to all that is beautiful and noble in nature and human life, we remarkably enough, more often find our ideal of "the hero" on the bloody battlefields of war than among the great men, who gave their lives for thoughts and ideas that have been to benefit for humanity.

I remember well when we schoolboys in 1882 fought for the newspapers to see how the struggle went between the English and Arabi, the Egyptian hero, who from a lowly lieutenant had swung himself up to a mighty pasha, married a

princess, and maybe soon would sit on the throne of the pharaohs – if only the English did not exist.

Oh, how we wished that these avaricious hawkers all kinds of misfortune; they who always had to interfere in less civilized countries' quarrels just so that they could sell some cotton fabrics and other scrap from Birmingham and Manchester.

Then came the barbaric bombardment of Alexandria and Arabi Pasha's high dreams for the future being allowed to die under Ceylon's burning sun – "If we were men." — —

But then we grew up, and we took a more sober view of the matter. Political realism forced youthful illogical enthusiasm aside.

Perhaps what happened was for the best. Egypt has made great strides forward under English control, and Arabi Pasha has no cause for complaint. Ceylon is a large place, and quite a paradise according to reports. He is paid several thousand pounds annually. He has his family and six comrades to share the sorrows of his exile. No, one must say the English moneygrubbers also can act as magnanimous victors. — —

I did not then think of the possibility that I might actually meet Arabi Pasha, but then one morning I was about to stand face to face with the world famous Egyptian hero, and the schoolboy's emotions returned.

Today His Excellence lives about seven English miles outside Colombo, and I drove out there early as it was said that the pasha was accustomed to go out for a drive at eleven o'clock.

Ceylon a paradise!* Well, no wonder that Adam and Eve wanted to get away from there. Look at the pale, sickly European faces; they surely wish for a less paradisiacal climate! The air is hot and heavy, and there are far too many heavily fragrant flowers. I can hardly breathe.

The carriage stops outside a modest one-story villa, surrounded by flower gardens and tall palm trees. It is not that bad a domicile for the eminent prisoner of state.

I go into the garden, stop and consider once more if it is in accordance with etiquette to pay a visit this early. I had not asked the consul, and in the afternoon there would not have been time, so

"Good morning, Sir. How do you do; please come in and take a seat," a deep baritone voice calls from the veranda in a heavy accent.

"Good morning, Sir," I reply and approach.

Before me stands an elderly, rather tall and somewhat stout gentleman in civil dress with a Turkish fez on his head and an order ribbon in his lapel. I thought it might be the world famous Arabi himself, but best to be cautious.

I had heard that some of his old brothers in arms lived there with him and therefore said as I gave my card to a servant that "I wished to pay a visit to His Excellence, Arabi Pasha, but was not certain the Egyptian hero received anyone so early in the morning. My ship would be leaving in a few hours, so I wanted to at least make an attempt to see the world famous warrior, who, even up in the cold North, had many

* Several "learned authorities" believe the lost Paradise was located on Ceylon.

admirers, who had followed his trial and change of fortune with the greatest sympathy."

He looked at me with friendly, penetrating eyes and said: "I am Arabi Pasha. Visitors are always welcome. Please enter."

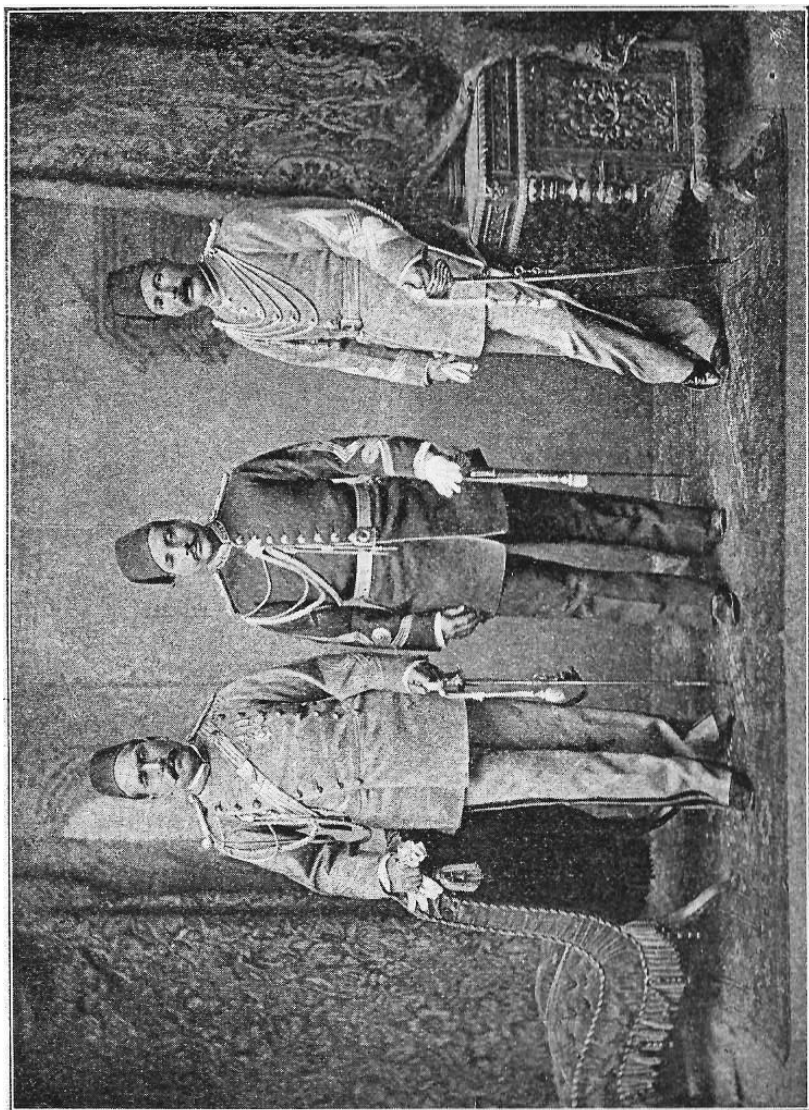
I bowed respectfully and followed him into a large, airy hall. In the middle of the floor there was a long desk covered with newspapers and books. A few Egyptian arms and some paintings and photographs hung on the walls. Otherwise there was nothing to indicate that I sat in the great exile's home.

Arabi inquired where I was from and where I was traveling to and exclaimed: "Fortunate young man, who can return home!"

Here he paused for a moment and looked out the window with a sad expression in his beautiful black eyes. I now noted his unhealthy appearance and asked what His Excellency thought about the climate on Ceylon.

"Very poor. I have not been healthy since I came to this island. Tomorrow I will go up to Kandy* for a change in air. My wife had to return to Egypt because she could not stand the climate. My oldest son, Muhamed Fehme Arabi, and my old comrade in arms, Tulbei Pasha, presently live here with me. (?) Pasha (I did not catch the name) and 3 officers live farther up in the country. Here you can see, my young friend, the effect Ceylon's climate has had on me. (Here he showed me a photograph of himself and two other pashas in generals' uniforms with smooth-shaven faces and moustaches. Quite young men in appearance.) This photograph was taken a year

* Ceylon's old capital.



Arabi Pasha Tulbei Pasha Pasha

(This page intentionally left blank.)

before I left Egypt. I brought the negative with me to Ceylon. If you like, you may keep the photograph as a memento of the exiled Arabi Pasha. I have many copies. (Here he pointed to a stack that lay on the table.)

I was moved and thanked him. A servant came in with tea and cigarettes, and I had an opportunity to look a little closer at the pasha. Yes, he had certainly changed a lot in just a few years! Ceylon is no Paradise, at least not for colonials. Nor did the full beard that Arabi had grown make him look any younger.

"Does Your Excellency hope to return to your homeland any time soon?"

"Yes, sometime," the pasha replied in an emotional tone that left no doubt that he himself believed that it will only happen when his soul has left its earthly husk and has flown into Paradise to receive the award of the valiant, faithful warrior at throne of Allah. "My friends," he continued, "have submitted a petition to the English government to permit me to move to Capri on the Italian coast for the sake of my health, but I do not have much hope that it will be granted."

"Maybe a more compassionate view will be taken in England when they hear how Your Excellency's health has suffered, and I sincerely hope to have the honor of once more meeting Your Excellency with regained health on the beautiful Isle of Capri."

We both rose as I heard a carriage drive up before the veranda to take the exile on his regular drive in the countryside.

"Thank you, my young friend. May your wish be fulfilled, and may Allah hold his protective hand over you."

On the veranda stood a young man with a fine, attractive face and an older gentleman with a darker complexion, who did not at all seem bothered by the place of exile. Arabi Pasha spoke some words in Arabic with them, and both came over and smilingly shook hands with me.

"This is my son, Muhamed Fehme Arabi, and my old friend Tulbei Pasha." We exchanged some compliments, and then I stepped up into my carriage and waved farewell to Egypt's great exiled son.

When I came back onboard, the whole deck was crowded with money changers and jewelry hawkers. The first wanted to do us a favor by separating us from our East-Asian coins, and this was a welcome service, since the exchange rates offered were significantly higher than what the English banks in Hong Kong had quoted, which I cannot explain in any way other than that these brown-skinned moneymen were not sufficiently informed about the colossal drop in the price of silver in the last couple of weeks.

However, the jewelry hawkers, they could just as well have stayed ashore. When people have traveled in China and Japan, their pockets tend to be emptied of all the coin one can spare for luxury objects and curios, but here temptations came to us again in new forms. Yellow, violet, and white sapphires

set in breast pins, rings, and tiger claws; rubies, emeralds, and topaz and hyacinth gemstones with or without settings.

Who can resist these ingratiating, insistent Sinhalese hawkers when they hold such glittering objects up before the eyes of a passenger, who has just received a few loose gold pounds from the moneychanger?

"No, no; I don't want it," is said again and again with a stern look at the seller, but the result is still that when "*Sachsen*" steams out of Colombo's harbor, most of the ladies and gentlemen in 1st Class have purchased a number of presents for their friends and acquaintances in Europe.

Six days later "*Sachsen*" has crossed the Arabian Sea and is at anchor in the harbor at Aden.

One of the most peculiar manifestations of nature meets our eyes when we look in over the country. It gives an extremely desolate impression; just a long row of naked, reddish-brown mountains without a trace of vegetation. There is no place on earth, not even Novaya Zemlya or Spitzbergen, that is so completely lacking in plant life as the vicinity of Aden.

Even the animals seem to have fled from this depressing, boiling hot area, but still humans have dared to defy the curse that seems to rest over the place, which for centuries has been the primary export port for the legendary products of Arabia.

We cannot but express our deepest sympathy for the poor English garrison that has to guard this important outpost.

It is said the sluices of Heaven only open over Aden once in a quarter century. It is probably not that bad, but the little English-speaking Arab boy, who showed several of us passengers around, only pointed at the water cisterns that the English had installed, and quite right, on closer inspection not one of them had a drop of water in it.

Praise the Lord! A feeling of liberation grips us all when the anchor is raised. "*Sachsen*" Turns in to the Strait of Bab al-Mandab – England's key to Asian waters – pass near the fragrant shore of Mocha, and after a four day boring sail through the Red Sea, arrive at Suez. The vessel was now about to enter the great common passageway of nations that connects the East with the West.

A whole afternoon passed in taking onboard and installing the electric light apparatus that the canal authority rents out. Ships are not allowed to pass through the canal unless they carry an electric projector that can throw out a beam of light to a distance of 1,300 meters.

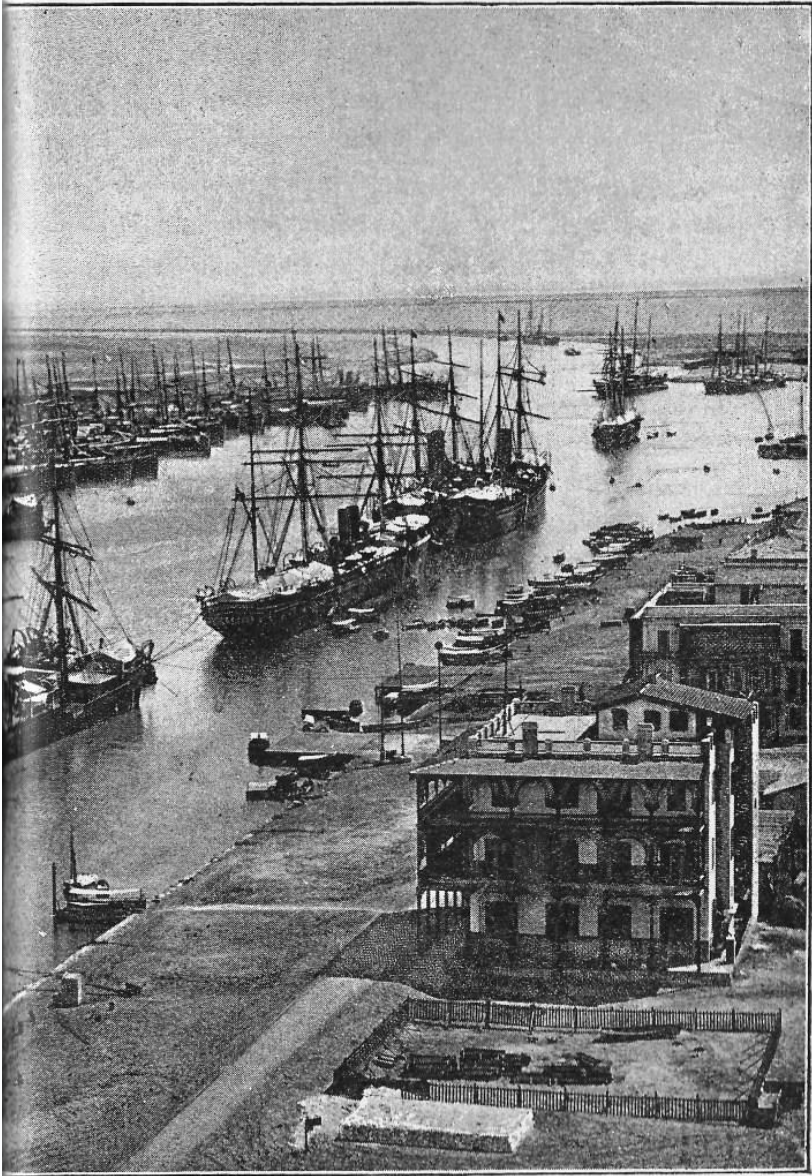
It went very slow in the beginning, since several steamships were expected from the opposite direction. It was necessary to tie up at the stations three times before we came to The Great Bitter Lake. Here "*Sachsen*" could steam full speed ahead, since here there was enough room, but the mate on the bridge probably still strained his nerves to the breaking point, since the whole lake looked like a sea of green, white, and red lanterns.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

This page intentionally left blank.)



Port Said.



Port Said.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

Later in the morning, we once more enter the narrowly cut canal. Here an English freighter has managed to get itself stuck in the mud and blocks the way for a half dozen ships. It presumably is not blessings that rain down on the sinner. The sailors haul heavy steel wire hawsers to the nearest anchor bollards on the sandy bank.

All right!

The steam winches grunt and groan – a whistling sound – the hawser has sprung. They haul out another, but get the same result; all is in vain. The ship does not move an inch.

They telegraph for a tugboat from the nearest station. This helps; a couple of hard tries under full power and the colossus is once more afloat.

"*Sachsen*" pass through the rest of this section without further difficulties and we sail into Lake Timsah. Here we again spot a little greensward outside the city of Ismailia, which is a refreshing sight after all the desolate stretches of desert sand we have sailed through.

Ismailia was the favorite residence of the deposed khedive. When the Suez Canal was opened in 1869, this city was chosen as the center for the official ceremonies, where Empress Eugénie for the last time shined as Europe's most celebrated royal consort. Henrik Ibsen was among the invited and wrote in his "Balloon letter":

*"Men som vi, Khedivens gæster
efter færden blandt de døde,
under lys og klang of fæster
drog en nyfødt tid imøde, —*

*"But as we, the khedive's guests
after the journey among the dead,
under lights and jingle of feasts
went to meet a newborn time, —*

*Ja som vi, med flag paa stang,
under verdenskorets sang
feired hist kanalens aabning,
og som vi fra Suez' strand
fik et glimt af løftets land, —
saa vil aandens livs-forhaabning,
ad det vordendes kanaler,
i et verdens festtogsmøde,
under hymner og koraler,
under skjønheds lampers brand,
styre frem til morgenrøde
paa seilads mod løftets land."*

Yes, as we, with flag on mast,
while the world's choir sang
celebrated this canal's opening,
and as we from Suez' strand
got a glimpse of the promised land, —
so will the spirit of progress,
of future canals to come,
of worldly pageants meeting
with hymns and chorals,
under the brilliant light of lamps,
steer forth into the red light of dawn
on a voyage to the promised land.

Ismailia has also cropped up in the history of recent years as it was from here that Lord Wolseley began his campaign against Arabi Pasha.

The canal's most difficult passage begins beyond Lake Timsah; a row of snake bends that make even the pilots nervous. Cutting through this 20 mile stretch to the town of Al Qantarrah is said to have cost unbelievable efforts. The sand dune *le seuil d'El-Guist*, the most difficult part of the enterprise, was especially difficult because its loose layers slumped out again and again on both sides and filled up the excavation.

One more lake, another narrow passage, and we finally come clear of Ferdinand de Lesseps' great memorial work. The passengers are all very happy for it can hardly be called a pleasant experience, this anxious passage through the Suez Canal, especially if the fascination of something new has been lost by a couple of past voyages through the canal.

But how is it possible to keep track of all these colossi that constantly pass each other? Well, this is done in a very simple manner.

In a room at the headquarters station, where the telegraph lines from all the stations come together, we see a model canal in metal, ca. 15 feet long. Above this, ca. 50 model ships, each with a national flag, sits on a shelf. All the stations are marked off in the metal canal and the lakes are shown by long spaces. When a ship enters the canal it is reported by telegraph and one of the small ship models is placed in the model canal. A man is always on post and moves the model ship along in the model canal as the telegraph reports that the real ship has passed a corresponding station in the real canal. When the ship leaves, the model ship is removed and placed on the shelf again.

"*Sachsen*" is to take on a new supply of coal in Port Said, and the Passengers naturally hurry to go ashore, since the coal dust irritates the eyes. Port Said lies on a narrow strip of land that runs east to west across the Nile's delta. Some "learned" authors have put forward a claim that it was across this strip of land that the Israelites made their marvelous escape. Right enough, this route borders the Mediterranean Sea, but that does not seem to have bothered them in the least.

Port Said can only be interesting to certain individuals, and these are those who wish to study *humanity's deepest degradation*. A richer field for study can hardly be found – at least I have never found another spot on the surface of the

earth that holds so much vice, so much squalor. Except for the foreign consulates, the Christian missions, and some of the large mercantile firms, Port Said can be said to consist of a continuous row of the lowest kind of bordellos, dram shops, and gaming dens, operated by the dregs of the European population.

I have not been able to find a bright point in this foul sink of iniquity in the four times I have visited Port Said, and de Lesseps' faithful supporter, Sa'id Pasha, might be turning in his grave at the thought of the profanation of his name.

Here would be the right place to stop for a fraction of the horde of missionaries that annually pass through the Suez Canal on their way to East-Asia. Here there is an ample field for work to be done. — — —

Onward, onward; the Mediterranean's clear, cool air makes all dark thoughts evaporate. Crete's snow-topped mountains appear in the distance – *Europe again after three years abroad.*

Home, nearing home!

Yes, soon – and what jubilant joy when fourteen days later I set foot on my homeland's soil again!

I have a feeling in that moment like in my younger days as an apprentice seaman after a storm filled voyage around Cape Horn – a quiet gladness to have come safely to harbor.

Chapter Twenty-five

Another greeting from Dai Nippon.

The reader may remember that I during my stay in Tokyo considered the possibility of delaying my departure in order to observe the *mikado's* chrysanthemum celebration, to which the Dutch legation would be happy to provide me with an invitation.

Unfortunately, there was not time, and I had to leave Japan without that experience.

However, a few days after my return to Norway I received a small parcel from the legation secretary, Mr. van de Polder, and within lay a very elegantly and tastefully printed official invitation from the *mikado's* court chamberlain.

A translation was enclosed in order to avoid misunderstandings. The Japanese script read from right to left means the following:

"The Court Chamberlain is honored to hereby on behalf of the Emperor and Empress invite W. Coucheron-Aamot, navy lieutenant from Norway, to the imperial garden party the 10th of November at 2:30 PM in the Akasaka palace on the occasion of the Chrysanthemum Festival.

(If official business prevents attendance, please advise.)"

In a long letter, which I have later been permitted to publish, the legation secretary describes the festival:

Tokyo 20 November.

Mon cher ami!

— — — —
— — — —

By two o'clock the invited began to gather outside the Akasaka palace, where His Majesty has lived for several years, before the new palace was completed.

The weather did not look very promising, rather cloudy, and we feared that a rain shower would utterly spoil this fresh air party. Little by little the guests gathered down in Akasaka's splendid castle park, where no less than 3 orchestras were playing their instruments in 3 different locations, and I must admit that they played fairly well, even by European standards.

In honor of the day an exceptional beautiful display of chrysanthemum flowers had been arranged, and it was astonishing to see how many variations Japanese gardeners are able to produce.

While we strolled around looking at the flowers, we also used the opportunity to admire the ladies' toilette, which on this and similar occasions are according to the latest Parisian fashions. However, there are also a number of the native born, who still hold to their pretty national costumes, and these ladies naturally seem more enchanting than their tight-laced sisters in corsets. The gentlemen, except the military officers, are all attired in tailcoats and *chapeau bas*.

皇帝

皇后兩陛下ノ命ヲ奉シ宮内大臣茲

ニ敬意ヲ致シ瑞典諾威國海軍

尉官 エス、アモート貴下ヲ

來ル十日午後二時三十分赤阪離

宮御苑ニ於テ催サル、觀菊會ニ

招請ス

明治二十五年十一月四日

公勢又ハ病氣ニヨリ來苑難致向、達カニ
其旨申出ラルベシ

My invitation to the Chrysanthemum Festival.

(This page intentionally left blank.)

At half past three the orchestra strikes up the national anthem – a sign that the imperial cortège is approaching, and members of the foreign legations are requested to line up according to rank. The Japanese ministers take up their places vis-à-vis the diplomats.

When everything is in order, the cortège passes by to the solemn strains of the hymn. First the emperor wearing a French marshal's uniform and followed by the court chamberlain. The empress and several ladies in waiting, who are all dressed in the European fashion, follow close behind. The emperor goes over to a colossal tent, where he and the empress stop while the guests enter. The pair gracefully nods to both sides and offer the highest dignitaries and their foreign guests a cordial welcome.

When this ceremony is over, everybody enter the tent. Two long tables bulging with fruits and flowers have been set up here. Their majesties and the ladies are seated at these. The gentlemen must be content with some small tables that are set for 4 or 6 persons. In one corner of the tent there is a large buffet, where the palace *chef de cuisine* exhibits his masterworks.

It is rather crowded. Several of the younger guests must stand during the whole meal and some of us gentlemen got the pleasure of serving the ladies, since the serving staff was rather scantily represented due to the lack of space.

Dinner usually lasts a couple of hours, but unfortunately it began to drizzle already when the emperor arrived, and during the meal the rain came down the sides of the tent in streams while the bubbly champagne flowed down our throats. At four

thirty the imperial couple rose from the table and left the assembly accompanied by the strains of the national anthem.

Count Itō* took the place of the host, and now the atmosphere became livelier. The popping of champagne corks became more frequent. Your health was drunk several times in the divine nectar, and I only wished that you could be there.

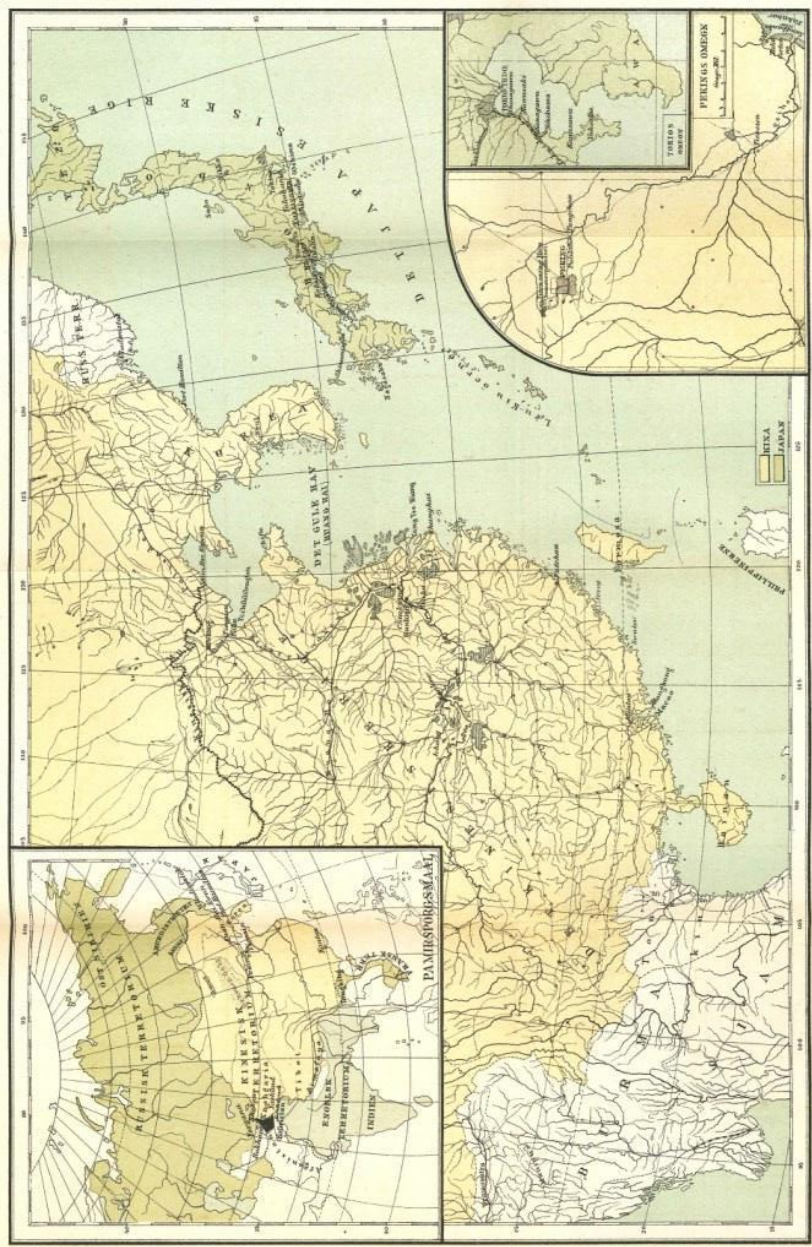
About six o'clock we began leaving the tent and, as we came out, those who did not have one, were given an umbrella by the servants. The whole park was illuminated with colored lanterns, and all the guests began to promenade under the umbrellas, but this became a little dreary after a while, and the party ended earlier than usual.

When you come to Tokyo the next time, I hope that His Divine Majesty will pray for a little better weather.

Au revoir!

Your devoted friend,
Léon van de Polder

* The prime minister.



Map of China and Japan.